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THE WAYFARER

IN

NEW YORK

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TORONTO

THE WAYFARER

IN

NEW YORK

INTRODUCTION BY

EDWARD S. MARTIN

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1909

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INTRODUCTION

NEW YORK is a frontier city situated about halfway between San Francisco and London. It has a population of about four millions and a half, and gains about a hundred thousand a year. A very large proportion of its population are newcomers, who pour in both by sea and by land. Most of those who come on the land side are Americans who know the language, customs and some of the laws of the country. Those who come by sea — a great and continuous stream — know as a rule neither our language, laws nor habits, and it is one of the steady occupations and duties of New York to teach them.

New York's four millions include a select but respectable company of persons who were born in New York of native-American parents, a squad, probably larger, of persons American born of American-born parents who came to New York when more or less grown up, another considerable group of the American-born descendants of foreign-born parents, and a large company of the foreign born.

New York is hardly a first-rate place to be born in. It is too crowded, it costs too much to be born there, and in spite of considerable effort and expenditure, the city has not been able to adjust itself more than imperfectly to the needs of infancy. A hundred and twenty-five thousand babies, more or less, take the chances of being born in New York every year, and a vast deal is done to make them welcome and encourage them to keep on. And a wonderful

proportion of them do keep on. Nevertheless, New York is not very highly recommended as a birthplace. It is very successful and attractive, however, as a place for persons to come to who have been born, and have more or less grown up, somewhere else. And if they have been educated somewhere else, and have learned to do something pretty well, so much the better for their chances as residents of New York.

There are better places to live in than New York, and that in spite of its excellent climate and remarkable healthfulness considering its size. But there is hardly any better place to work in, provided one has learned to work to good purpose, and can learn to maintain continuous good health under the nervous strain of New York life. To do that is an art in itself, but many people learn it, and practise it successfully by methods that vary according to their employments and incomes. The city is very stimulating. Its atmosphere is highly charged with activity. Solitude, which has considerable healing power provided one does not take too much of it, is hard to come by there. Opportunity abounds: there is an enormous amount to be done and droves of people doing it. All of that makes for a quickened pace of mind and limb, and is tiring, especially to the nerves. Accordingly almost everybody who works in New York gets more tired in the course of the year than is good for him, and needs periods of rest and change of air.

Getting them — getting rest and change — is one of the steady employments of the city. It sends shoals of people to Florida, California, Atlantic City, Lakewood and such places in the spring, and to Europe at all times, but especially in the summer; it fills the country for fifty miles

around New York with the families of people who work in that city and go home at night; it accomplishes an extraordinary summer migration of rich and poor, and fills street cars, parks, recreation-piers, bathing beaches, steamboats and places of amusement with people who cannot get away. Most of New York's population cannot get away, or not for long at any rate. A great many people, especially children, get a week or two out of town in the summer, but there is no time when the city will not be found to be seething with human creatures and humming with work, if one looks for them in the right places. When Fifth Avenue grows languid late in August and the shades are down or the shutters up in whole blocks of the houses of the well-to-do, building, street mending and many kinds of business are at their liveliest, the factories are humming down-town, the usual crowd surges in from the ferries and the tunnels in the morning and out again at night, the trains and cars run almost as full as usual on surface, subway and elevated roads, and down-town and up-town the tenement house blocks and the streets they stand on seem just as full of people as ever.

It is a great credit to Manhattan Island that so many people dwell on it, and so much too continuously, and still live and reasonably prosper. The truth is the narrow island was well contrived to be the home of man. The breezes sweep across it from river to river. It is well drained by nature and now well watered by man's art. And its climate, as has been said, is very good. When New York was a little city gathered about the Battery and the Bowling Green and Wall and Broad streets, and lower Broadway, it must have been a truly charming place to live in. There are no sites of dwellings now that are as

desirable as those on the borders of the Battery Park where still stand a few of the fine old dwellings that housed the more opulent citizens of the time when General Washington was President. Everything and everybody was within walking distance then, except when folks took horse or wagon or boat to go to their country seats farther up the island. That was a "little, old New York" that was really little, and really old, and which must have been really delightful, even to a contemplative mind.

It's littleness is past, and thanks to its habit of tearing down to rebuild, the best part of it is not as old as it was a century ago; but it is still delightful; only now it is wonderful rather than charming, a marvelous city that people's eyes pop out over; that changes and develops and shoots up and stretches out so fast that habitual residents find new marvels for their own eyes every time they show the town to a visitor, and visitors who come not more than twice a year find unfamiliar new features at every visit. But their presence and their reiterating visits attest that the changeful city is delightful. As one of its employments is getting rest and change, so another of them is giving those desirables to folks who live elsewhere. And that is an enormous industry in New York. Two hundred thousand visitors a day it was believed to have the last time there were printed figures on that topic. They come most in the fall and in the spring and least no doubt in midsummer, but there is no season when they are not present in force, getting tired or rested, stimulated, entertained, fed, warmed or cooled according to their needs.

New York is the metropolis of a jealous and disparaging country that seldom has anything very good to say of it. Practically the country seems to take pleasure in it;

reads about it continually — for it is the greatest contributor of news to the papers; visits it when it can and enjoys the visits; is amused with its shows and interested in its hotels, shops, parks, streets, tall buildings, rivers, bridges, slums, tunnels and people. It pays it a constant tribute of attention and spends money in it according to its means, but it seldom shows pride in it, or speaks any better of it than it can help. Perhaps when Kansas goes to Europe (as it does abundantly) it brags a little about New York as an American product, and the greatest-city-to-be in all the world. Perhaps, in Europe, Kansas declares that Fifth Avenue is a street to make the old world wipe its glasses, and that the rivers of New York surpass all rivers in their combination of natural beauties and man-made wonders; and that the buildings of New York are more marvelous, at least, than any modern buildings in Europe. But at home Kansas is apt to see in New York a greedy city, wrapped up in itself, incredulous of Western wisdom, inhospitable to "broad American ideas," perched on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean and careless of the great land behind it except as a vast productive area from which it draws endless wealth. New York is merely one of the fruits of that great tree whose roots go down in the Mississippi Valley, and whose branches spread from one ocean to the other, but the tree has no great degree of affection for its fruit. It inclines to think that the big apple gets a disproportionate share of the national sap. It is disturbed by the enormous drawing power of a metropolis which constantly attracts to itself wealth and its possessors from all the lesser centers of the land. Every city, every State pays an annual tribute of men and of business to New York, and no State or city likes particularly to do it. All cities

profit in these times by the strong tendency toward industrial centralization, but New York most of all. It is the headquarters of the great businesses of the country, of the banking business, the railroad business, the insurance business, and of countless huge and powerful industrial corporations whose affairs reach out into the farthest corners of the land. In New York the masters of these great enterprises must live a good part of the year, and they build great houses there, and set up country-places where their children can have a chance to grow up, and of course their ties with their home States or the cities they came from become more and more loosened as the years go on.

No wonder, then, the country inclines to be jealous of a New York that seems to be all the time drawing from it, and never giving much. But so all great cities grow, and could not be, without these processes.

New York is different from all the other American cities in the quality of its hospitalities, and in that there is a basis for the lack of warmth in the neighbors' attitude toward it. In one way it is the most hospitable of all our cities because it welcomes and entertains and provides for incomparably more visitors than any other. But its hospitalities are, in the main, the concern of the hotels, the theaters, the restaurants and the shops. The people of the city are perhaps a little harder to get at in their homes than the people of the lesser cities. A vast number of people who do not live in New York have friends, acquaintances or relatives in that city. When Brown, who lives in Buffalo, comes to New York, his case is somewhat different from that of Jones, who lives in New York, when Jones goes to Buffalo. Brown and Jones being old friends, Jones sees Brown in Buffalo as a matter of course, and

Brown offers him the hospitalities of that city. It wouldn't be Buffalo to Jones if he didn't see Brown. But it is not quite so much a matter of course that Brown will see Jones when he comes to New York. For one thing, Brown comes to New York ten times for once that Jones goes to Buffalo, so that Jones' visit to Buffalo is much more of an event both to Jones and Brown than Brown's visit to New York is to either of them. For another thing it is about five times easier for Jones to catch Brown in Buffalo than it is for Brown to catch Jones in New York. Jones' place of business in New York is five miles from his house, and three or four miles from the hotels and shops where Brown may be putting in most of his time. If Brown is really set on seeing Jones he must write to him beforehand or trust to catching him by telephone and making an appointment to meet him somewhere, or lunch with him, or come to dinner. But when Brown comes to New York he comes usually for no more than a day or two, and has lots to do, and is in a hurry. He won't take all this trouble to run Jones down just for a casual exchange of friendly talk. He doesn't want to dine with Jones and his family; he wants to go to the theater. It is a waste of time for Brown to give up a whole evening to a domestic dinner when the theaters are so attractive and time so limited. So Brown is apt to go his own gait in New York and let Jones go uninterviewed, unless he happens to run across him, or wants to see him for a reason. That happens so often, and to so many people, that the impression gets about that people who go to live in New York are pretty much lost to the world outside of that city, and that the less that is expected of them in the way of personal attentions, the less the chance of disappointment.

That is not quite a just impression. Not the people who live in New York are to blame for it, but the condition of life in that city, both for residents and visitors. In New York people have to live more by schedule than in most smaller places. In order to accomplish what they have to do they must plan out the disposition of their time more carefully than if they lived where distances were shorter, where a less fraction of the day had to be spent in going and coming and where the residue of available time was larger. Existence in New York is not very conducive to friendship. That is a sad admission. Propinquity and leisure are favorable to friendship, but both are somewhat to seek in New York. Of course friendship can thrive in spite of obstacles, and does there, but New York is more favorable to the acquisitions of a wide, agreeable and stimulating acquaintance, than to intimacies. The necessary conservation of energy promptly constrains people who undertake to live and work in New York to stick pretty close to a daily routine. At such an hour in the morning the working citizen emerges from his front door or the elevator of his apartment-house; so far he walks, maybe (unless it rains) for his health's good; at such a corner he takes the subway, the elevated, a surface car or a cab; at such an hour he goes to lunch; at such an hour he stops work and goes home, or to a club, or to walk, or drive or ride; or to do what his wife has arranged. He dines, at home or elsewhere; he stays at home or goes out, and in due time, or thereabouts, he goes to bed. Some such beat as that he travels every day, seeing the people who happen to be on that beat and missing the others. Habit makes it easy for him to travel on that beat. To diverge far from it takes extra thought and involves extra exertion, so he is

chary of divergences. Such habits of life and the dispositions that naturally follow from them are doubtless responsible for the reputation for self-engrossment and inattention to the rest of the country under which New York seems to labor. The truth is that the people of that city are remarkably like other people (a large proportion of them being "other people" by birth and early training), but the conditions under which they live are appreciably different from the conditions of life anywhere else in the United States. If they are less stirred than they should be by new faces, it is because a whole panorama of new faces unrolls to them every day. They are driven in upon themselves by the incessant impact of people. They go their own gait because the very pressure of the crowd constrains them to it. Even grown-up members of the same family are apt to be a little more separate in New York than they would be elsewhere, unless they all live at home or very near one another. That does not mean lapse of affection, but only that life is pressing. In placid back waters boats may drift along together, but when there is a rapid current to stem each must be concerned to make headway on its course.

As for the physical, the historical and the ethnological New York, there is great individuality about each of them. Physically the town seems remarkably constituted to stimulate the mind, the imagination and hands of man to exceptional exertions. The situation of Manhattan Island between the rivers has compelled extraordinary feats of bridge-building and tunnel-boring, and the narrowness of the island and the driving propensity of business to run northerly up the middle of it, has made certain strips of land excessively valuable, and spurred invention to cover

them with buildings of a height and earning power proportionate to the value of their sites. The physical New York is not what it is because anybody thought that was an ideal way to build a city, but because there were only two directions which certain lines of business were willing to take, one being toward the Harlem River, the other toward the sky.

The peculiar physical development of the city has been hard on its historical and sentimental side because the line of the best new building has run up Broadway and Fifth Avenue directly on top of the best building of the preceding generation. That has meant an amount of premature demolition unusual even in the history of great cities. The pulling down of dilapidated buildings to make way for better ones is a familiar process of growth, but New York has seen the palaces of one generation leveled to make space for the shops, hotels and apartment houses of the next. Very often, indeed, there has not been a generation's lapse, or nearly so long, between the rise of successive structures on the same site. That is why one must go off the beaten track to find buildings in New York that have associations with an earlier day. Faunce's Tavern, Trinity and St. Paul's churches, the City Hall, and a few other buildings have been saved by the influence of pious memories, but almost all Broadway is fairly new, and on Fifth Avenue above Fourteenth Street there is hardly a building left as it was twenty-five years ago, and many of them have not yet reached the maturity of a single decade. The New York that is most on exhibition is almost as new as Seattle. On lower Fifth Avenue and the streets that run out of it below Fourteenth Street there are good old houses left to uses hardly less dignified than those for which

they were first built. Fashion has left that quarter behind, but a high degree of respectability has moved into its vacant tenements. Washington Square is still much like its old self, though the University Building — the most sentimentally flavored New York edifice of its day — is gone. Gramercy Park still keeps much of its old quality, and so, but in a much less degree, does the more remote Stuyvesant Square. But the Fifth Avenue blocks of the 'teens and the Twenties and Thirties are already utterly changed, or changing very fast, and the Forties are wavering and the Fifties are challenged. There is a residential fortress on Madison Avenue, at Thirty-eighth Street, and that avenue generally has suffered less intrusion, and Park Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Fortieth streets holds out handsomely against commerce, and there are strongholds on Fifth Avenue as far down as the top Forties that still defy it, but when Trade fixes its eye on any site or any locality, it seems only a matter of time when it shall get what it wants. Opposition dies and goes to Woodlawn, but Trade lives on and accumulates appetite.

But these observations of locality seem rather beside the mark. The important thing about New York is not how much is old or new, nor where the people who may choose, choose now to live. The important thing is what the city does to men. Perhaps its best exhibit is its schools. They are very many, very big and handsome, and a vast deal of teaching is done in them. Ethnologically, as every one knows, New York is a museum. An important fraction of the annual immigration that lands at Ellis Island clings to New York and gets no farther. Therein lies her title to be called a frontier city, and she lives earnestly up to the responsibilities of it by giving her newcomers their first

them with buildings of a height and earning power proportionate to the value of their sites. The physical New York is not what it is because anybody thought that was an ideal way to build a city, but because there were only two directions which certain lines of business were willing to take, one being toward the Harlem River, the other toward the sky.

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lessons in American deportment and putting their children to school.

As to its more general effect, to people who profit by living there New York seems to give valuable qualities of confidence. To get hold in New York, and win a recognized place there, is an exploit of considerable value and is recognized to be so. Whether it is reasonable or not, and in many particulars it is not, there is a prestige about a great metropolis which is communicated to the people who live in it. To ride a tall horse does not make a man great, but it may make him look great and even feel great. New York is a very tall horse, and many who ride her look bigger and feel bigger for that exploit.

Moreover the really big people in New York are pretty big; much bigger, oftentimes, than an incredulous country understands. Competition is the life of certain kinds of brains, as it is of trade, and the competitions of New York yield many trained men of power and rare efficiency. Diamonds are polished with diamond powder, and men with men. There are plenty of men in New York for all the processes of polishing, and when the work has been finished in a good specimen the result is very brilliant, and the product, undeniably, is fit for uses of profound importance.

EDWARD S. MARTIN

Why do I love New York, my dear?
I know not. Were my father here —
And his — and HIS — the three and I
Might, perhaps, make you some reply.

H. C. BUNNER

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THE WAYFARER IN NEW YORK

In the year of Christ 1609 was the country of which we now propose to speak first founded and discovered at the expense of the General East India Company (though directing their aims and desires elsewhere) by the ship HALF MOON whereof Henry Hudson was master and factor. — *Remonstrance of New Netherland.*

THEN the Sunne arose, and we steered away north againe, and saw the land from the West by North, to the Northwest by North, all like broken Ilands, and our soundings were eleven and ten fathoms. Then wee looft in for the shoare, and faire by the shoare, we had seven fathoms. The course along the land we found to be North-east by North. From the land which we had first sight of, until we came to a great lake of water, as wee could judge it to bee, being drowned land, which made it to rise like Ilands, which was in length ten leagues. The mouth of that lake hath many shoalds, and the sea breaketh on them as it is cast out of the mouth of it. And from that Lake or Bay, the land lyeth North by East, and wee had a great streame out of the Bay; and from thence our sounding was ten fathoms, two leagues from the land. At five of the clocke we anchored, being little winde, and rode in eight fathoms water, the night was faire. This night I found the land to hall the Compasse 8. degrees. For to the Northward off us we saw high Hils. For the day before we found not above 2. degrees of Variation. This is a very good Land to fall with, and the pleasant Land to see. . . .

The eleventh, was faire and very hot weather. At one of the clocke in the after-noone, wee weighed and went into

the River, the wind at South South-west, little winde. Our soundings were seven, sixe, five, sixe, seven, eight, nine, ten, twelve, thirteene, and fourteene fathomes. Then it shoalded againe, and came to five fathomes. Then wee Anchored, and saw that it was a very good Harbour for all windes, and rode all night. The people of the Countrey came aboord of us, making shew of love, and gave us Tobacco and Indian Wheat, and departed for that night; but we durst not trust them.

The twelfth, very faire and hot. In the after-noone at two of the clocke wee weighed, the winde being variable, between the North and the North-west. So we turned into the River two leagues and Anchored. This morning at our first rode in the River, there came eight and twentie Canoes full of men, women and children to betray us: but we saw their intent, and suffered none of them to come aboord of us. At twelve of the clocke they departed. They brought with them Oysters and Beanes, whereoff wee bought some. They have great Tobacco pipes of yellow Copper, and Pots of Earth to dresse their meate in. It floweth South-east by South within.

The Thirteenth, faire weather, the wind Northerly. At seven of the clocke in the morning, as the floud came we weighed, and turned foure miles into the River. The tide being done wee anchored. Then there came foure Canoes aboord: but we suffered none of them to come into our ship. They brought great store of very good Oysters aboord, which we bought for trifles. From the Log of Robert Juet, as printed in *Purchas His Pilgrimes.*

I

FROM THE BATTERY TO TRINITY

Keep your splendid silent sun,
Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods,
Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-fields and orchards,
Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the Ninth-month bees hum;
Give me faces and streets — give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs!
Give me interminable eyes — give me women — give me comrades and lovers by the thousand!
Let me see new ones every day — let me hold new ones by the hand every day!
Give me such shows — give me the streets of Manhattan!

WALT WHITMAN

The Price of Manhattan

THE oldest known manuscript that relates to the local history of Manhattan, and the oldest manifest of a trading vessel cleared from its port, reads thus: —

HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS,

Here arrived yesterday the ship Arms of Amsterdam which on the 23rd September sailed from New Netherland out of the Mauritius River. They report that our people there are of good cheer and live peaceably. Their wives have also borne children there. They have bought the island Manhattes from the savages for the value of sixty guilders. It is 11,000 *morgens* in extent. They had all their grain sown by the middle of May and harvested by the middle of August. They send small samples of summer grain, such as wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, canary seed, beans and flax.

The cargo of the aforesaid ship is:

7246 beaver skins,	36 wildcat skins,
178 half otter skins,	33 minks,
675 otter skins,	34 rat skins,
48 mink skins,	Much oak timber and nutwood.

Herewith

High and Mighty Lords, be commended to the grace of Almighty God.

At Amsterdam, the 5th of November, A° 1626.

Your High Mightinesses' Obedient

P. SCHAGHEN

Written from Amsterdam to the States General at the Hague.

Quoted by MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER in her *History of New York City in the Seventeenth Century*

The First Account of New York Printed in the English Language

NEW YORK is settled upon the west end of the island having that small arm of the sea which divides it from Long Island on the south side of it, which runs away eastward to New England, and is navigable though dangerous. For about ten miles from New York is a place called Hell Gate, which being a narrow passage, there runneth a violent stream both upon flood and ebb, and in the middle lieth some Islands of Rocks, which the current sets so violently upon that it threatens present shipwreck; and upon the flood is a large Whirlpool, which continually sends forth a hideous roaring, enough to affright any stranger from passing any further, and to wait for some Charon to conduct him through; yet to those that are well acquainted little or no danger; yet a place of great defence against any enemy coming in that way, which a small Fortification would absolutely prevent and necessitate them to come in at the west end of Long Island, by Sandy Hook, where Nutten Island doth force them within command of the Fort at New York, which is one of the best Pieces of Defence in the north parts of America.

New York is built most of brick and stone, and covered with red and black tile, and the land being high, it gives at a distance a pleasing Aspect to the Spectators. The inhabitants consist most of English and Dutch, and have a considerable trade with the Indians, for beavers, otter, racoon skins, with other firs; as also for bear, deer, and elk skins; and are supplied with venison and fowl in the winter and fish in the summer by the Indians, which they buy at an easy rate; and having the country round about them, they are continually furnished with such provisions as is

needfull for the life of man, not only by the English and Dutch within their own, but likewise by the adjacent Colonies. DANIEL DENTON, 1670

Boy wanted, 1658

HONORABLE, WORSHIPFUL, WISE, PRUDENT GENTLEMEN: In regard to the salt, which your Honors suppose is quite plenty at the Manhattans, you are mistaken. We have only a hogshead and a half, and can hardly get any there for money. Hardly a cup of salt can be had for extraordinary occasions; this causes great discontent and uproar. In well regulated places it happens that scarcity and want occur. Much more is this the case in a colony far distant and newly begun. Such a colony ought to be provided for one year with whatever is not produced there or procured easily from others.

Little or no butter is to be had here, and less cheese. Whenever any one is about to go on a journey he can get hardly anything more than dry bread, or he must carry along a pot or kettles to cook some food. Therefore, as a reminder, I say once more that it would be well if some rye meal, cheese, and such things were sent in all the ships. As horses are required here for agriculture, means should be found of sending a good supply of horses.

In regard to the fort, it is in a great state of decay. I have resolved on building a house of planks about fifty feet in length and twenty in breadth; also I have had one-third of the house, in which I have been lodging very uncomfortably, repaired, yet the greater part of it is still so leaky that it is only with great difficulty that anything can be kept dry. We shall be obliged to pull down and rebuild the soldiers' barracks immediately.

I had expected, at least, a supply of provisions in the ship which had just arrived. There is a set of insolent fellows on board of her who will not turn a hand to work if there be anything to do, and there never is any one to be hired for such work. Laborers will not stir for less than a dollar a day. Carpenters, masons and other mechanics earn four guilders; this amounts to much in extensive works.

There is no reason or plea for refusing to supply the settlers, who have been here some time from our common store, in exchange for their money. There is no merchant's store here, and scarcely any one who has provisions for sale, for the daily supply of the inhabitants; nay, not even bread, although there are over six hundred souls in this place. Whoever has anything will not sell it, and who so has none, cannot. Things are here in their infancy, and demand time. Many who come hither are as poor as worms and lazy withal, and will not work unless compelled by necessity.

Send in the spring, or in the ships sailing in December, a large number of strong and hard working men. Should they not be forth coming at the right time, their places can be filled with boys of fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years and over. Bear in mind that the boys be healthy and strong. Whatever is done here must be done by labor.

The children sent over from the almshouse have arrived safely, and were in such demand that all are bound out among the inhabitants; the oldest for two years, most of the others for three years, and the youngest for four years. They are to earn forty, sixty, and eighty guilders during the period, and at the end of the term, will be fitted out in the same manner as they are at present. Please to con-

tinue sending others from time to time; but, if possible, none ought to come under fifteen years of age. They ought to be somewhat strong, as little profit is to be expected here without labor.

'Tis as yet somewhat too soon to send many women or a multitude of little children; it will be more advisable and safer when crops are gathered, when abundance prevails, and everything is cheaper.

I might enlarge upon this account, but time does not permit, as the sloop by which I send it, is ready to sail.

From a letter by J. Alrichs (1658) to the Dutch Company

A Schoolmaster's Duties, 1661

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE DIRECTOR-GENERAL AND COUNCIL OF NEW NETHERLAND: — The Schout and Schepens of the Court of Breuckelen respectfully represent that they found it necessary that a Court Messenger was required for the Schepens' Chamber, to be occasionally employed in the Village of Breuckelen and all around where he may be needed, as well to serve summons, as also to conduct the service of the Church, and to sing on Sundays; to take charge of the School, dig graves, etc., ring the Bell, and perform whatever else may be required: Therefore, the Petitioners, with your Honors' approbation, have thought proper to accept for so highly necessary an office a suitable person who is now come before them, one Carel van Beauvois, to whom they have hereby appropriated a sum of fl. 150, besides a free dwelling; and whereas the Petitioners are apprehensive that the aforesaid C. v. Beauvois would not and

cannot do the work for the sum aforesaid, and the Petitioners are not able to promise him any more, therefore the Petitioners, with all humble and proper reverence, request your Honors to be pleased to lend them a helping hand, in order thus to receive the needful assistance. Herewith, awaiting your Honors' kind and favorable answer, and commending ourselves, Honorable, wise, prudent, and most discreet Gentlemen, to your favor, we pray for your Honors God's protection, together with a happy and prosperous administration unto Salvation.

Your Honors' servants and subjects,
The Schout and Schepens of the Village aforesaid.
By order of the same, . . .
Adriaen Hegeman, Secy. (translated by H. R. Stiles)

Why the Dutch Surrendered

THE Company now believing that it has fulfilled your Honorable Mightinesses' intention, will only again say, in conclusion, that the sole cause and reason for the loss of the aforesaid place, were these: The Authorities (Regenten), and the chief officer, being very deeply interested in lands, bouweries and buildings, were unwilling to offer any opposition, first, at the time of the English encroachments, in order thereby not to afford any pretext for firing and destroying their properties; and, having always paid more attention to their particular affairs than to the Company's interests, New Amsterdam was found, on the arrival of the English frigates, as if an enemy was never to be expected. And, finally, that the Director, first following the example of heedless interested parties, gave himself no other concern than about the prosperity of his

bouweries, and, when the pinch came, allowed himself to be rode over by Clergymen, women and cowards, in order to surrender to the English what he could defend with reputation, for the sake of thus saving their private properties. And the Company will further leave to your Honorable Mightinesses' good and prudent wisdom, what more ought to be done in this case. . . .

NOTE.—Reply of the West India Company to the Answer of the Honorable Peter Stuyvesant (1666), in *Documents Relative to the Colonial History of the State of New-York* (edited by E. B. O'Callaghan, Albany, 1858), II, 491–503 *passim.*

New York in 1679

HAVING then fortunately arrived by the blessing of the Lord, before the city of New York, on Saturday, the 23d day of September, we stepped ashore about four o'clock in the afternoon, in company with Gerrit, our fellow passenger, who would conduct us in this strange place. . . . He first took us to the house of one of his friends, who welcomed him and us, and offered us some of the fruit of the country, very fine peaches and full grown apples, which filled our hearts with thankfulness to God. This fruit was exceedingly fair and good, and pleasant to the taste; much better than that in Holland or elsewhere, though I believe our long fasting and craving of food made it so agreeable. . . .

24th, Sunday. We rested well through the night. I was surprised on waking up to find my comrade had already dressed himself and breakfasted upon peaches. We walked out awhile in the fine, pure morning air, along the margin of the clear running water of the sea, which is

driven up this river at every tide. As it was Sunday, in order to avoid scandal and for other reasons, we did not wish to absent ourselves from church. We therefore went, and found there truly a wild worldly world. I say wild, not only because the people are wild, as they call it in Europe, but because most all the people who go there to live, or who are born there, partake somewhat of the nature of the country, that is, peculiar to the land where they live. We heard a minister preach, who had come from the up-river country, from Fort Orange, where his residence is, an old man, named Domine Schaats, of Amsterdam. . . .

This Schaats, then, preached. He had a defect in the left eye, and used such strange gestures and language that I think I never in all my life have heard any thing more miserable; indeed, I can compare him with no one better than with one Do. Van Ecke, lately the minister at Armuyden, in Zeeland, more in life, conversation and gestures than in person. As it is not strange in these countries to have men as ministers who drink, we could imagine nothing else than that he had been drinking a little this morning. His text was, Come unto me all ye etc., but he was so rough that even the roughest and most godless of our sailors were astonished.

The church being in the fort, we had an opportunity to look through the latter, as we had come too early for preaching. It is not large; it has four points or batteries; it has no moat outside, but is enclosed with a double row of palisades. It is built from the foundation with quarry stone. The parapet is of earth. It is well provided with cannon, for the most part of iron, though there were some small brass pieces, all bearing the mark of arms of the Netherlanders. The garrison is small. There is a well of fine

water dug in the fort by the English, contrary to the opinion of the Dutch, who supposed the fort was built upon rock, and had therefore never attempted any such thing. . . . It has only one gate, and that is on the land side, opening upon a broad plain or street, called the Broadway or Beaverway. Over this gate are the arms of the Duke of York. During the time of the Dutch there were two gates, namely another on the water side; but the English have closed it, and made a battery there, with a false gate. In front of the church is inscribed the name of Governor Kyft, who caused the same to be built in the year of 1642. It has a shingled roof, and upon the gable towards the water there is a small wooden tower, with a bell in it, but no clock. There is a sun-dial on three sides. The front of the fort stretches east and west, and consequently the sides run north and south. . . .

27th, Wednesday. Nothing occurred to-day except that I went to assist Gerrit in bringing his goods home, and declaring them, which we did. We heard that one of the wicked and godless sailors had broken his leg; and in this we saw and acknowledged the Lord and his righteousness. . . .

As soon as we had dined we sent off our letters; and this being all accomplished, we started at two o'clock for Long Island. . . .

. . . We went on, up the hill, along open roads and a little woods, through the first village, called Breukelen, which has a small and ugly little church standing in the middle of the road. Having passed through here, we struck off to the right, in order to go to Gouanes. We went upon several plantations where Gerrit was acquainted with most all of the people, who made us very welcome, sharing with

us bountifully whatever they had, whether it was milk, cider, fruit or tobacco, and especially, and first and most of all, miserable rum or brandy which had been brought from Barbadoes and other islands, and which is called by the Dutch kill-devil. All these people are very fond of it, and most of them extravagantly so, although it is very dear and has a bad taste. . . .

We went from the city, following the Broadway, over the valey, or the fresh water. Upon both sides of this way were many habitations of negroes, mulattoes and whites. These negroes were formerly the proper slaves of the (West India) company, but, in consequence of the frequent changes and conquests of the country, they have obtained their freedom and settled themselves down where they have thought proper, and thus on this road, where they have ground enough to live on with their families. We left the village, called the Bouwerij, lying on the right hand, and went through the woods to New Harlem, a tolerably large village situated on the south side of the island, directly opposite the place where the northeast creek and the East river come together, situated about three hours journey from New Amsterdam.

By Jaspar Dankers and Peter Sluyter (translated by H. C. Murphy)

When New York was Like a Garden, 1748

THE streets do not run so straight as those of Philadelphia, and have sometimes considerable bendings: however they are very spacious and well built, and most of them are paved, except in high places,

where it has been found useless. In the chief streets there are trees planted, which in summer give them a fine appearance, and during the excessive heat at that time, afford a cooling shade: I found it extremely pleasant to walk in the town, for it seemed quite like a garden.

Most of the houses are built of bricks; and are generally strong and neat, and several stories high. Some had, according to old architecture, turned the gable-end towards the streets; but the houses were altered in this respect. Many of the houses had a balcony on the roof, on which the people used to sit in the evenings in the summer season; and from thence they had a pleasant view of a great part of the town, and likewise of part of the adjacent water and of the opposite shore. The roofs are commonly covered with tiles or shingles. The walls were white-washed within, and I did not any where see hangings, with which the people in this country seem in general to be but little acquainted. The walls were quite covered with all sorts of drawings and pictures in small frames. On each side of the chimnies they had usually a sort of alcove; and the wall under the windows was wainscoted, and had benches placed near it. The alcoves, and all the wood work were painted with a bluish grey colour.

There are several churches in the town, which deserve some attention. 1. The English Church, built in the year 1695, at the west end of (the) town, consisting of stone, and has a steeple with a bell. 2. The new Dutch Church, which is likewise built of stone, is pretty large and is provided with a steeple, it also has a clock, which is the only one in the town. . . .

Towards the sea, on the extremity of the promontory, is a pretty good fortress, called Fort George, which entirely

commands the port, and can defend the town, at least from a sudden attack on the sea side. Besides that, it is likewise secured on the north or towards the shore, by a palisade, which however (as for a considerable time the people have had nothing to fear from an enemy) is in many places in a very bad state of defence.

There is no good water to be met with in the town itself, but at a little distance there is a large spring of good water, which the inhabitants take for their tea, and for the uses of the kitchen. Those, however, who are less delicate in this point, make use of the water from the wells in town, though it be very bad. This want of good water lies heavy upon the horses of the strangers that come to this place; for they do not like to drink the water from the wells in the town.

PETER KALM, *Travels into North America* (translated by JOHN REINHOLD FORSTER, Warrington, 1770)

New-York in 1760

THIS city is situated upon the point of a small island, lying open to the bay on one side, and on the others included between the North and East rivers, and commands a fine prospect of water, the Jerseys, Long Island, Staten Island, and several others, which lie scattered in the bay. It contains between 2 and 3000 houses, and 16 or 17,000 inhabitants, is tolerably well built, and has several good houses. The streets are paved, and very clean, but in general they are narrow; there are two or three, indeed, which are spacious and airy, particularly the Broad Way. The houses in this street have most of them a row of trees before them; which form an agreeable shade, and produce a pretty effect. The whole length of the town is some-

thing more than a mile; the breadth of it about half an one. The situation is, I believe, esteemed healthy; but it is subject to one great inconvenience, which is the want of fresh water; so that the inhabitants are obliged to have it brought from springs at some distance out of town. There are several public buildings, though but few that deserve attention. The college, when finished, will be exceedingly handsome: it is to be built on three sides of a quadrangle, fronting Hudson's or North river, and will be the most beautifully situated of any college, I believe, in the world. At present only one wing is finished, which is of stone, and consists of twenty-four sets of apartments; each having a large sitting room, with a study, and bed chamber. They are obliged to make use of some of these apartments for a master's lodge, library, chapel, hall, etc. but as soon as the whole shall be completed, there will be proper apartments for each of these offices. The name of it is King's College.

There are two churches in New York, the old, or Trinity Church, and the new one, or St. George's Chapel; both of them large buildings, the former in the Gothic taste, with a spire, the other upon the model of some of the new churches in London. Besides these, there are several other places of religious worship; namely, two low Dutch Calvinist churches, one High Dutch ditto, one French ditto, one German Lutheran church, one presbyterian meeting-house, one quakers ditto, one anabaptists do, one Moravian ditto, and a Jews synagogue. There is also a very handsome charity-school for sixty poor boys and girls, a good work-house, barracks for a regiment of soldiers, and one of the finest prisons I have ever seen. The court or stadt-house makes no great figure, but it is to be repaired

and beautified. There is a quadrangular fort, capable of mounting sixty cannon, though at present there are, I believe, only thirty-two. Within this is the governor's palace, and underneath it a battery capable of mounting ninety-four guns, and barracks for a company or two of soldiers. Upon one of the islands in the bay is an hospital for the sick and wounded seamen; and, upon another, a pesthouse. These are the most noted public buildings in and about the city.

Arts and sciences have made no greater progress here than in the other colonies; but as a subscription library has been lately opened, and every one seems zealous to promote learning, it may be hoped that they will hereafter advance faster than they have done hitherto. The college is established upon the same plan as that in the Jerseys, except that this at New York professes the principles of the church of England. At present the state of it is far from being flourishing, or so good as might be wished. Its fund does not exceed 10,000 *l.* currency, and there is a great scarcity of professors. A commencement was held, nevertheless, this summer, and seven gentlemen took degrees. There are in it at this time about twenty-five students. The president, Dr. Johnson, is a very worthy and learned man, but rather too far advanced in life to have the direction of so young an institution. The late Dr. Bristow left to this college a fine library, of which they are in daily expectation.

The inhabitants of New York, in their character, very much resemble the Pennsylvanians: more than half of them are Dutch, and almost all traders: they are, therefore, habitually frugal, industrious, and parsimonious. Being however of different nations, different languages, and

different religions, it is almost impossible to give them any precise or determinate character. The women are handsome and agreeable; though rather more reserved than the Philadelphian ladies. Their amusements are much the same as in Pennsylvania; viz. balls, and sleighing expeditions in the winter; and, in the summer, going in parties upon the water, and fishing; or making excursions into the country. There are several houses pleasantly situated upon East river, near New York, where it is common to have turtle-feasts: these happen once or twice in a week. Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves till evening, and then return home in Italian chaises, (the fashionable carriage in this and most parts of America, Virginia excepted, where they make use only of coaches, and these commonly drawn by six horses), a gentleman and lady in each chaise. In the way there is a bridge, about three miles distant from New York, which you always pass over as you return, called the Kissing-Bridge, where it is a part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection.

The present state of this province is flourishing: it has an extensive trade to many parts of the world, particularly to the West Indies; and has acquired great riches by the commerce which it has carried on, under flags of truce, to Cape-François, and Monte-Christo. The troops, by having made it the place of their general rendezvous, have also enriched it very much. However, it is burthened with taxes, and the present public debt amounts to more than 300,000 *l.* currency. The taxes are laid upon estates real and personal; and there are duties upon the Negroes, and other importations. The provincial troops are about

2600 men. The difference of exchange between currency and bills is from 70 to 80 per cent.

Before I left New York, I took a ride upon Long Island, the richest spot, in the opinion of the New-Yorkers, of all America; and where they generally have their villas, or country houses. It is undeniably beautiful, and some parts of it are remarkably fertile, but not equal, I think, to the Jerseys. The length of it is something more than 100 miles, and the breadth 25. About 15 or 16 miles from the west end of it, there opens a large plain between 20 and 30 miles long, and 4 or 5 broad. There is not a tree growing upon it, and it is asserted that there never were any. Strangers are always carried to see this place, as a great curiosity, and the only one of the kind in North America.

ANDREW BURNABY, *Travels through the Middle Settlements in North-America, in the Years 1759 and 1760*

A Mass Meeting in 1794

IN the latter end of 1794, Mr. Jay arrived with the famous British Treaty; Congress being then in session, it was submitted to their consideration. As Washington and Hamilton, and most of the worthies who had risked their lives and staked their all, and had just achieved their country's independence, thought it was for the good of the nation, it was on the point of becoming a law; but the hod-men and the ashmen, and the clam men, thought otherwise; accordingly a meeting was called at 4 P.M. in front of the old City Hall, at the head of Broad Street to settle this momentous question. Having never seen a meeting of the sovereign people in a *free country* I was anxious to attend; and that I might have a fair view, and

be out of harm's way, I got perched on a branch of that large spreading tree that graced the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, since the days when the Dutch negroes used to dance and crack eggs in the ferry-house corner of Garden and Broad Streets. Long before the hour the broad space was filled by the motley group; there was the Irish (patriot) laborer, his face powdered with lime, his shirt sleeves torn or rolled up to his shoulders, he came rattling up with his iron shod brogans; and the clam men were there; and the boat men were there; and the oystermen were there; and the ashmen were there; and the cartmen were there and their horses were there — and the horses appeared to have more sense than their masters; for the horses licked and loved the hand that fed them, but these ignorant cartmen knew not Him in whom they live move and have their being.

The mob filled the large space down Broad as far as Garden Street, down Wall Street as far as the Mechanics' Bank, and up as far as New Street. On the corner (then occupied as a watch house but now by friend Burtsell as a *Blank Book* Store) stood a group, say eight or ten respectable looking characters; compassion was painted on their face, and pity shone from their swimming eyes. At the time I knew none of them, but afterwards learned that among them was Gen. Hamilton, Cols. V. G. &c. men who had just sheathed their swords, and wiped the dust and sweat from their brows, after having gained their country's freedom. On the steps of the City Hall (for these men had usurped the place of justice) stood another group of cold calculating sinister looking faces. In their countenances and eyes, you could read deeds, and plans of deep, dark and daring political intrigue. I knew none

of them; but their impression is stamped to this hour upon my memory. A tall fellow got up and called the assembly to order — he might as well have told Bunker's Hill to be removed to the deeps of Montaug Point — he then proposed Mr. —— as chairman; he then took out a paper and read something which neither he nor anyone else understood; he then got some one to second the motions; he then said if anyone wished to speak he might say on. In those days there stood a small house with its gable end to the street (No. 3 or 5 Broad Street) it had a high stoop and was occupied by J. B. who made iron cages wherein to confine tame birds. On this stoop Gen. Hamilton stood up; his clear full voice sounded like music over the heads of the rabble, and they stood still for some minutes; he lowered himself from the pedestal of his natural eloquence, and spoke in language simple plain, and suited to the capacity of his hearers. His words were truths, and they understood them; they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth; violent hands were laid on him in the midst of his speech; he was dragged from the stoop and hustled through the street! You Americans, with all your boasted pride, you looked quietly on and saw your Hamilton, the right hand swordsman of Washington, gagged and dragged through the street. Thinks I to myself what a fine thing democracy is in *theory*. . . . To return; when the uproar had ceased, Mr. Longfellow roared out: all you who approve of adjourning to Bowling Green to assist in burning the British Treaty will please to say Aye. The sound of the ayes shook the very dungeons of the watchhouse — the treaty was burned, while the Irishmen danced the *whiteboys* march, and the Frenchmen sang, Dan sa la Carmanoll;

the boatmen, the clam men, the hod and the oystermen retired to the grogshops around the Whitehall, while the horses and cartmen at the cellar doors around the Coffee-House Slip. Thus ended the first practical lesson I had ever seen of republican simplicity.

From GRANT THORBURN'S *Forty Years' Residence in America*

Fashions in New York in 1797

NEW YORK, *May* 28th, 1797

MY DEAR SISTER: The enclosed pacquet was intended to be sent by General Floyd, but he went away before it was given to him — I have forgot what I wrote in it, but shall send it along & perhaps there may be something entertaining in it — Lucy I believe most of the comissions from you & sister Hannah have been attended to by Brother George or myself — I have bought two bands which are the most fashionable trimings for beaver hats, a white one for the blue hat, & a yellow for the black one, they should be put twice around the crown & fastned forward in the form of a beau knot. Brother has got each of you a pink silk shawl which are very fashionable also — Many Ladies wear them for turbans, made in the manner that you used to make muslin ones last summer, George has given me one like them, The fine lace cost 10 shillings a yard, & I think it is very handsome. there is enough for two handkerchiefs & two double tuckers, the way to make handkerchief's is to set lace, or a ruffle on a strait piece of muslin, (only pieced on the back to make it set to your neck,) & put it on so as to show only the ruffle, & make it look as if it was set on the neck of your gown, many Ladies trim the neck of thier

gowns with lace & go without handkerchiefs but I think it is a neater way to wear them — with fashionable gowns it will not be necessary to have much more than half a yard in the width of your tuckers — I send a doll, by Brother George which I intended to have dressed in a neater manner but really could not find time — it however has rather a fashionable appearance, the cap is made in a good form but you would make one much handsomer than I could, the beau to Miss Dollys poultice neck cloth is rather large but the thickness is very moderate — I think a cap crown & turban would become you — I have got a braid of hair which cost four dollars it should be fasten up with a comb, (without platting) under your turban if it has a crown & over it, if without a crown — Brother has got some very beautiful sattin muslin, & also some handsome "tartan plad" gingham for your gowns, there is a large pattern for two train gowns of the muslin, which should be made thre breadths wide two breadths to reach to the shoulder straps forward, and one breadth to be cut part of the way down before, to go over the shoulder & part of it to be pleated on to the shoulder straps, meeting the back breadths, & some of it to go around the neck, like the doll's — the pleats should be made pretty small, & not stitched to the lining, but you should wear binders over your shoulders — an inch & a half should be the width of your binders. (I must have done writing this pretty soon. the last sentence if you observe is quite poetical — but let me stick to my text *Fashion*). It is the fashion to have draw strings fastned on the corners of the shoulder straps by the sleves on the back, and have a tack large enough for them to run in, made to cross on the back, run under the arms an inch below the sleves & tie before —

I should advise you to have your gingham one made in that way, with draw'd sleves for sister Hannah & I have seen as large Ladies as you with them, & I think they would look very well for you. Sleves should be made half a yard wide & not drawd less than seven or eight times, I think they look best to have two or three drawings close together & a plain spot alternately — Some of the ladies have thier sleves coverd with drawing tacks, & have thier elbows uncover'd if you dont like short sleves, you should have long ones with short ones to come down allmost to your elbows, drawed four or five by the bottom — if yo(u) want to walk with long gowns you must draw the train up thr'o one of the pocket holes, I have bought some callico for chints trimings for old gowns, if you have any that you wish to wear short they are very fashionable at present, & gowns that are trimed with them should be made only to touch the ground, there is enough of the dark stripe for one gown, & enough of the light for one there should be enough white left on the dark stripe to turn down to prevent its ravelling. I gave 10 shillings for the callico & have been laughed at for my 'foolish bargain' but I am not convinced that it is foolish. The William Street merchants ask three shillings a yard for trimings like the wide stripe & two for the narrow — I guess you will like the narrow — the kid shoes are of the most fashionable kind, & the others of the best quality Brother George keeps enquiring for my letter — & as I have fill'd up my paper I'll leave the improvement for you to make With love to sister Hannah & Benjamin I am my dear sister yours, most affectionately

R Huntington

Miss Lucy Huntington

An Old New York Salon

MANY people were at their country-seats, but politics kept a number of men in town, and for this political and wholly masculine salon of Mrs. Croix, Gouverneur Morris drove down from Morrisania, Robert Livingston from Clermont; Governor Clinton had made it convenient to remain a day longer in New York. Dr. Franklin had been a guest of my lady for the past two days. They were all, with the exception of Clinton, in the drawing-room, when Hamilton, Steuben and Fish arrived; and several of the Crugers, Colonel Duer, General Knox, Mayor Duane, Melancthon Smith, Mr. Watts, Yates, Lansing, and a half-dozen lesser lights. Mrs. Croix sat in the middle of the room, and her chair being somewhat higher and more elaborate than its companions, suggested a throne: Madam de Staël set the fashion in many affectations which were not long travelling to America. In the house, Mrs. Croix discarded the hoopskirt, and the classic folds of her soft muslin gown revealed a figure as superb in contour as it was majestic in carriage. She looked to be twenty-eight, but was reputed to have been born in 1769. For women so endowed years have little meaning. They are born with what millions of their sex never acquire, a few with the aid of time and experience only. Nature had fondly and diabolically equipped her to conquer the world, to be one of its successes; and so she was to the last of her ninety-six years. Her subsequent career was as brilliant in Europe as it had been, and was to be again, in America. In Paris, Lafayette was her sponsor, and she counted princes, cardinals, and nobles among her conquests, and died in the abundance of wealth and honours.

If her sins found her out, they surprised her in secret only. To the world she gave no sign, and carried an unbroken spirit and an unbowed head into a vault which looks as if not even the trump of Judgment Day could force its marble doors to open and its secrets to come forth. But those doors closed behind her seventy-seven years later, when the greatest of her victims had been dust half a century, and many others were long since forgotten. To-night, in her glorious triumphant womanhood she had no thought of vaults in the cold hillside of Trinity, and when Hamilton entered the room, she rose and courtesied deeply. Then, as he bent over her hand: "At last. Is it you?" she exclaimed softly. "Has this honour indeed come to my house? I have waited a lifetime, sir, and I took pains to assure you long since of a welcome."

"Do not remind me of those wretched wasted months," replied Hamilton, gallantly, and Dr. Franklin nodded with approval. "Be sure, madam, that I shall risk no reproaches in the future."

She passed him on in the fashion of royalty, and was equally gracious to Steuben and Fish, although she did not courtesy. The company, which had been scattered in groups, the deepest about the throne of the hostess, immediately converged and made Hamilton their common centre. Would Washington accept? Surely he must know. Would he choose to be addressed as "His Serene Highness," "His High Mightiness," or merely as "Excellency"? Would so haughty an aristocrat lend himself agreeably to the common forms of Republicanism, even if he had refused a crown, and had been the most jealous guardian of the liberties of the American people? An aristocrat is an aristocrat, and doubtless he would observe

all the rigid formalities of court life. Most of those present heartily hoped that he would. They, too, were jealous of their liberties, but had no yearning toward a republican simplicity, which, to their minds, savoured of plebeianism. Socially they still were royalists, whatever their politics, and many a coat of arms was yet in its frame.

"Of course Washington will be our first President," replied Hamilton, who was prepared to go to Mount Vernon, if necessary. "I have had no communication from him on the subject, but he would obey the command of public duty if he were on his death-bed. His reluctance is natural, for his life has been a hard one in the field, and his tastes are those of a country gentleman, — tastes which he has recently been permitted to indulge to the full for the first time. Moreover, he is so modest that it is difficult to make him understand that no other man is to be thought of for these first difficult years. When he does, there is no more question of his acceptance than there was of his assuming the command of the army. As for titles they come about as a matter of course, and it is quite positive that Washington, although a Republican, will never become a Democrat. He is a grandee and will continue to live like one, and the man who presumes to take a liberty with him is lost."

Mrs. Croix, quite forgotten, leaned back in her chair, a smile succeeding the puzzled annoyance of her eyes. In this house her words were the jewels for which this costly company scrambled, but Hamilton had not been met abroad for weeks, and from him there was always something to learn; whereas from even the most brilliant of women — she shrugged her shoulders; and her eyes, as they dwelt on Hamilton, gradually filled with an expression

of idolatrous pride. The new delight of self-effacement was one of the keenest she had known.

The bombardment continued. The Vice-President? Whom should Hamilton support? Adams? Hancock? Was it true that there was a schism in the Federal party that might give the anti-Federalists, with Clinton at their head, a chance for the Vice-Presidency at least? Who would be Washington's advisers besides himself? Would the President have a cabinet? Would Congress sanction it? Whom should he want as confrères, and whom in the Senate to further his plans? Whom did he favour as Senators and Representatives from New York? Could this rage for amendments be stopped? What was to be the fate of the circular letter? Was all danger of a new Constitutional Convention well over? What about the future site of the Capital — would the North get it, or the South?

All these, the raging questions of the day, it took Hamilton the greater part of the evening to answer or parry, but he deftly altered his orbit until he stood beside Mrs. Croix, the company before her shrine. He had encountered her eyes, but although he knew the supreme surrender of women in the first stages of passion, he also understood the vanities and weaknesses of human nature too well not to apprehend a chill of the affections under too prolonged a mortification.

Clinton entered at midnight; and after almost bending his gouty knee to the hostess, whom he had never seen in such softened yet dazzling beauty, he measured Hamilton for a moment, then laughed and held out his hand.

"You are a wonderful fighter," he said, "and you beat me squarely. We'll meet in open combat again and again,

no doubt of it, and I hope we will, for you rouse all my mettle; but I like you, sir, I like you. I can't help it."

GERTRUDE ATHERTON in *The Conqueror*

The Battery in 1804

THE modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways; the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant ridge, where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll ; the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods, where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money-brokers; and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth, and the servility and heart-burnings of repining poverty, and, what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mould, and to be those honest, blunt minds, which, like certain manufactures, are made by the gross and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

From the Battery to Trinity

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four, on a fine afternoon in the glowing month of September, I took my customary walk upon the Battery, which is at once the pride and bulwark of this ancient and impregnable city of New York. The ground on which I trod was hallowed by recollections of the past; and as I slowly wandered through the long alley of poplars, which, like so many birch brooms standing on end, diffused a melancholy and lugubrious shade, my imagination drew a contrast between the surrounding scenery and what it was in the classic days of our forefathers. Where the government house by name, but the custom-house by occupation, proudly reared its brick walls and wooden pillars, there whilom stood the low, but substantial, red-tiled mansion of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. Around it the mighty bulwarks of Fort Amsterdam frowned defiance to every absent foe; but, like many a whiskered warrior and gallant militia captain, confined their martial deeds to frowns alone. The mud breastworks had long been levelled with the earth, and their site converted into the green lawns and leafy alleys of the Battery; where the gay apprentice sported his Sunday coat, and the laborious mechanic, relieved from the dirt and drudgery of the week, poured his weekly tale of love into the half averted ear of the sentimental chambermaid. The capacious bay still presented the same expansive sheet of water, studded with islands, sprinkled with fishing boats, and bounded by shores of picturesque beauty. But the dark forests which once clothed those shores had been violated by the savage hand of cultivation, and their tangled mazes, and impenetrable thickets, had degenerated into teeming orchards and waving fields of grain. Even Governor's Island, once

a smiling garden, appertaining to the sovereigns of the province, was now covered with fortifications, inclosing a tremendous block-house, — so that this once peaceful island resembled a fierce little warrior in a big cocked hat, breathing gunpowder and defiance to the world!

For some time did I indulge in a pensive train of thought; contrasting, in sober sadness, the present day with the hallowed years behind the mountains; lamenting the melancholy progress of improvement, and praising the zeal with which our worthy burghers endeavored to preserve the wrecks of venerable customs, prejudices, and errors from the overwhelming tide of modern innovation, — when, by degrees, my ideas took a different turn, and I insensibly awakened to an enjoyment of the beauties around me.

It was one of those rich autumnal days which heaven particularly bestows upon the beauteous island of Mannahata and its vicinity, — not a floating cloud obscured the azure firmament, — the sun, rolling in glorious splendor through his ethereal course, seemed to expand his honest Dutch countenance into an unusual expression of benevolence, as he smiled his evening salutation upon a city which he delights to visit with his most bounteous beams, — the very winds seemed to hold in their breaths in mute attention, lest they should ruffle the tranquillity of the hour, — and the waveless bosom of the bay presented a polished mirror, in which nature beheld herself and smiled. The standard of our city, reserved, like a choice handkerchief, for days of gala, hung motionless on the flag-staff, which forms the handle of a gigantic churn; and even the tremulous leaves of the poplar and the aspen ceased to vibrate to the breath of heaven. Everything seemed to

acquiesce in the profound repose of nature. The formidable eighteen-pounders slept in the embrasures of the wooden batteries, seemingly gathering fresh strength to fight the battles of their country on the next fourth of July; the solitary drum on Governor's Island forgot to call the garrison to their shovels; the evening gun had not yet sounded its signal for all the regular well-meaning poultry throughout the country to go to roost; and the fleet of canoes, at anchor between Gibbet Island and Communipaw, slumbered on their rakes, and suffered the innocent oysters to lie for a while unmolested in the soft mud of their native banks! My own feelings sympathized with the contagious tranquillity, and I should infallibly have dozed upon one of those fragments of benches, which our benevolent magistrates have provided for the benefit of convalescent loungers, had not the extraordinary inconvenience of the couch set all repose at defiance.

WASHINGTON IRVING in
Knickerbocker's History of New York

As seen by Mrs. Trollope in 1831

I HAVE never seen the bay of Naples, I can therefore make no comparison, but my imagination is incapable of conceiving any thing of the kind more beautiful than the harbour of New York. Various and lovely are the objects which meet the eye on every side, but the naming them would only be to give a list of words, without conveying the faintest idea of the scene. I doubt if even the pencil of Turner could do it justice, bright and glorious as it rose upon us. We seemed to enter the harbour of New York upon waves of liquid gold, and as we darted past the green isles which rise from its bosom, like guardian sentinels

of the fair city, the setting sun stretched his horizontal beams farther and farther at each moment, as if to point out to us some new glory in the landscape.

New York, indeed, appeared to us, even when we saw it by a soberer light, a lovely and a noble city. To us who had been so long travelling through half-cleared forests, and sojourning among an "I'm-as-good-as-you" population, it seemed, perhaps, more beautiful, more splendid, and more refined than it might have done, had we arrived there directly from London; but making every allowance for this, I must still declare that I think New York one of the finest cities I ever saw, and as much superior to every other in the Union (Philadelphia not excepted), as London to Liverpool, or Paris to Rouen. Its advantages of position are, perhaps, unequalled anywhere. Situated on an island, which I think it will one day cover, it rises, like Venice, from the sea, and like that fairest of cities in the days of her glory, receives into its lap tribute of all the riches of the earth.

The southern point of Manhattan Island divides the waters of the harbour into the north and east rivers; on this point stands the city of New York, extending from river to river, and running northward to the extent of three or four miles. I think it covers nearly as much ground as Paris, but is much less thickly peopled. The extreme point is fortified towards the sea by a battery, and forms an admirable point of defence; but in these piping days of peace, it is converted into a public promenade, and one more beautiful, I should suppose, no city could boast. From hence commences the splendid Broadway, as the fine avenue is called, which runs through the whole city. This noble street may vie with any I ever saw, for its

length and breadth, its handsome shops, neat awnings, excellent *trottoir*, and well-dressed pedestrians. It has not the crowded glitter of Bond Street equipages, nor the gorgeous fronted palaces of Regent Street; but it is magnificent in its extent, and ornamented by several handsome buildings, some of them surrounded by grass and trees. The Park, in which stands the noble city hall, is a very fine area. I never found that the most graphic description of a city could give me any feeling of being there; and even if others have the power, I am very sure I have not, of setting churches and squares, and long-drawn streets, before the mind's eye. I will not, therefore, attempt a detailed description of this great metropolis of the new world, but will only say that during the seven weeks we stayed there, we always found something new to see and to admire; and were it not so very far from all the old-world things which cling about the heart of an European, I should say that I never saw a city more desirable as a residence.

The dwelling houses of the higher classes are extremely handsome, and very richly furnished. Silk or satin furniture is as often, or oftener, seen than chintz; the mirrors are as handsome as in London; the chiffonniers, slabs, and marble tables as elegant; and in addition, they have all the pretty tasteful decoration of French porcelaine, and or-molu in much greater abundance, because at a much cheaper rate. Every part of their houses is well carpeted, and the exterior finishing, such as steps, railings, and door-frames, are very superior. Almost every house has handsome green blinds on the outside; balconies are not very general, nor do the houses display, externally, so many flowers as those of Paris and London; but I saw many rooms decorated within, exactly like those of an European

petite maîtresse. Little tables, looking and smelling like flower beds, portfolios, nick-nacks, bronzes, busts, cameos, and alabaster vases, illustrated copies of lady-like rhymes bound in silk, and, in short, all the pretty coxcomalities of the drawing-room scattered about with the same profuse and studied negligence as with us.

Hudson Square and its neighbourhood is, I believe, the most fashionable part of the town; the square is beautiful, excellently well planted with a great variety of trees, and only wanting our frequent and careful mowing to make it equal to any square in London. The iron railing which surrounds this enclosure is as high and as handsome as that of the Tuileries, and it will give some idea of the care bestowed on its decoration, to know that the gravel for the walks was conveyed by barges from Boston, not as ballast, but as freight.

The great defect in the houses is their extreme uniformity — when you have seen one, you have seen all. Neither do I quite like the arrangement of the rooms. In nearly all the houses the dining and drawing-rooms are on the same floor, with ample folding doors between them; when thrown together they certainly make a very noble apartment; but no doors can be barrier sufficient between dining and drawing-rooms. Mixed dinner parties of ladies and gentlemen, however, are very rare, which is a great defect in the society; not only as depriving them of the most social and hospitable manner of meeting, but as leading to frequent dinner parties of gentlemen without ladies, which certainly does not conduce to refinement.

The evening parties, excepting such as are expressly for the young people, are chiefly conversational; we are too late in the season for large parties, but we saw enough

to convince us that there is society to be met with in New York, which would be deemed delightful any where. Cards are very seldom used; and music, from their having very little professional aid at their parties, is seldom, I believe, as good as what is heard at private concerts in London.

The Americans have certainly not the same *besoin* of being amused, as other people; they may be the wiser for this, perhaps, but it makes them less agreeable to a looker-on.

There are three theatres at New York, all of which we visited. The Park Theatre is the only one licensed by fashion, but the Bowery is infinitely superior in beauty; it is indeed as pretty a theatre as I ever entered, perfect as to size and proportion, elegantly decorated, and the scenery and machinery equal to any in London, but it is not the fashion. The Chatham is so utterly condemned by *bon ton*, that it requires some courage to decide upon going there; nor do I think my curiosity would have penetrated so far, had I not seen Miss Mitford's Rienzi advertised there. It was the first opportunity I had had of seeing it played, and spite of very indifferent acting, I was delighted. The interest must have been great, for till the curtain fell, I saw not one quarter of the queer things around me: then I observed in the front row of a dress-box a lady performing the most maternal office possible; several gentlemen without their coats, and a general air of contempt for the decencies of life, certainly more than usually revolting. . . .

I visited all the exhibitions in New York. The Medici of the Republic must exert themselves a little more before these can become even respectable. The worst of the business is, that with the exception of about half a dozen

individuals, the good citizens are more than contented, they are delighted.

The newspaper lungs of the Republic breathe forth praise and triumph, nay, almost pant with ecstasy in speaking of their native chef d'œuvres. I should be hardly believed were I to relate the instances which fell in my way, of the utter ignorance respecting pictures to be found among persons of the first standing in society. Often where a liberal spirit exists, and a wish to patronise the fine arts is expressed, it is joined to a profundity of ignorance on the subject almost inconceivable. A doubt as to the excellence of their artists is very nervously received, and one gentleman, with much civility, told me, that at the present era, all the world were aware that competition was pretty well at an end between our two nations, and that a little envy might naturally be expected to mix with the surprise with which the mother country beheld the distance at which her colonies were leaving her behind them.

I must, however, do the few artists with whom I became acquainted, the justice to say, that their own pretensions are much more modest than those of their patrons for them. I have heard several confess and deplore their ignorance of drawing, and have repeatedly remarked a sensibility to the merit of European artists, though perhaps only known by engravings, and a deference to their authority, which showed a genuine feeling for the art. In fact, I think that there is a very considerable degree of natural talent for painting in America, but it has to make its way through darkness and thick night. When an academy is founded, their first care is to hang the walls of its exhibition room with all the unutterable trash that is offered to them. No living models are sought for; no discipline as to the manner

of study is enforced. Boys who know no more of human form, than they do of the eyes, nose, and mouth, in the moon, begin painting portraits. If some of them would only throw away their palettes for a year, and learn to draw; if they would attend anatomical lectures, and take notes, not in words, but in forms, of joints and muscles, their exhibitions would soon cease to be so utterly below criticism.

MRS. TROLLOPE in *Domestic Manners of the Americans*

As Dickens saw the City in 1842

THERE lay stretched out before us, to the right, confused heaps of buildings, with here and there a spire or steeple, looking down upon the herd below; and here and there, again, a cloud of lazy smoke; and in the foreground a forest of ships' masts, cheery with flapping sails and waving flags. Crossing from among them to the opposite shore, were steam ferry-boats laden with people, coaches, horses, waggons, baskets, boxes: crossed and recrossed by other ferry-boats: all travelling to and fro: and never idle. Stately among these restless Insects, were two or three large ships, moving with slow majestic pace, as creatures of a prouder kind, disdainful of their puny journeys, and making for the broad sea. Beyond, were shining heights, and islands in the glancing river, and a distance scarcely less blue and bright than the sky it seemed to meet. The city's hum and buzz, the clinking of capstans, the ringing of bells, the barking of dogs, the clattering of wheels, tingled in the listening ear. All of which life and stir, coming across the stirring water, caught new life and animation from its free companionship; and, sympathising with its buoyant spirits, glistened

as it seemed in sport upon its surface, and hemmed the vessel around, and plashed the water high about her sides, and, floating her gallantly into the dock, flew off again to welcome other comers, and speed before them to the busy Port.

The great promenade and thoroughfare, as most people know, is Broadway; a wide and bustling street, which, from the Battery Gardens to its opposite termination in a country road, may be four miles long. Shall we sit down in an upper floor of the Carlton House Hotel (situated in the best part of this main artery of New York), and when we are tired of looking down upon the life below, sally forth arm-in-arm, and mingle with the stream? . . .

Warm weather! The sun strikes upon our heads at this open window, as though its rays were concentrated through a burning glass; but the day is in its zenith, and the season an unusual one. Was there ever such a sunny street as this Broadway! The pavement stones are polished with the tread of feet until they shine again; the red bricks of the houses might be yet in the dry, hot kilns; and the roofs of those omnibuses look as though, if water were poured on them, they would hiss and smoke, and smell like half-quenched fires. No stint of omnibuses here! Half-a-dozen have gone by within as many minutes. Plenty of hackney cabs and coaches too; gigs, phaetons, large-wheeled tilburies, and private carriages rather of a clumsy make, and not very different from the public vehicles, but built for the heavy roads beyond the city pavement. Negro coachmen and white; in straw hats, black hats, white hats, glazed caps, fur caps; in coats of drab, black, brown, green, blue, nankeen, striped jean and linen; and there, in that one instance (look while it passes,

or it will be too late), in suits of livery. Some southern republican that, who puts his blacks in uniform, and swells with Sultan pomp and power. Yonder, where that phaeton with the well-clipped pair of grays has stopped — standing at their heads now — is a Yorkshire groom, who has not been very long in these parts, and looks sorrowfully round for a companion pair of top-boots, which he may traverse the city half a year without meeting. Heaven save the ladies, how they dress! We have seen more colours in these ten minutes, than we should have seen elsewhere, in as many days. What various parasols! what rainbow silks and satins! what pinking of thin stocking, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hooks and linings! The young gentlemen are fond, you see, of turning down their shirt-collars and cultivating their whiskers, especially under the chin; but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being to say the truth, humanity of quite another sort. Byrons of the desk and counter, pass on, and let us see what kind of men those are behind ye: those two labourers in holiday clothes, of whom one carries in his hand a crumpled scrap of paper from which he tries to spell out a hard name, while the other looks about for it on all the doors and windows. . . .

This narrow thoroughfare, baking and blistering in the sun, is Wall Street: the Stock Exchange and Lombard Street of New York. Many a rapid fortune has been made in this street, and many a no less rapid ruin. Some of these very merchants whom you see hanging about here now, have locked up money in their strong-boxes, like the man in the Arabian Nights, and opening them again, have found but withered leaves. Below, here by the water-

side, where the bowsprits of ships stretch across the footway, and almost thrust themselves into the windows, lie the noble American vessels which have made their Packet Service the finest in the world. They have brought hither the foreigners who abound in all streets: not perhaps, that there are more here, than in other commercial cities; but elsewhere, they have particular haunts, and you must find them out; here, they pervade the town. . . .

CHARLES DICKENS in *American Notes*

The March of the Seventh Regiment down Broadway, 1861

IT was worth a life that march. Only one who passed, as we did, through that tempest of cheers, two miles long can know the terrible enthusiasm of the occasion. I could hardly hear the rattle of our own gun-carriages, and only once or twice the music of our band came to me muffled and quelled by the uproar. We knew now if we had not before divined it, that our great city was with us as one man, utterly united in the great cause we were marching to sustain.

This grand fact I learned by two senses. If hundreds of thousands roared it in my ears, thousands slapped it into my back. My fellow citizens smote me on the knapsack, as I went by at the gun-rope, and encouraged me each in his own dialect. "Bully for you!" alternated with benedictions, in the proportion of two bullies to one blessing.

I was not so fortunate as to receive more substantial tokens of sympathy. But there were parting gifts showered on the regiment enough to establish a variety-shop. Handkerchiefs, of course, came floating down upon us from the windows, like a snow. Pretty little gloves pelted us with

lovetaps. The sterner sex forced upon us pocket-knives new and jagged, combs, soap, slippers, boxes of matches, cigars by the dozen and the hundred, pipes to smoke shag and pipes to smoke Latakia, fruit, eggs and sandwiches. One fellow got a new purse with ten bright quarter eagles. At the corner of Grand Street or thereabouts a "bhoy" in red flannel shirt and black dress pantaloons, leaning back against the crowd with Herculean shoulders, called me, — "Saay, bully! take my dorg! he's one of the kind that holds till he draps." This gentleman, with his animal, was instantly shoved back by the police, and the Seventh lost the "dorg."

These were the comic incidents of the march, but underlying all was the tragic sentiment that we might have tragic work presently to do. The news of the rascal attack in Baltimore on the Massachusetts Sixth had just come in. Ours might be the same chance. If there were any of us not in earnest before the story of the day would steady us. So we said good bye to Broadway, moved down Cortlandt Street under a bower of flags, and at half-past six shoved off in the ferry-boat.

THEODORE WINTHROP in
The Atlantic Monthly, June, 1861

The Great Panic of 1873

ONE rainy day in this year found Jacob Dolph in Wall Street. Although he himself did not think so, he was an old man to others, and kindly hands, such as were to be found even in that infuriate crowd, had helped him up the marble steps of the Sub-Treasury and had given him lodgment on one of the great blocks of marble that dominate the street. From where he stood he could see Wall Street,

east and west, and the broad plaza of Broad Street to the south, filled with a compact mass of men, half hidden by a myriad of umbrellas, rain-soaked, black, glinting in the dim light. So might a Roman legion have looked, when each man raised his targum above his head and came shoulder to shoulder with his neighbor for the assault.

There was a confused, ant-like movement in the vast crowd, and a dull murmur came from it, rising, in places, into excited shouts. Here and there the fringe of the mass swelled up and swept against the steps of some building, forcing, or trying to force, an entry. Sometimes a narrow stream of men trickled into the half-open doorway; sometimes the great portals closed, and then there was a mad outcry and a low groan, and the foremost on the steps suddenly turned back, and in some strange way slipped through the throng and sped in all directions to bear to hushed or clamorous offices the news that this house or that bank had "suspended payment." "Busted," the panting messengers said to white-faced merchants; and in the slang of the street was conveyed the message of doom. The great panic of 1873 was upon the town — the outcome of long years of unwarranted self-confidence, of selfish extravagance, of conscienceless speculation — and, as hour after hour passed by, fortunes were lost in the twinkling of an eye, and the bread was taken out of the mouths of the helpless.

After Jacob Dolph had stood for some time, looking down upon the tossing sea of black umbrellas, he saw a narrow lane made through the crowd in the wake of a little party of clerks and porters, bearing aid perhaps to some stricken bank. Slipping down, he followed close behind them. Perhaps the jostling hundreds on the side-

walk were gentle with him, seeing that he was an old man; perhaps the strength of excitement nerved him, for he made his way down the street to the flight of steps leading to the door of a tall white building, and he crowded himself up among the pack that was striving to enter. He had even got so far that he could see the line pouring in above his head, when there was a sudden cessation of motion in the press, and one leaf of the outer iron doors swung forward, meeting the other, already closed to bar the crush, and two green-painted panels stood, impassable, between him and the last of the Dolph fortune.

One howl and roar, and the crowd turned back on itself, and swept him with it. In five minutes a thousand offices knew of the greatest failure of the day; and Jacob Dolph was leaning — weak, gasping, dazed — against the side wall of a hallway in William Street, with two stray office-boys staring at him out of their small, round, unsympathetic eyes.

H. C. Bunner in *The Story of a New York House*
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The Two Cities

'Twas dusk, and from my window
Upon the streets below
I saw the people passing,
Like shadows, to and fro;

And faintly, very faintly,
I heard the ceasing din;
And, like the dusk without me,
There was a dusk within.

And thoughts, with eager footsteps,
Dim thoughts of joy and pain,

Filled the streets and byways of
The City in my brain.

A passing light, and holy,
Like that which softly falls
Through open gates in cloudlets
Upon cathedral walls,

Fell upon the towers of
The City in my mind;
My inward sight grew clearer,
My outward vision blind.

Forgotten was the window,
There seemed no street below;
I did not see them passing,
The shadows, to and fro.

I was between Two Cities
In which my spirit dwells;
And I could hear the chimings
Of two sad sets of bells.

Without, the holy Trinity's;
And deep within my soul
My heart was throbbing like a bell
When it has ceased to toll.

T. B. ALDRICH, 1854

The Aquarium and the Docks

OLD CASTLE GARDEN makes a fairly decent building for an aquarium, and besides it is isolated in Battery Park and no one is crying for the land it occupies. Some associations and traditions cling about it and lend a scrap

of romance to it. It started into life in 1811 as Fort Clinton and was then situated on a tiny island lying off Battery Park. In 1822, or thereabouts, it ceased to be a fort and was turned into a place of amusement, where Jenny Lind first sang when she came to America, and Lafayette and Kossuth were publicly received and welcomed. In a few years the playhouse had turned into a station for the reception of immigrants from the Old World, and in 1896 it was fitted up as an aquarium. It now houses the finest collection of fishes in the world, but it has almost completely lost its old character. Instead of covering a tiny island it rests bedded in the stone slabs of Battery Park and looks somewhat like a half-sunken gas tank. Sentiment may cling about it, and the folk with neither New York ancestry nor history may reverence it because it is so "very old"; but in reality it is sad rubbish and has little place in the new city. . . .

The early gathering place was no doubt the lower end of the East River. The Battery (which, by the way, never battered anything, at any time) was the first landing-place of the Dutch, and it was the region about South Ferry that afterward became an anchorage for their flat-bottomed, high-pooped ships. After the Revolution the large sailing craft that came into the harbor required deeper water to make landings; so the shallows were filled in from Front Street, the docks were pushed out into the stream, and South Street came into existence. In very recent years the docks have been extended still farther, and the shipping offices and storage houses along South Street are now some distance back from the pier heads. Some of the old buildings with new fronts are still standing; and, even to-day, there are huge schooners and square-rigged ships

lying at the piers with bowsprits reaching over into the street. Some reminders of the days of clipper ships and the China trade linger, but are gradually being elbowed out of existence by newer enterprises.

The East River front of Manhattan is now a strange conglomeration of docks, trucks, shops, saloons, and warehouses. Many commercial interests are centered there, with many people and much activity. Everything is moving or being moved. At Coenties Slip, as one comes around from South Ferry, the activity is not at once apparent. There is a little park with bushes and trees (Jeannette Park) near by, which is usually well patronized by the unemployed; and across the street from it there are scores of canal-boats tied together in the dock, that seem deserted and decadent. But a few steps farther on brings a change. Long piers run out into the river and brown-red sheds are alive with milling men and pulling horses. Steamers from Spain, Porto Rico, Havana, Galveston, ships from many southern ports, are unloading or taking on cargo. The street is a tangle of trucks, the sidewalk a turmoil of people, the shops a bustle of business. Many of the old buildings are occupied as shipping offices, storehouses, or ship chandleries. Anything needed on shipboard can be bought in such places — canvas, cordage, blocks, packing, pipes, tubes, oils, paints, lanterns, compasses, bells, swords, guns. Food and clothing supplies are near at hand; and the saloon along South Street, with its modicum of cheer, is never "hull down" on the horizon. When Jack or his captain comes ashore, there are plenty of opportunities offered him to get rid of his money before he reaches the Bowery.

As one moves toward the Brooklyn Bridge the interests

become more varied. The different slips widen out to the docks and furnish room for many warehouses and shops in low brick buildings, some of them with gambreled roofs and dormer windows. The docks are piled high with odd looking boxes, with green and blue barrels; schooners and ships are anchored beside car-floats loaded with yellow freight-cars; ferry-houses are near by from which bright-colored boats are coming and going; tugs are pushing and hauling at tows; steamers rush by with a splash and a swash. From the piers, looking up and over the tangle of trucks, perhaps the stranger catches a glimpse of the Broadway sky-scrapers, resting serenely in the far upper air like a ridge of snow mountains, quite unaffected by the noisy worry of the water front. How stupendous in size, how superb in light and air they seem by comparison with the junk shops and the dock sheds! Perhaps he glances around to the east, and there sees the swooping span of the Brooklyn Bridge, — still another contrast between the new and the old. Possibly later on he figures it out quietly by himself that the dirty docks and the greasy ships and the noisy trucks are after all not to be despised, for they made possible the beautiful bridge and paid for the immaculate-looking sky-scrapers. Commerce foots the bill, abuse it as we may.

South Street runs on under the Brooklyn Bridge, past Fulton Market with its fish stalls and tumble-down shops; past Peck Slip with its old houses; past Providence and New Haven steamers, the Manhattan Bridge, the little long park at Rutgers Slip; past warehouses, warehouses, warehouses. Scows are being filled with city refuse, cars are being unloaded with merchandise at the docks, factories and machine-shops are cropping out along the way, gas-

houses and lumber-yards begin to bulk large. Right in the midst of this region (formerly a haunt of thieves) comes another surprise. This is Corlear's Park with its Italian-looking loggia and its eight acres sloping down to the open river. There are no piers or sheds here, and the water view is unobstructed. Sound steamers, sloops, schooners, lighters, ferry-boats slip past on the tide, up and under the Williamsburgh Bridge; and occasionally a motor-boat with its put-put, or some pleasure yacht, careens and pitches on its way. Off in the background, across the river, are the battle-ships that are being repaired at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or the old hulks that have had their day and are now rotting at the dock. It is a picturesque spot just here at Corlear's Hook, where the river turns and where South Street comes to an end.

The North River, as the lower part of the Hudson is sometimes called, was not of much trade importance in the early days of New York. There were no docks along it because all the ships went to South Street. Sailing craft came round the Battery and went up the Hudson without stopping. They were seen and admired by the New Yorkers who had residences on the ridge, for the ridge was then famous for the "view." So late as 1800 old St. Paul's, Columbia College, and the Hospital looked down to the river and beheld a practically unobstructed panorama. There was no West Street then.

Before that time the water front was even more primitive. From Warren to Desbrosses Street was the "bouwerie" of Anneke Jans, whose many descendants still dream of untold wealth coming to them when the law finally gives them their due. On either side of Canal Street was Lispenard's Meadows, where almost anything could be docked

except a ship, and where nothing was trucked except loads of hay. Beyond came Greenwich Village with no vast commercial interest, though ships sometimes lay at anchor in the stream off from it. After this the shore line as far as Spuyten Duyvil Creek was unbroken and untrodden — Fort Gansevoort, which stood near the present market-place, and Fort Washington at One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Street, being latter-day works.

But a great change has taken place since the days of the Dutch, or the English, or even the American occupation. Less than a hundred years has transformed the North River into a water-way for the ships of the world, the meadow front is now a broad street with the unceasing reverberation of traffic; and the water's edge, from the Battery to the Riverside Park, is occupied by long piers and sheds where ocean liners are docked and unloaded. The ocean carrying trade of New York is now located there. Practically all the important lines of passenger steamers have their docks there, or across the river at Hoboken.

Along the Chelsea region of the North River, scattered like the sky-scrapers on Broadway, are the huge trans-atlantic liners with sharp noses pushing in toward West Street. With them and near them are the smaller steamers plying to Havana, Mexico, South America, Spain, Italy, Greece; the immigrant steamers coming up from Naples, Palermo, or Trieste; the coasting steamers from New Orleans, Galveston, Boston, Providence; the white river steamers running to Troy and Albany. In the foreign passenger trade alone there are some three hundred or more of these craft coming and going to this port; and the number of coasters that creep into the harbor at odd times and in strange ways mounts up into the thousands.

The "tramps," fruit carriers, cattle and tank steamers are of all kinds and descriptions, come from all over the seven seas and beyond, and fly the flags of every nation having a merchant marine. Besides these there are ships and sails of old-time merchants, perhaps, that have no regular sailings, casual ships with strange cargoes that come up from the underworld of China or Peru when they can, and go out again with grain, iron, or coal for distant seas when they must.

They make graceful combinations on the water, with their fine lines and colors, their smoke and steam, their gliding motion — these ships and sails. In fact, the North River, with its fleet of big and little craft and its many-colored flags, funnels, and hulls, makes a harbor view more lively and more imposing than Backhuisen of Willem van de Velde ever imagined. Not the least important values in the picture are the fore-and-aft sails of the huge six and seven masted schooners or the square sails of barks or brigs or full-rigged ships. Even the little spots of steam and color in tugs, fire-boats, car-floats, yachts, help out the picture by giving it brilliancy. When the red and green and olive ferries, the yellow revenue-cutters, the blue canal-boats, the white island-boats, with an occasional white and buff war-ship, are added to the scene, and the whole moving mass has the towering lower city at sunset for a background, the color of it becomes startling, bewildering, quite dazzling.

The piers on the North River where the big steamers are warped in and the little ones touch or are unloaded, are at least capacious; and capacity is, after all, an absolute necessity. Huge cargoes have to be handled upon them in short spaces of time, and many donkey engines, derricks,

and hoists, with scores and scores of longshoremen, are in requisition. Hand-trucks, horse-trucks, auto-trucks, rumble here and there with boxes, bales, and barrels containing goods from everywhere — bananas from Jamaica, coffee from Mexico, tea from China, wine from France, macaroni from Italy, spices from the Indies, sugar from Cuba, woods from Brazil, pulp from Norway, cloths from England, cutlery from Germany. This freight handling is always more or less complicated, because the docks are the distributing places where goods are sorted over and reshipped to different points throughout the country. Moreover, for every cargo coming in there is perhaps a larger cargo going out. Silks and works of art may be arriving at one side of the pier; and beef, machinery, shoes be departing by the other side. Add to this foreign trade the domestic trade by river, sound, and shore, by railway and tramway; add further the passenger traffic along these piers from ferry and steamer, the come and go by car and cab and carriage, and it can easily be imagined that the North River piers and docks are places of activity, centers of energy.

Though thousands are at work about these piers and are continually crossing each other's path, there is usually little confusion. Everything moves systematically and everyone understands the law of traffic in the city, — keep to the right and keep moving. In and out of these pier sheds all day (and sometimes all night), people, trucks, and carts move in files, loading and unloading, passing and repassing. West Street receives them and rejects them and receives them again. The wide thoroughfare seems always in an uproar (except on Sunday); and, of course, traffic occasionally gets into a tangle.

This is not to be wondered at, for the mass and the mix of West Street are something quite out of the ordinary. It is *facile princeps* the street of trucks in the whole city. Every conceivable kind of a vehicle — dray, express-wagon, mail-wagon, furniture-van, butcher-cart, garbage-cart, beer-skid, beam-reach — is there. Sandwiched in among them or dashing across them are cabs, carriages, hansoms, automobiles. Dozens of trolley cars run across this street to the different ferry-houses; two car tracks run the full length of it, and down these tracks, perhaps in the busiest portion of the day, will come a long train of freight-cars of the New York Central Railroad. Such a hurly-burly of traffic naturally produces the "jam" which sometimes requires the services of the police to straighten out.

The dock side of West Street is laid with asphalt, but the street proper, where the trucks and trolleys go, is paved with stone blocks — Belgian blocks. The jar and jolt, the shock and rumble, arising from these stones is not pleasant. No one can hear himself talk during traffic hours, except the cabbies and the truck drivers. Even they are usually purple in the face from trying to outroar the rumble, though sometimes they get blue and green with wrath when a collision takes place, and they exchange compliments about each other's driving.

The human voice, however, does not reach very far in West Street. A gong, a honk, or a whistle does better service. People, when they want to chat quietly, go inside. The "inside" is a saloon, a restaurant, a shop, or an office of the kind usually found along the sea edge of a city. The North River interior is newer than that of the East River, but in character not essentially different. The

shipping agencies, supply stores, warehouses, factories, mills, markets, lumberyards, with all kinds of little dens that sell drink or food or clothing to the longshoremen, are also apparent. They are not cleanly-looking or inviting. The dust of the street and the habits of the crowd keep them grimy and bedraggled-looking. But they are picturesque. Even the blatant sign with its high-keyed coloring belongs here and helps complete the picture. Modern commerce in West Street, with its trucks and liners and dingy buildings, is just as pictorial, and far more truthful, than, say, Claude's shipping and seaports, with classic palaces and quays smothered in a sulphur sunset. But it may be admitted that a proper angle of vision and some perspective are needed to see it that way.

And around the water front on West Street, as well as South Street, one meets with a soiled and unkempt-looking mass of humanity that is quite as picturesque in its way as the streets or the buildings. It is by no means made up of New Yorkers alone. The races of the earth seem to have sent representatives to it, each one speaking his own language. The waifs and strays that have been jettisoned violently from foreign ships, the stowaways from the liners, the tramps from the railways, all gather along the docks looking for something to turn up. Among them one can see blacks from Jamaica, browns from India, yellows from the Malay Peninsula, whites from Europe, and half-tones from South America. It is a colorful mass of humanity in both face and costume, and it has the further artistic element of repose about it. That is to say, it sits down in the sunshine whenever it can, and works only by fits and starts. Its color is oftener seen in conjunction with some convenient barrel or saloon bar than elsewhere. No doubt

there are many hard-working, decent citizens among the longshoremen, but as a class they are given a rather bad name. Thieves and "dock rats" mingle with them, thugs like their company, derelicts from every sea, ne'er-do-wells from every shore, join them. The police do not hold them in the highest esteem.

Yet the longshoremen are as much a part of New York as the ship-owners, agents, clerks, commuters, and other well-dressed people that pass along West Street — an interesting part at that. And West Street is a characteristic New York thoroughfare furnishing both color and contrast with quite as much vividness as Broadway. It is neither a soulful nor a sanitary belt, nor is it a place where one can rest body or mind; but it has swirls of motion, flashes of light, combinations of tones that are at least entertaining. The place and the people complement each other.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE in *The New New York*

Liberty Enlightening the World

WARDEN at ocean's gate,
Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow?
What bright dread angel Thou,
Dazzling the waves before
Thy station great?

"My name is Liberty!
From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand;

By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night
  At ocean's gate I stand
    Nor bend the knee.

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,
  Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
  I sprang to height, reborn:
Then what a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
  And all the choir of morn
    Sang anthems deep.

"Beneath your firmament,
  The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
  My azure flag unrolled:
The Old World's hands renew
The strength: the form ye view
  Came from a living mould
    In glory blent.

"O ye, whose broken spars
  Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! fear not the bars
  Across your pathway set:
Enter at Freedom's porch,
For you I lift my torch,
  For you my coronet
    Is rayed with stars.

"But ye that hither draw
  To desecrate my fee,

Nor yet have held in awe
The justice that makes free, —
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
My name is Liberty,
My throne is Law."

O wonderful and bright,
Immortal Freedom, hail!
Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and the gale:
Undaunted on this base
Guard well thy dwelling-place:
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be Light!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

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From the Deck of the Cunarder

PAST the Hook the *Campania* glided, and then turned sharp to starboard into the noble expanse of New York Bay. The great ship crept deviously along the deep-water channel, but over the wide sheet of scarcely rippled water tiny launches and steam yachts scudded round and round us, as if we were a ten-knot tramp steamer instead of one of the fastest couriers of the Altantic. As early as this much was unfamiliar to the English eye. The coasting schooners, flapping lazily in the vain expectation of a wind, were all three-masted; the ferry-boats and harbor-service steamers were built high up out of the water with large deck-houses, out of which protruded the engines, seesawing up and down.

From the Battery to Trinity

The great cities of New York and Brooklyn began to outline themselves against the clear sky. As you enter London from the Thames, you see little but a few ghost-like spires, glimmering in a vast canopy of smoke. New York and Brooklyn stand out clear and smokeless against the blue of the heavens. The two cities are profiled along the shores of the bay and the Hudson River, and a strange, jagged profile it is. Brooklyn combines into a fairly even mass of buildings, half yellow-gray, half chocolate, with a fringe of masts along the water. Then the heap of buildings slowly parts asunder in the middle; you see the opening of the East River, the frontier of the two cities, and the slim lines of the Suspension Bridge. But New York combines into no color and no sky-line. Here is a red mass of brick, there a gray spire, there a bright white pile of building — twenty stories of serried windows — there again a gilded dome. Gradually they disengage themselves as you pass up the river in a line apparently endless. The rest of the city lies huddled beneath them — these buildings, too, many colored, all uneven, each one seemingly struggling to shoot up alongside of the giants at its side. That is the first impression of New York, if impression it can be called. The truth is that New York yields no impression; the big buildings and the little buildings will not come into the same view. It dazzles, and it astonishes, but it does not make a picture.

G. W. Steevens in *The Land of the Dollar*

Ellis Island

THE gay spirits soon flag when land is heralded; for Ellis Island is ahead, with its uncertainties, and the men and women who were the merriest and who

most often went to the bar, thus trying to forget, now are sober, and reflect. The troubled ones are usually marked by their restless walk and by their eagerness to seek the confidences of those who have tested the temper of the law in this unknown Eldorado. . . .

At last the great heart of the ship has ceased its mighty throbbing, and but a gentle tremor tells that its life has not all been spent in the battle with wind and waves. The waters are of a quieter color, and over them hovers the morning mist. The silence of the early dawn is broken only by the sound of deep-chested ferry-boats which pass into the mist and out of it, like giant monsters, stalking on their cross beams over the deep. The steerage is awake after its restless night and mutely awaits the disclosures of its own and the new world's secrets. The sound of a booming gun is carried across the hidden space, and faint touches of flame struggling through the gray, are the sun's answer to the salute from Governor's Island. The morning breeze, like a "Dancing Psaltress," moves gently over the glassy surface of the water, lifts the fog higher and higher, tearing it into a thousand fleecy shreds, and the far things have come near and the hidden things have been revealed. The sky line straight ahead, assaulted by a thousand towering shafts, looking like a challenge to the strong, and a warning to the weak, makes all of us tremble from an unknown fear.

The steerage is still mute; it looks to the left at the populous shore, to the right at the green stretches of Long Island, and again straight ahead at the mighty city. Slowly the ship glides into the harbor, and when it passes under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty the silence is broken and a thousand hands are outstretched in greeting to this

new divinity into whose keeping they now entrust themselves.

Some day a great poet will arise among us, who, catching the inspiration of that moment, will be able to put into words these surging emotions; who will be great enough to feel beating against his own soul and give utterance to, the thousand varying notes which are felt and never sounded. . . .

He who thinks that these people scent but the dollars which lie in our treasury, is mightily mistaken, and he who says that they come without ideals has no knowledge of the children of men. . . .

Cabin and steerage passengers alike soon find the poetry of the moment disturbed; for the quarantine and custom-house officials are on board, driving away the tourist's memories of the splendor of European capitals by their inquisitiveness as to his purchases. They make him solemnly swear that he is not a smuggler, and upon landing immediately proceed to prove that he is one.

The steerage passengers have before them more rigid examinations which may have vast consequences; so in spite of the joyous notes of the band, and the glad greetings shouted to and fro, they sink again into awe-struck and confused silence. When the last cabin passenger has disappeared from the dock, the immigrants with their baggage are loaded into barges and taken to Ellis Island for their final examination. . . .

The barges on which the immigrants are towed towards the island are of a somewhat antiquated pattern, and if I remember rightly have done service in the Castle Garden days, and before that some of them at least had done full service for excursion parties up and down Long Island

Sound. The structure towards which we sail and which gradually rises from the surrounding sea is rather imposing, and impresses one by its utilitarian dignity and by its plainly expressed official character.

With tickets fastened to our caps and to the dresses of the women, and with our own bills of lading in our trembling hands, we pass between rows of uniformed attendants, and under the huge portal of the vast hall where the final judgment awaits us. We are cheered somewhat by the fact that assistance is promised to most of us by the agents of various National Immigrant Societies who seem both watchful and efficient.

Mechanically and with quick movements we are examined for general physical defects and for the dreaded trachoma, an eye disease, the prevalence of which is greater in the imagination of some statisticians than it is on board immigrant vessels.

From here we pass into passageways made by iron railings, in which only lately, through the intervention of a humane official, benches have been placed, upon which, closely crowded, we await our passing before the inspectors.

Already a sifting process has taken place; and children who clung to their mother's skirts have disappeared, families have been divided, and those remaining intact cling to each other in a really tragic fear that they may share the fate of those previously examined. . . .

The decision one way or the other must be quickly made, and the immigrant finds himself in a jail-like room often without knowing just why. There is not much time for explanation. . . .

The most melancholy of all men are the detained Jews, for they usually have strong family ties which already bind

them to this new world, and they chafe under the delay. Their children or friends are waiting impatiently, crowding beyond their allotted limit, trying the severely taxed patience of the officials, asking useless questions, and wasting precious time in waiting; for the courts work their allotted tasks with dispatch, but with care and dignity; and all must wait in deep uncertainty through the long vigil of a restless night spent on the clean, but not too comfortable bunks provided by the government.

Let no one believe that landing on the shores of "The land of the free, and the home of the brave" is a pleasant experience; it is a hard, harsh fact, surrounded by the grinding machinery of the law, which sifts, picks, and chooses; admitting the fit and excluding the weak and helpless.

EDWARD A. STEINER

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The Financial Centre of America

FINANCE, more perhaps than any other kind of business, draws to few points, and New York, which has as little claim to be social or intellectual as to be the political capital of the country, is emphatically its financial capital. And as the centre of America is New York, so the centre of New York is Wall Street. This famous thoroughfare is hardly a quarter of a mile long, a little longer than Lombard Street in London. It contains the Sub-Treasury of the United States and the Stock Exchange. In it and the three or four streets that open into it are situated the Produce Exchange, the offices of the great railways, and the places of business of the financiers and stockbrokers, together representing an accumulation of capital and intellect comparable to the

capital and intellect of London, and destined before many years to surpass every similar spot in either hemisphere. Wall Street is the great nerve centre of all American business; for finance and transportation, the two determining powers in business, have here their headquarters. It is also the financial barometer of the country, which every man engaged in large affairs must constantly consult, and whose only fault is that it is too sensitive to slight and transient variations of pressure.

The share market of New York, or rather of the whole Union, in "the Street," as it is fondly named, is the most remarkable sight in the country after Niagara and the Yellowstone Geysers. It is not unlike those geysers in the violence of its explosions, and in the rapid rise and equally rapid subsidence of its active paroxysms. And as the sparkling column of the geyser is girt about and often half concealed by volumes of steam, so are the rise and fall of stocks mostly surrounded by mists and clouds of rumor, some purposely created, some self-generated in the atmosphere of excitement, curiosity, credulity, and suspicion which the denizens of Wall Street breathe. Opinions change from moment to moment; hope and fear are equally vehement and equally irrational; men are constant only in inconstancy, superstitious because they are sceptical, distrustful of patent probabilities, and therefore ready to trust their own fancies or some unfathered tale. As the eagerness and passion of New York leave European stock markets far behind, for what the Paris and London exchanges are at rare moments Wall Street is for weeks, or perhaps, with a few intermissions, for months together, so the operations of Wall Street are vaster, more boldly conceived, executed with a steadier precision, than those

of European speculators. It is not only their bearing on the prosperity of railroads or other great undertakings that is eagerly watched all over the country, but also their personal and dramatic aspects. The various careers and characters of the leading operators are familiar to every one who reads a newspaper; his schemes and exploits are followed as Europe followed the fortunes of Prince Alexander of Battenburg or General Boulanger. A great "corner," for instance, is one of the exciting events of the year, not merely to those concerned with the stock or species of produce in which it is attempted but to the public at large.

James Bryce in *The American Commonwealth*

Pan in Wall Street

A.D. 1867

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations, —
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations, —
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple; —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer, —
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
  And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel where he stood
  At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
  The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
  The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
  A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
  The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
  From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
  Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:
  But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
  His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
  Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
  Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
  And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
  Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
  The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,

Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
  With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
  From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
  Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list, —
  A boxer Aegon, rough and merry, —
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
  With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
  In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
  A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
  From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
  To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
  Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
  Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
  And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
  His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
  With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
  Or by the Arethusan water!

New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!" — and all the people
Went on their ways: — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

E. C. STEDMAN

New York in a Fog

THE fog groped and felt its way along the water front. Then it crept up to the throat of the city, like a gray hand, and strangled Broadway into an ominous quietness.

It tightened its grip, as the day grew older, leaving the cross-streets from Union Square to the Battery clotted with congested traffic. It brought on an untimely protest of blinking street-lamps, as uncannily bewildering as the mid-day cock-crowing of a solar eclipse. It caused the vague and shadowy walls of sky-scrapers to blossom into countless yellow window tiers, as close-packed as the scales of a snake. Bells sounded from gloom-wrapt shipping along the saw-tooth line of the river-slips, tolling the watches and falling silent and tolling again, as they might have tolled in mid-ocean, or on some lonely waterway that led to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Now and then, out of the distance, a river-ferry or a car-

float tug could be heard growling and whimpering for room, as it wrangled over its right-of-way. Everything moved slowly through the muffled streets. Carriages crept across the sepulchral quietness with a strange and uncouth reverence, like tourists through a catacomb. Surface cars, crawling funereally forward, felt their way with gong-strokes, as blind men feel their way with sticktaps. An occasional taxicab, swinging tentatively out of a side-street, slewed and skidded in the greasy mud. Lonely drivers watched from their seats, watched like sea captains from bridge-ends when ice has invaded their sea lanes.

Under the gas-lamps, dulled to a reddish yellow, passed a thin scattering of pedestrians. A touch of desolation clung about each figure that groped its way through the short-vistaed street, as though the thoroughfare it trod were a lonely moraine and the figure itself the last man that walked a ruin world. It was the worst fog that New York had known for years; the city lay under it like a mummy swathed in gray.

Yet the gloom seemed to crown it with a new wonder, to endow it with a new dignity. That all too shallow tongue of land that is lipped by the East and North rivers took on strange and undreamt-of distances. It lay engulfed in twilight mysteries, enriched with unlooked-for possibilities. Its narrow acres of brick and stone and asphalt became something unbounded and infinite, as bewildering and wide as the open Atlantic. It seemed to harbor fantastic potentialities. It seemed to release the spirit of romance, as moonlight unfetters a lover's lips.

Yet Lingg, the wireless operator of the *Laminian*, became more and more alarmed at the opacity of this fog.

He felt, as he burrowed mole-like across the mist-blanketed city, that he had been a fool to leave the ship . . .

He hurried along the fog-wrapt canons, still haunted by the impression of some unknown figure dogging his steps. He felt, as night and the fog deepened together, that the city was nothing more than a many-channelled river-bed, and that he waded along its bottom, breathing a new element, too thick for air, too etherealised for water. He saw streets that were new to him, streets where the misted globes of electric lights became an undulating double row of white tulips. Then he stumbled into Broadway. But it was a Broadway with the soft pedal on. Its roar of sound was so muffled he scarcely knew it. Then he came to a square where the scattered lamp-globes looked like bubbles of gold caught in tree-branches. Under these tree-branches he saw loungers on benches, mysterious and motionless figures, like broken rows of statuary, sleeping men in the final and casual attitudes of death. Above these figures he could see wet maple-leaves, hanging as still and lifeless as though they had been stencilled from sheets of green copper. His eyes fell on floating street-signs, blurs of colored electrics cut off from the invisible walls which backed them. He caught glimpses of the softened bulbs of automatic signs, like moving gold-fish seen through frosted glass. Then he saw more lights, serried lights, subdued into balloons of misty pearl. They threaded the façade of some gigantic hotel, like jewel-strings about the throat of a barbaric woman. But he could not remember the place. And again he floundered on towards the water front, disquieted with vague and foolish thoughts, as much oppressed by the orderly streets as though he were escaping from some sea-worn harbor

slum of vice and outlawry. He still wanted his cabin, as a long-harried chipmunk wants its tree-hole.

ARTHUR STRINGER in *The Gun Runner*

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The Red Box at Vesey Street

PAST the Red Box at Vesey Street
Swing two strong tides of hurrying feet,
And up and down and all the day
Rises a sullen roar, to say
The Bowery has met Broadway.
And where the confluent current brawls
Stands, fair and dear and old, St. Paul's,
Through her grand window looking down
Upon the fever of the town;
Rearing her shrine of patriot pride
Above that hungry human-tide
Mad with the lust of sordid gain,
Wild for the things that God holds vain;
Blind, selfish, cruel — Stay there! out
A man is turning from the rout,
And stops to drop a folded sheet
In the Red Box at Vesey Street.

On goes he to the money-mart,
A broker, shrewd and tricky-smart;
But in the space you saw him stand,
He reached and grasped a brother's hand:
And some poor bed-rid wretch will find
Bed-life a little less unkind
For that man's stopping. They who pass
Under St. Paul's broad roseate glass

Have but to reach their hands to gain
The pitiful world of prisoned pain.
The hospital's poor captive lies
Waiting the day with weary eyes,
Waiting the day, to hear again
News of the outer world of men,
Brought to him in a crumpled sheet
From the Red Box at Vesey Street.

For the Red Box at Vesey Street
Was made because men's hearts must beat;
Because the humblest kindly thought
May do what wealth has never bought.
That journal in your hand you hold
To you already has grown old, —
Stale, dull, a thing to throw away, —
Yet since the earliest gleam of day
Men in a score of hospitals
Have lain and watched the whitewashed walls;
Waiting the hour that brings more near
The Life so infinitely dear —
The Life of trouble, toil, and strife,
Hard, if you will — but Life, Life, Life!
Tell them, O friend! that life is sweet
Through the Red Box at Vesey Street.

H. C. Bunner

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The Exchanges

THE Stock Exchange is the one usually visited by the country cousins in Gotham, who sometimes come away with the impression that they have seen a

lunatic asylum temporarily freed from the restraint of the keepers. The method of bidding, with its suggestion of insanity in the action, and cries of the bidders, seems as necessary to the Stock Exchange as hammering and noise to a boiler shop. It is not, however, so hysterical or frenzied as it looks. Most of the cry is physical and has for its aim the recognition of the crier as a bidder. To those in the thick of the bidding it is often as matter-of-fact as the loud announcement of the train ushers in the railway stations, or the street cry of the newsboys or fruit hawkers.

Moreover (to shatter another delusion), the operators down below on the floor are not the Wall Street capitalists whose names are so familiar, and whose stock manipulations are read about in newspapers. On the contrary, they are merely the executants of orders, called "floor-brokers." Among them are "board members" of large firms, who are looking to it that orders are properly filled; sub-commission men, who work for other brokers and take a slice of the commission; and "room traders," who are sometimes used as stalking horses by large firms to cover up their transactions. They are all either bulls or bears, and are intent upon lifting up or beating down the market, as their interest may lie. They make a great noise and transact a large volume of business; but the people for whom they are doing business do not appear on the floor, are not seen.

The Produce Exchange on Beaver Street and Broadway does for all manner of produce substantially what the Stock Exchange does for stocks. That is to say, its members buy and sell, in a "pit," or depressed ring in the floor, wheat, oats, barley, corn, feed, flour, tallow, oil, lard, turpentine, resin — all manner of general produce. There

is also a great deal of miscellaneous and contingent business transacted within the building. Sales of cargoes, arrangements for shipping, lighterage, insurance, may be speedily made and concluded without leaving the exchange. Reports from all sources are collected and bulletined, quotations here and abroad are given, prospects of growing crops with daily and weekly receipts in New York, and stock on hand in London and elsewhere are announced. The volume of business continues to grow each year at an astounding rate. The exchange itself profits by this. It started in small beginnings, under the blue sky, on the sidewalk. It was not formally known as the Produce Exchange until 1868, and it did not move into its present massive building until 1884. Since then its membership has increased to several thousands; and its influence upon trade and transportation has become most potent.

The Maritime Exchange is closely connected with the Produce Exchange. Its business is to promote the maritime interests of the city; and those who do business on or with the sea — agents, shippers, commission merchants, warehousemen, importers, brokers, marine underwriters, shipchandlers — are eligible for membership. The exchange keeps records of the arrivals and departures of ships, their movements about the world, and their sudden exits by fire or storm. It also keeps tables of the imports and exports, regulates and reports upon navigation and lighthouses, and promotes favorable river and harbor legislation. The Customs House and the Post-Office, as well as the newspapers, get much of the news about the come and go of shipping from this source.

Akin to these exchanges are others dealing with the special needs and wants of special industries. The Con-

solidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange, among other things, affords every facility and every information for the sale and shipping of petroleum. Each year the sales there run up to something over a billion barrels. The Cotton Exchange on Beaver Street deals in everything connected with the cotton industry and the marketing of the product. The Builders' Exchange has to do with the buying and selling of all kinds of building supplies, such as cement, brick, stone, and the like; while the Metal Exchange on Pearl Street, the Wool Exchange on West Broadway, the Fruit Exchange on Park Place, the Brewers' Exchange on East Fifteenth Street, The Silk Association, the Shoe and Leather Exchange, all serve a purpose in promoting business in those commodities. Then there is that old-time gathering of jewelers on Maiden Lane about the Jewelers' Board of Trade, with the pre-Revolutionary Chamber of Commerce now on Liberty Street, and a Fire Insurance Exchange on Nassau Street.

JOHN. C. VAN DYKE in *The New New York*

Old Trinity Churchyard

THERE is no pleasanter spot in New York than the churchyard of old Trinity on a quiet Sunday morning in the summer. There are flowers and grasses, the shade of graceful elms, fresh air, and the twittering of birds — even the oriole and the robin still come back there every year in spite of the aggressive sparrow — and there is no end of companionship. It is a companionship which I like, because it is open and free. Here every man, woman and child, except the unquiet prowlers above ground, presents to our eyes a card of granite or marble, gravely telling his or her name, age and a few other particulars set

forth, more or less elaborately — a quaint custom, but not a bad one for the living to adopt, if they would be equally frank about it.

Even in the days when the present church building was new — more than fifty years ago by the calendar — I found no more pleasant place in which to pass a half-hour as a boy. It was a more unkempt place then than now, and bluebirds and thrushes were more frequent visitors. I found an endless pleasure in tracing the inscriptions on the tombstones, and it was not long before I had familiar acquaintances, heroes and heroines, in every corner. Huge was my delight, too, when, with two or three companions, we could escape the eye of old David Lyon, the sexton, and hie down into the crypt beneath the chancel. There we saw yawning mouths of vaults, revealing to our exploring gaze bits of ancient coffins and forgotten mortality, and we poked about these subterranean corridors with dusty jackets and whispered words, finding its atmosphere of mould and mystery a strange delight. For somehow the unknown sleepers, they who seemed to have no means of making themselves known — unless it was through the musty tomes of Trinity's burial records — took strongest hold upon our sympathies, to say nothing of our curiosity.

Everybody who passes old St. Paul's can read for himself the patriotism of General Montgomery, the civic virtues of Thomas Addis Emmet and the eminence of Dr. McNevin, for monument and shaft tell the story. So all visitors to the churchyard of old Trinity easily learn which are the tombstones of Alexander Hamilton, Captain Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, or William Bradford, the first Colonial printer, and where rest the bones of quiet Robert Fulton, the inventor, or dashing Phil Kearney; but

there is no herald of the ordinary dead — of those who were simply upright men and good women in their day — and there could be none of the unknown dead who are said to far outnumber the lucky minority, the front doors to whose graves still stand and yet preserve their door plate, though the latch-key is gone.

JOHN F. MINES

In Old Trinity

A spare half-hour before closing time we gave to the Stock Exchange, and it was quite enough, for some one was short on something, and pandemonium reigned. As we stood on the corner of Rector Street and Broadway, hesitating whether to take surface or elevated cars, faint strains of organ music from Trinity attracted us.

"Service or choir practice; let us go in a few moments," said Evan, to whom the organ is a voice that never fails to draw.

We took seats far back, and lost ourselves among the shadows. A special service was in progress, the music half Gregorian, and the congregation was too scattered to mar the feeling that we had slipped suddenly out of the material world. The shadows of the sparrows outside flitted upward on the stained glass windows, until it seemed as if the great chords had broken free, and, taking form, were trying to escape.

Now and then the door would open softly and unaccustomed figures slip in and linger in the open space behind the pews. Aliens, newly landed and wandering about in the vicinity of their water-front lodging-houses, music and a church appealed to their loneliness. Some stood, heads bowed, and some knelt in prayer and crossed themselves on

leaving; one woman, lugging a great bundle tied in a blue cloth, a baby on her arm and another clinging to her skirts, put down her load, bedded the baby upon it, and began to tell her beads.

The service ended, and the people scattered, but the organist played on, and the boy choir regathered, but less formally.

"What is it?" we asked of the verger, who was preparing to close the doors.

"There will be a funeral of one of the oldest members of the congregation to-morrow, and they are about to go through the music of the office."

Suddenly a rich bass voice, strong in conviction, trumpeted forth — "I am the resurrection and the life!"

And only a stone's throw away jingled the money market of the western world. The temple and the table of the money changers keep step as of old. Ah, wonderful New York!

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT in
People of the Whirlpool

II

WITHIN HALF A MILE OF CITY HALL

NEW BUILDINGS

THE turrets leap higher and higher,
And the little old homes go down;
The workmen pound on the iron and steel —
The woodpeckers of the town.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

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II

WITHIN HALF A MILE OF CITY HALL

New York's Greatest Pageant

IT was the civic procession in honor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, of which all similar celebrations since attempted have proved but feeble imitations.

The morning of the 23rd of July, 1878, was ushered in by a federal salute of thirteen guns from the ship *Hamilton*, moored at the Bowling Green. This was the signal for the procession to form. Having been arranged in proper order, the whole assemblage was wheeled into column, and marched down Broadway and Whitehall to Great Dock Street; thence through Hanover Square, Great Queen and Chatham Streets to the Bowery; and thence to "Bayard's Farm," where the procession halted and was again wheeled into line. The different divisions of it were conducted to the tents in which tables had been prepared. Here they were honored with the company of the president and members of the Continental Congress, then sitting in this city, and others of distinction. . . .

Some features of the procession, which my memory retains, may prove sufficiently interesting to reward your patience. . . .

First, there appeared no less renowned a personage than Christopher Columbus, represented on this occasion by a certain Captain Moore, who was selected for the part

from the striking resemblance he bore to the portraits of the Great Navigator. He was followed by those eminent experimental farmers, Nicolas Crueger and John Watts: the former very skilfully conducting a plough upon wheels, drawn by several fine yokes of oxen; the latter guiding with equal adroitness a toothless harrow, drawn — not the teeth, but the harrow — by one yoke of oxen and a pair of horses. Next in my recollection, though not perhaps in the order of march, was borne on horseback, by Capt. Anthony Walton White, a golden eagle, bearing a shield on its breast emblazoned with the arms of the United States. This was the banner of the Society of Cincinnati, the members of which followed in their well-sewed Revolutionary regimentals.

Then came the members of the several professions and trades, with their appropriate ensigns and badges; the workmen mounted upon lofty and capacious stages erected upon wheel-carriages, each drawn by several pairs of horses. The men upon these elevated machines worked — or seemed to work — at their respective trades. The *Coopers* were setting up and hooping a huge cask, emblematical of the Constitution. The *Carpenters* were in the act of erecting the eleventh column, inscribed "New York," of a pediment already supported by ten representing the States that had ratified the Constitution, and were at work on two others lying prostrate, emblematical of the two States who hesitated to adopt it. The *Upholsterers* were preparing the chair of state for the first President. The *Coachmakers* were building him a superb chariot. The *Ship-Carpenters* were finishing models of vessels for the U. S. Navy; the *Blockmakers* were boring pumps, turning blocks and fitting sheaves for them; the *Ropemakers* were

laying cables; the *Blacksmiths* were forging anchors; the *Sail-makers* and *Riggers* were at work upon sails and rigging; the *Mathematical-Instrument-Makers* upon quadrants and compasses, all for the "Federal Fleet." The *Cutlers* were burnishing swords, the *Lacemakers* were making epaulettes and the *Tailors* uniforms, for both army and navy — so deeply at that early day was the public mind impressed with the necessity of both for the defense of the country, the assertion of her territorial and maritime rights; and the maintenance of the national honor. The *Drum-Manufacturers* and other *Musical-Instrument-Makers* were also employed with a view to the public service; while the *Printers* were striking off and distributing patriotic songs, and a programme of the ceremony which has been of material use in refreshing my memory in regard to it.

The most interesting, as well as the most conspicuous object in the procession was undoubtedly the "Federal Ship" — the miniature presentment of a two-and-thirty gun frigate, about thirty feet keel and ten beam, with everything complete and in proportion in her hull, rigging, sails and armament. She was manned by about forty seamen and marines, besides the usual complement of officers. The veteran commander, James Nicholson, of Revolutionary memory, was her commander, and she bore the same broad pennant at the main which had floated victoriously over his head upon the ocean. But although once more on board ship, the old commodore was not exactly in his element, as his ship was navigated more by means of wheels and several pairs of stout horses than by wind and sails. He nevertheless displayed great seamanship in her management. When she had reached the roadstead abreast of the encampment, she took in sail and anchored in

close order with the rest of the procession; the officers off duty going on shore to dine, while ample messes were sent to those on board, and for the rest of the crew.

At 4 P.M., she again made the signal for unmooring, by another salute of thirteen guns, and shortly after got under way with her convoy. The manner in which she made her passage through the straits of Bayard's Lane was highly interesting and satisfactory, being obliged to run under her fore-tops'l in a squall, and afterwards to heave to, to reef them all before she ventured to set her courses and bear up for the Broadway channel. Her subsequent manœuvres were not unattended with peril — but by the good conduct of her officers and men, and the skill of Mat Daniels, the pilot, she arrived in safety at her former moorings, amid the acclamations of thousands, who, by repeated cheers, testified their approbation of the gallant old commodore and his crew in weathering the storm and bringing the "Federal Ship" safely into port. In the evening there was a general illumination; with a display of fireworks in the Bowling Green, under the direction of Colonel Bauman, poet-master of the city, and commandant of artillery, whose constitutional irascibility was exceedingly provoked by the moon, which shone with pertinacious brilliance, as if in mockery of his feebler lights.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER in
an Address to the St. Nicholas Society

Spring in Town

THE country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses; showers and sunshine bring,
Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er earth;

To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
  Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
  Breathes through the sky of March the airs of May
Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom —
And lo! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then
  Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
That overhung with blossoms, through its glen,
  Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,
And they who search the untrodden wood for flowers
Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

From *Spring in Town* by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

As a Young Reporter Sees New York

DOWN along the East River water front the big, brave ships from far-away foreign ports rest at ease, with their bowsprits slouching out half way across South Street. Quaint figure-heads are on their bows, and on their sterns names still more quaint and full of soft vowels which mean something in some part of the seven seas; brigs from the West Indies and barks from South Africa; Nova Scotia schooners and full-rigged clipper ships from Calcutta and from San Francisco by way of the Horn.

Here the young reporter liked to prowl about when out on a weather story, looking at the different foreign flags and at the odd foreign cargoes unloading in strangely-wrought shipping boxes which smelled of spices, and wondering about the

voyage over and about the private history of the bare-footed, underfed sailors who made it. The stevedores' derricks puffed and creaked, and far overhead the cars on the bridge rumbled on, but the big ships seemed calm and patient, and full of mystery, as if they knew too many wondrous things to be impressed by anything in America. But all this had nothing to do with the weather story, or how the fog was affecting the shipping, or how much behind their schedule the ferry-boats were running, or whether (by good fortune) there had been any collisions in the river. That was what he was down there for.

Then, too, he used to have some good times when his assignment took him over into what used to be Greenwich; along old, crooked, narrow, village-like streets running all sorts of directions and crossing each other where they had no right to; where the shops and people and the whole atmosphere still seemed removed and village-like. He had a lot of fun looking out for old houses with lovable doorways and fanlights and knockers, and sometimes good white Greek columns. And then, up along East Broadway, which was once so fashionable and is now so forlorn, with dirty cloakmakers in the spacious drawing-rooms and signs in Hebrew characters in the windows. He used to gaze at them as he walked by and dream about the old days of early century hospitality there; the queer clothes the women wore and the strong punch the men drank, and the stilted conversation they both liked, instead of planning how to work up his story, and then with a shock would discover that he had passed the house where he was to push in and ask a woman if it was true that her husband had run away with another man's wife; and the worst of it was that they generally talked about it.

Not that all his assignments were disagreeable. There was the bright, windy day he was sent down to the proving-grounds on Sandy Hook to write about the new disappearing gun-carriage (which covered him and the rest of the party with yellow powder-dust), and he lunched with the Secretary of the Navy, who was very jolly and gave him a half-column interview. There was Izizim, the pipe-maker, on Third Avenue, and the Frenchman on Twenty-Third Street, who taught skirt-dancing; and there was his good friend, Garri-Boulu, the old Hindoo sailor, who had landed on one of the big Calcutta ships, suffering with beriberi, and was now slowly dying in the Presbyterian Hospital because he wouldn't lose caste by eating meat, and was so polite that he cried for fear he was giving the young doctors too much trouble. It took him into odd places, this news-gathering, and made him meet queer people, and it was a fascinating life for all its disagreeableness, and it was never monotonous, for it was never alike two days in succession. It was full of contrasts — almost dramatic contrasts, sometimes. One afternoon he was sent to cover a convention of spiritualists who wore their hair long; that evening, a meeting of the Association of Liquor Dealers, who had huge black mustaches; and the next day he was one of a squad of men under an old experienced reporter up across the Harlem River at work on a murder "mystery," smoking cigars with Central Office detectives and listening to the afternoon-paper men, who, in lieu of real news, made up theories for one edition which they promptly tore down in the next. That evening found him within the sombre walls of the New York Foundling Hospital up on Lexington Avenue, asking questions of soft-voiced sisters and talking with wise young doctors

about an epidemic of measles which was killing off the babies.

He liked all this. He thought it was because he was a sociologist; but it was because he was a boy. It gave him a thrill to go down into a cellar after murder-clews with a detective, just as it would any other full-blooded male. He was becoming good friends with some of these sleuths — most of whom, by the way, were not at all sleuth-like in appearance, and went about their day's work in very much the same matter-of-fact way as reporters and the rest of the town.

JESSE L. WILLIAMS

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The Poets of Printing House Square

AS jolly a lot of good fellows, I know,
As you'll meet in this journey of life,
For their hearts are in tune and they sing as they go,
In the midst of humanity's strife.
And the day may be sunny or sodden and gray,
And the world may be blooming or bare,
The weary will always be cheered by a lay
From the poets of Printing House Square.

When the summer time comes with its mantle of green,
And the fountain is merry with song,
Their rhymes flow as gayly and gently, I ween,
As the day of the summer is long.
Forgetful of winter's privation and cold,
They bathe in the balm of the air,
And the heart gathers hope from the song that is sold
By the poet of Printing House Square.

In the bleak winter days when the fountain is still,
And the skies are forbidding and gray,
He will sing of the summer to settle a bill,
And pay for his coal with a lay.
And the warmth and the music return; — and the glow
And the sheen of the summer are there.
No winter can conquer the spirit, I know,
Of the poet of Printing House Square.

Some day when the rhyme of the seasons is done,
And the rush of the riot is past —
When the marvellous era of rest is begun,
And our problems are finished at last;
When our songs are all sung, and our debts are all paid
And the heart slips its anchor of care,
I only ask then that my name be arrayed
With the poets of Printing House Square.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

By permission of the Author

A Broadway Pageant

OVER the Western sea hither from Niphon come,
Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,
Leaning back in their open barouches, bare-headed, impassive,
Ride to-day through Manhattan.

* * * * * * *

When million-footed Manhattan unpent descends to her pavements,
When the thunder-cracking guns arouse me with the proud roar I love,

When the round-mouth'd guns out of the smoke and smell
I love spit their salutes,
When the fire-flashing guns have fully alerted me, and
heaven-clouds canopy my city with a delicate thin haze,
When gorgeous the countless straight stems, the forests at
the wharves, thicken with colors,
When every ship richly drest carries her flag at the peak,
When pennants trail and street-festoons hang from the
windows,
When Broadway is entirely given up to foot-passengers
and foot-standers, when the mass is densest,
When the façades of the houses are alive with people, when
eyes gaze riveted tens of thousands at a time,
When the guests from the islands advance, when the pageant
moves forward visible,
When the summons is made, when the answer that waited
thousands of years answers,
I too arising, answering, descend to the pavements, merge
with the crowd, and gaze with them.

WALT WHITMAN

The Tombs

I TRIED hard when in New York to avoid both the gaols and the graveyards. To the latter I was fortunately able to give the widest of berths; but a darker fate befell me in the matter of the prisons. The obliging gentleman who introduced me some weeks since to the police magistrate at Jefferson-market Court insisted that, after having passed a morning with Justice, I should make a regular criminal day of it, and see the celebrated Prison of the Tombs. Not to be behindhand in hospitality, his worship the police justice himself pressingly urged me,

before I went down town, to have a peep at his own particular gaol in the Jefferson-market house. For a while I feebly resisted these invitations; but when an American has made up his mind to "put" a stranger "through," he means business, and is not to be deterred from carrying out his programme to the very letter. So, as an antechamber to the Tombs, I took a cursory view of the Jefferson-market Gaol, which occupies a very tall tower of brick and stone in the Italian Gothic style of architecture. The cells are airy, and not by any means cheerless; the inmates being permitted to read the newspapers and to smoke. But I should be discounting that which I have to say concerning American prison discipline were I to say more on the reading and smoking heads in connection with the Jefferson-market Gaol. The détenus were chiefly the "drunk and incapables" and the "drunk and disorderlies," who had been committed for short terms in default of payment of their five and ten dollar fines. Some of them were not placed in the cells at all; but were locked up in association in a large room, down each side of which ran a single tier of open wooden cribs or bunks furnished with a blanket and a coverlet, and where, chatting together quite gaily, they did not seem one whit more uncomfortable than the steerage passengers whom I had seen on board of the good ship *Scythia*.

Some of the female prisoners were doing "chores," or light house-work, about the gaol, which was altogether very clean and comfortable-looking, and the strangest feature about which to me was that it was provided with a lift or elevator passing from tier to tier of cells. I mention this structural improvement for the benefit of the architects and surveyors of her Majesty's gaols in Great Britain.

There has been dwelling on my mind a paragraph which I read lately in a New York paper concerning a gentleman who was suspected of dealing in counterfeit trade dollars. The paragraph recited that the gentleman "skipped the town to avoid further judicial complications." Right merrily did I "skip" Jefferson-market Gaol; and then I skipped — literally so — up an iron staircase some thirty feet high, and into Sixth avenue, and so into one of the Elevated Railroad cars, which, in a few minutes, deposited me on a point close to Broadway, crossing which I found myself at the distance of a few "blocks" from my destination. The Tombs — rarely has so appropriate a name been bestowed on a prison — is a really remarkable and grandiose specimen of Egyptian architecture; and but for the unfortunate position of the site it would be the most imposing public building in New York. The structure occupies an entire block or insula, as an ancient Roman district surveyor would phrase it, bounded by Centre Street on the east, Elm Street on the West, Leonard Street on the South, and Franklin Street on the north; and it is thus in the very heart of the lower or business quarter of the Island of Manhattan, and within a few minutes' walk of that astonishing Wall Street, in the purlieus of which so many speculative individuals are so persistently and so continuously qualifying themselves for an ultimate residence in this grim palace of the felonious Pharaohs and Ptolemies.

The really striking proportions of the building are dwarfed into comparative insignificance by its unfortunate structural disposition, which is in a hollow so deep that the coping of the massive wards of the prison are scarcely above the level of the adjacent Broadway. The site of the Tombs was formerly occupied by a piece of water

known as the Collect pond, which was connected with the North or Hudson River by a swampy strip, through which ran a rivulet parallel with the existing Canal Street. The Collect pond was filled up in the year 1836; and within the two years following, the Tombs Prison was built on the reclaimed land. The marshy soil was ill calculated to support the weight of an edifice so colossal; and although the foundations were laid much deeper than is customary, some parts of the walls settled to such an extent that the gravest apprehensions were for a time felt for the safety of the entire building. Possibly, if the clerks and warders could have been extricated in time, no great harm would have been done had the ponderous walls settled together, until the Tombs and all the rogues within it had been comfortably embogued in the swampy bosom of the bygone Collect pond. As it is, the dismal fortress has stood for a third of a century without any material change, and is considered perfectly safe. Who gave it the name of "Tombs" I am unable to say, since it is legally the City Prison — The Gaol of Newgate, substantially — of New York; but the criminal stronghold earned its appellation, I should say, from its general funereal appearance and its early reputation as a damp and unhealthy place. Its lugubrious aspect, it should seem, ought to have made the Tombs a terror to evil-doers; but such, I fear, has not been the case. The prison is generally full; and the crop of murderers is, in particular, steady and abundant.

Externally the building is entirely of granite, and appears to be of only one story, the windows being carried from a point about two yards above the ground up to beneath the cornice. The main entrance is in, or, in Transatlantic parlance, "on," Centre Street, and is reached by a flight

of wide, dark stone steps, through a spacious portico supported by four ponderous columns. The external walls of the remaining three sides are more or less broken up by columns and secondary doors of entrance, this infusing some degree of variety into the oppressive monotony of the pile, the remembrance of which hangs heavily upon you afterwards, like a nightmare on your soul. I was accompanied on my visit to this abode of misery by a gentleman who had been formerly Mayor of New York; and a word from him acted as an "open sesame" to the most recondite penetralia of the prison. The chief warder, who took us in charge, was a "character." He had been a custodian of the Tombs for more than a quarter of a century — a wonderfully long spell for an office-holder in America — and he was, if I mistake not, an Irishman. At least he was endowed with a brogue as rich and melodious as though he had only left the county Cork the day before yesterday. He was a wag, too; but in every line of his honest countenance there beamed one unmistakable and prevailing expression — that of benevolent pity. . . .

Internally, the Tombs is rather a series of prisons than a single structure. The cells rise in tiers one above the other, with a separate corridor for each tier. There is a grating before each cell, between the bars of which the visitor can converse with the prisoner within. Throughout the day the inner, or wooden, door of the cell is left more than half open. Beyond the circumstance that the window — which admits plenty of light — is barred, and is high up in an embrasure of the wall, there need be nothing whatever dungeon-like about the cell in the Tombs. The prison furniture is necessarily scanty in quantity and simple in quality; but the prisoner more or less blessed

by affluence is at liberty to supplement the equipment of his apartment by any such fittings and decorations as the length of his purse and the refinement of his aesthetic taste may lead him to adopt. . . .

Finally the chief warder took us to his garden, where there was a vine trained against the wall, with a pigeon-cote amply stocked, and a pretty little pond bordered by turf and flowers. The chief spoke in terms of humorous regret about the disappearance of "a grand old frog," erst the delight and ornament of the Tombs garden, but who, in the course of last fall, had eloped to realms unknown. Where is that frog now? Croaks he in the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia — which, by the way, is not by any means a dismal region — or is he going about the States, emulating the Frog Opera, and singing counter-tenor in the Pollywog Chorus? I shook hands with the benevolent chief warder and bade him farewell. To my great joy I found that nothing had turned up against me while I had been in the Tombs. The authorities had no warrant for my detention; and by two o'clock in the afternoon I was standing in Centre Street as free as that "grand old frog" who, for reasons unknown, had shown the Tombs a clean pair of heels. I do not mean to go there again if I can help it.

GEORGE A. SALA

From *America Revisited*. London, 1882

In City Hall Park

HE stands, a simple soldier, there,
Who deemed one life too small a fee
For him to give in that great strife
That made his country free.

And it is free! High o'er the din
  And turmoil of the city's ways,
Lo! Justice holds her sword and scales
  Above the land she sways.

The commerce of a giant world
  Moves at his feet. Within his reach
The tongues of nations meet; the air
  Is vibrant with their speech.

He sees where science delves and wrests
  The rock ribs of the earth apart,
And fills, with teeming floods of life,
  The arteries of her heart.

In sober garb and quiet mien
  He stands; from out the western skies,
Athwart the calmness of his face,
  The peaceful sunshine lies.

And while our land endures to reap
  His sowing, memory shall not fail
Of him who died that she might live, —
  The patriot, Nathan Hale!

MARY EDITH BÜHLER

A New York City Character

IT'S almost two years now since Mr. Keese (let's call him Marty Keese; Mayors, Borough Presidents — even President Lincoln on one ever-to-be-remembered Sunday — called him Marty, and he liked the name) — it's two years since Marty explained for the first time to an interviewer from *The Sun* why he found it more difficult

each day to climb the iron spiral staircase that twists up through our beautiful City Hall to the apartments just under the cupola that Marty had occupied ever since he became custodian of the City Hall almost thirty years ago.

"I used to watch almost every rivet," Marty said then, "as they drove them into these skyscrapers around City Hall Park, and the higher the skyscrapers went the prouder I was of Manhattan" — and he indicated with a gaunt hand Newspaper Row and the great gray pile that rises sixteen stories on the triangular plot formed by Nassau and Beekman streets and Park Row where, when Marty first rode pigs in the park, stood the old Brick Church with its sloping banks of turf and the tiny graveyard.

"I was proud of the high buildings when they first began, as all New York was proud of them, but now when I get old enough to have sense, I'm sorry they ever put them up. It was prettier years ago when the little buildings rimmed my square, buildings that were dwarfs compared even to that."

He indicated the old reddish brown bank building on the southwest corner of Broadway and Park Place — the building on the second floor of which Boss Tweed had his offices in the days before Marty Keese took an active part in the beginning of Boss Tweed's downfall — for it was Deputy Sheriff Marty Keese, you remember, who on December 16, 1871, took a stage up to the Metropolitan Hotel in Broadway at Prince Street and climbed up to Suite 114–118 and arrested the very bad boss.

"Before they built the skyscrapers," Marty went on, "the light and air could get in at the park trees, and that's why I felt so much friskier then — because the air was better. Before the tall buildings made the square so stuffy I could run up here two or three steps at a time."

Marty hadn't been able to do much active work since fresh "colds" and advancing years caused him steadily to lose his fight against the asthma that made him "stop to cough and to take a rest when only half-way up" the spiral staircase, but for almost threescore and ten years before that Marty and the activities of Manhattan were one.

As a fireman his record began with the days when as a little tad he "ran" with the 23 Engine "gang" when 23 Engine was quartered in what was then called Anthony Street and is now Worth Street. As a youth he was foreman of Matthew Brennan Hose Company 60, about the time that Tweed was foreman of Big Six; and while Tweed was dropping lower in the sight of the old volunteer firemen Marty was growing higher, until on a proud day he became president of the Volunteer Firemen of New York.

* * * * * * *

He enlisted in Ellsworth's Zouaves in 1861 and saw his first real fighting at Bull Run, where he was wounded. He returned to New York just in time to take his place in the ranks of the soldiers and firemen that saw the vicious fighting which marked the draft riots that began with the week of Monday, July 13, 1863. Besides his fighting on Southern battlefields Marty did valiant work in another way just before "Ellsworth's Pet Lambs" marched away in their enviable gray jackets and the wide trousers trimmed with red braid, for it was Firemen Marty Keese, A. F. Ockershausen, Dave Milliken, Zophar Mills, John Decker and John Dix that raised most of the $30,000 that was subscribed for the Zouaves in a few days.

If you asked Marty about Civil War days he would begin by telling you of the fire in Willard's Hotel, Washington, which the Zouaves — then quartered in the Capitol build-

ing — put out, for fires and fire fighting always seemed of first importance to Marty — battles came second. Then he would show you in his scrapbook a clipping of which he was proudest — from a New York paper of May 13, 1861:

> There were no ladders to get on to the building, which is five or six stories high, but there was a lightning rod, in the court-yard. . . . Martin J. Keese, formerly of Matthew T. Brennan Hose Company No. 60, climbed up the lightning rod and was the first on the roof.

In Marty Keese's New York you were elected Mayor or Comptroller or City Chamberlain or Sheriff or what not because you were prominent as a fireman. Marty didn't aspire perhaps to offices quite so high as these, but it was because he was a good fireman that Sheriff Matt Brennan took Marty into his office, and he served also under William E. Connor. It was while Marty was a deputy under Brennan that he arrested Tweed, and when Slippery Dick was arrested the following month he locked himself in for days with Slippery Dick in his apartments in the New York Hotel in Broadway near Waverly Place. Early in 1881 Marty was appointed custodian of the City Hall, and he had held the job ever since, whether Tammany did or did not hold sway.

His life was a sort of connecting link between the New York that was a sort of overgrown village and the New York that is a world metropolis. He wasn't cynical about the New York we know best, but as you sat with Marty in the cool shadows of the City Hall lobby he would tell you stories by the hour about a New York that was much finer to him. That was "once upon a time," when Manhattan was a fairyland; for, as Marty said, the sun shone brighter

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then because it was younger, and the stars were cleaner and new washed at night and the Battery was the most beautiful park in America, where all the little tads were taken to roll on the grass on Sundays or to gaze with wide eyes out over a dancing bay that was misty with the tremulous clouds of canvas on all the clipper ships from all the world.

By permission of the *New York Sun*

The Bowery

THE Fifth Avenue of the East Side is the Bowery. Everyone knows the Bowery because for years the magazine writer and illustrators have been making copy out of it. It has been regarded by some as the freak street of the town — the place where one goes to laugh at the absurd and the queer, or to get sociological statistics in exaggerated form. Society used to go there, and to its tributary streets, some years ago, on slumming expeditions. It does so still, and comes back to its uptown home better satisfied, perhaps, with its own quarters. Settlement workers and Charity Organization people go there, too; and some of them stay there to help better the social conditions. Besides these there are scores of the morbidly curious who visit the street seeking they know not what, and gaining only a dismal impression. All told, there are many different impressions brought up from the Bowery and its runways by different people. . . . All classes are there — tradespeople, clerks, mechanics, truckmen, longshoremen, sailors, janitors, politicians, peddlers, pawnbrokers, old-clothes men, with shop girls, sewing-women, piece workers, concert-hall singers, chorus girls — and all nationalities. It is one of the most cosmo-

politan streets in New York. The Italians come into it from Elizabeth Street, the Chinese from Pell and Doyers streets, the Germans from beyond Houston Street, the Hungarians from Second Avenue, and the Jews from almost everywhere. Every street coming up from the East River may bring in a separate tale. Taken with a liberal sprinkling of Russians, Poles, Rumanians, Armenians, Irish, and native Americans from the west, north and south, they make a much-mixed assemblage. But there is no great variety of hue in it. The prevailing dress is rather somber, as well as frayed or shiny with wear. Occasionally a butterfly from the theater sails by; but the Bowery is not Fifth Avenue, nor even Mott Street, in color-gayety. Sometimes one is disposed to think it a sad street.

In the theaters the prevailing language corresponds to the supporting constituency. The old Bowery Theater that once housed traditions of the English stage with the elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, and Charlotte Cushman, still stands to-day, but it now belongs more to the Hebrew than to the American, and performances are given there in German or Yiddish oftener than in English. At the side of it is the popular Atlantic Gardens, where vaudeville, music, beer, and the German language are largely provided each night. Farther up town is the Irving Place Theater, once more devoted to Germans; and as high up on Madison Avenue as Fifty-Eighth Street there is still another German theater. The language seems to prevail on the East Side. Not but what there are other tongues. The Italians crowd into the Theatro Italiano on the Bowery, as the Chinese into the queer little theater on Doyers Street or the Irish into Miner's; but there is always someone at your elbow who speaks German, or some kindred dialect.

In other quarters of the city there are colonies where one hears only Syrian, Greek, Russian, Rumanian, Hungarian; but on the Bowery, though all nationalities meet and talk each its own language, there is, aside from English, a preponderance of German and Yiddish.

J. C. Van Dyke in *The New New York*

The Great Man of the Quarter

THE doctor wore the only silk hat in the Quarter — an alien, supercilious high hat that coolly asserted the superiority of the head under it as it bobbed along. It was rusty and ruffled, antiquated as a stovepipe; but it was no less important to the influence of his words than his degree from the Faculté de Medicine de Constantinople and the fame of his skill. It was a silently declaration — intent of distinguished position — an inexhaustible inspiration to dignity in a squalid environment, and always it brought salaams from right and left, and a clear way. For the pristine gloss of it, and for the militant manner of superiority that accompanied its wearing, the simple tenement-dwellers of lower Washington Street — which is the neighborhood of the great soap factory, and the hive of expatriated Syrians — accounted the doctor equal with MacNamarra of the corner saloon, who wore his only on Tuesdays, when the Board of Aldermen met, and on certain mysterious occasions — such as when the Irish have sprigs of green on their coat lapels. This was important to Nageeb Fiani, the dreamer, who had a pastry-cook for a partner, and kept a little shop just where the long shadow of the soap-factory chimney reaches at two o'clock of a midsummer afternoon. The people knew for themselves that there was no greater musician than he

from Rector Street to the Battery and in all the colonies of the Quarter; but the Doctor Effendi said that there was none greater in all Syria.

When the spirit of revolution stalked abroad — as may be set down another time — the Minister from Turkey came of a direful whim to the Quarter. To the doctor, as the most important of the Sultan's Syrian subjects in Washington Street, Hadji, servant to the Consul General, first gave notification of his coming. The Important One, having artfully concealed the chagrin for which, as he knew, the practised Hadji was keenly spying, dispatched Nageeb, the intelligent, Abo-Samara's little son, to inform the Archimandrite and the rich men of the Quarter, and put a flea in his ear, no more to give speed to the message than to impress the Consul's servant with his royal appreciation of the great honor. Then he sent Hadji off to his master to say that the devoted subjects of His Benign Majesty, the Sultan — to whom might God, their God, give every good and perfect gift, as it is written — alien from his rule through hard necessity, but ever mindful of their heritage, his service, would as little children, kiss the hand of him whom God had blessed with the high favor of the ruler of precious name.

NORMAN DUNCAN in *The Soul of the Street*

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Chinatown

JUST turn to your right from Chatham Square, and — there you are! Chinatown is a different world; the very silence of it has a foreign sound to one coming out of the boiler factory of Chatham Square. In Chinatown the citizens move tacitly on felt-soled shoes.

And they have a foreign way of walking in the streets, which are almost as narrow as the narrow sidewalks, and go with such crooks and turns that one of them — Pell Street — describes a semicircle, and, with true Oriental politeness, eventually leads you right back to the street you just left.

In Chinatown you feel something sinister in the stealthy tread and prowling manner of these Celestial immigrants. Harmless soever as they may be, they suggest melodramas of opium dens and highbinders. You happen on them in dark hallways, or find them looking at you from strange crannies of ramshackle structures like night-blooming felines. Chinatown is truly a separate town, for though it has a population of hardly more than a thousand, there are seven times as many Chinese engaged in laundry and other tasks in other parts of New York, and there are colonies of pigtailed farmers out on Long Island, to whom Chinatown is a Mecca. The town's private affairs are governed by a committee of twelve prominent Chinese merchants and an annually elected "Mayor." The business of the municipality is partly drawn from curious sightseers, but largely from native patrons; the shops are devoted to Celestial foodstuffs, pottery, jewelry, fabrics and laundry supplies. The tourists who cannot read the multicolored banners that hang out for signs can read only too well the shop-window allurements of porcelains, ivories, silks, fans, screens and idols.

RUPERT HUGHES
in *The Real New York*.
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III

GREENWICH AND CHELSEA VILLAGES

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient.
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old.

WALT WHITMAN

III

GREENWICH AND CHELSEA VILLAGES

Lispenard's Meadow

"IN going from the city to our office (in Greenwich) in 1808 and 1809," John Randel writes, under date of April 6, 1864, "I generally crossed a ditch cut through Lispenard's salt meadow (now a culvert under Canal Street) on a plank laid across it for a crossing-place about midway between a stone bridge on Broadway with a narrow embankment at each end connecting it with the upland, and an excavation then being made at, and said to be for, the foundation of the present St. John's Church on Varick Street. From this crossing-place I followed a well-beaten path leading from the city to the then village of Greenwich, passing over open and partly fenced lots and fields, not at that time under cultivation, and remote from any dwelling-house now remembered by me except Colonel Aaron Burr's former country-seat, on elevated ground, called Richmond Hill, which was about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards west of this path, and was then occupied as a place of refreshment for gentlemen taking a drive from the city. Its site is now in Charlton Street, between Varick and Macdougal Streets. I continued along this main path to a branch path diverging from it to the east, south of Manetta water (now Minetta Street), which branch path I followed to Herring Street (now Bleecker Street), passing

on my way there, from about two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards west, the country residence of Colonel Richard Varick, on elevated ground east of Manetta water, called 'Tusculum,' the site of which is now on Varick Place, on Sullivan Street, between Bleecker and Houston streets. On Broadway, north of Lispenard's salt meadow, now Canal Street, to Sailor's Snug Harbor, a handsome brick building called by that name, erected on elevated ground near the bend in Broadway near the present Tenth Street, and formerly the residence of Captain Randall; . . . and from the Bowery road westward to Manetta water, there were only a few scattered buildings, except country residences which were built back from Broadway with court-yards and lawns of trees and shrubs in front of them."

JOHN RANDEL, JR.

The Plague which Built Greenwich, 1822

IT had been a hideous day for New York. From early morning until long after dark had set in, the streets had been filled with frightened, disordered crowds. The city was again stricken with the old, inevitable, ever-recurring scourge of yellow fever, and the people had lost their heads. In every house, in every office and shop, there was hasty packing, mad confusion, and wild flight. It was only a question of getting out of town as best one might. Wagons and carts creaked and rumbled and rattled through every street, piled high with household chattels, up-headed in blind haste. Women rode on the swaying loads, or walked beside with the smaller children in their arms. Men bore heavy burdens, and children helped according to their strength. There was only one idea, and

that was flight — from a pestilence whose coming might have been prevented, and whose course could have been stayed. To most of these poor creatures the only haven seemed to be Greenwich Village; but some sought the scattered settlements above; some crossed to Hoboken; some to Bushwick; while others made a long journey to Staten Island, across the bay. And when they reached their goals, it was to beg or buy lodgings anywhere and anyhow; to sleep in cellars and garrets, in barns and stables.

The panic was not only among the poor and ignorant. Merchants were moving their offices, and even the Post Office and the Custom House were to be transferred to Greenwich. There were some who remained faithful throughout all, and who labored for the stricken, and whose names are not even written in the memory of their fellow-men. But the city had been so often ravaged before, that at the first sight there was one mere animal impulse of flight that seized upon all alike.

At one o'clock, when some of the better streets had once more taken on their natural quiet, an ox-cart stood before the door of the Dolphs' old house. A little behind it stood the family carriage, its lamps unlit. The horses stirred uneasily, but the oxen waited in dull, indifferent patience. Presently the door opened, and two men came out and awkwardly bore a plain coffin to the cart. Then they mounted to the front of the cart, hiding between them a muffled lantern. They wore cloths over the lower part of their faces, and felt hats drawn low over their eyes. Something in their gait showed them to be seafaring men, or the like.

Then out of the open door came Jacob Dolph, moving

with a feeble shuffle between his son and his old negro coachman — this man and his wife the only faithful of all the servants. The young man put his father in the carriage, and the negro went back and locked the doors and brought the keys to his young master. He mounted to the box, and through the darkness could be seen a white towel tied around his arm — the old badge of servitude's mourning.

The oxen were started up, and the two vehicles moved up into Broadway. They travelled with painful slowness; the horses had to be held in to keep them behind the cart, for the oxen could be only guided by the whip, and not by word of mouth. The old man moaned a little at the pace, and quivered when he heard the distant sound of hammers.

"What is it?" he asked, nervously.

"They are boarding up some of the streets," said his son; "do not fear, father. Everything is prepared; and if we make no noise, we shall not be troubled."

"If we can only keep her out of the Potter's Field — the Potter's Field," cried the father; "I'll thank God — I'll ask no more — I'll ask no more."

And then he broke down and cried a little feebly, and got his son's hand in the darkness and put on his own shoulder.

It was nearly two when they came to St Paul's and turned the corner to the gate. It was dark below, but some frenzied fools were burning tar-barrels far down Ann Street, and the light flickered on the top of the Church spire. They crossed the churchyard to where a shallow grave had been dug, halfway down the hill. The men lowered the body into it; the old negro gave them a little rouleau of coin, and they went hurriedly away into the night.

The clergyman came out by and by, with the sexton behind him. He stood high up above the grave, and drew his long cloak about him and lifted an old pomander-box to his face. He was not more foolish than his fellows; in that evil hour men took to charms and to saying of spells. Below the grave and apart, for the curse rested upon them, too, stood Jacob Dolph and his son, the old man leaning on the arm of the younger. Then the clergyman began to read the service for the burial of the dead, over the departed sister — and wife and mother. He spoke low; but his voice seemed to echo in the stillness. He came forward with a certain shrinking, and cast the handful of dust and ashes into the grave. When it was done, the sexton stepped forward and rapidly threw in the earth until he had filled the little hollow even with the ground. Then, with fearful precaution, he laid down the carefully cut sods, and smoothed them until there was no sign of what had been done. The clergyman turned to the two mourners, without moving nearer to them, and lifted up his hands. The old man tried to kneel; but his son held him up, for he was too feeble, and they bent their heads for a moment of silence. The clergyman went away as he had come; and Jacob Dolph and his son went back to the carriage. When his father was seated, young Jacob Dolph said to the coachman: "To the new house."

The heavy coach swung into Broadway, and climbed up the hill out into the open country. There were lights still burning in the farmhouses, bright gleams to the east and west, but the silence of the damp summer night hung over the sparse suburbs, and the darkness seemed to grow more intense as they drove away from the city. The trees by the roadside were almost black in the gray mist; the raw,

moist smell of the night, the damp air, chilly upon the high land, came in through the carriage windows.

H. C. Bunner in *The Story of a New York House*
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A Song of Bedford Street

IT'S a long time ago and a poor time to boast of,
The foolish old time of two young people's start,
But sweet were the days that young love made the most of—
So short by the clock, and so long by the heart!
We lived in a cottage in old Greenwich Village,
With a tiny clay plot that was burnt brown and hard;
But it softened at last to my girl's patient tillage,
And the roses sprang up in our little back yard.

The roses sprang up and the yellow day-lilies;
And heartsease and pansies, sweet Williams and stocks,
And bachelors'-buttons and bright daffodillies
Filled green little beds that I bordered with box.
They were plain country posies, bright-hued and sweet-smelling,
And the two of us worked for them, worked long and hard;
And the flowers she had loved in her old-country dwelling,
They made her at home in our little back yard.

In the morning I dug while the breakfast was cooking,
And went to the shop, where I toiled all the day;
And at night I returned, and I found my love looking
With her bright country eyes down the dull city way.
And first she would tell me what flowers were blooming,
And her soft hand slipped into a hand that was hard,
And she led through the house till a breeze came perfuming
Our little back hall from our little back yard.

It was long, long ago, and we haven't grown wealthy;
And we don't live in state up in Madison Square:
But the old man is hale, and he's happy and healthy,
And his wife's none the worse for the gray in her hair.
Each year lends a sweeter new scent to the roses;
Each year makes hard life seem a little less hard;
And each year a new love for old lovers discloses —
Come, wife, let us walk in our little back yard!

H. C. Bunner

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The Fourteenth Street Theater

As soon as we were settled and poor singed Josephus had tiptoed in by the fire, evidently trying to make up for his shabby coat by the profundity of his purr, Evan set forth his scheme to our hostess. . . .

To my surprise in five minutes Miss Lavinia was ready, and we sallied forth, Evan sandwiched between us. As the old Dorman house is in the northeastern corner of what was far away Greenwich Village, — at the time the Bouerie was a blooming orchard, and is meshed in by a curious jumble of thoroughfares, that must have originally either followed the tracks of wandering cattle or worthy citizens who had lost their bearings, for Waverley Place comes to an untimely end in West Eleventh Street, and Fourth Street collides with Horatio and is headed off by Thirteenth Street before it has a chance even to catch a glimpse of the river, — a few steps brought us into Fourteenth Street, where flaming gas jets announced that the play of "Jim Bludso" might be seen.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Lavinia, "do people still go to this theater?" . . .

It is a great deal to be surrounded by an audience all thoroughly in the mood to be swayed by the emotion of the piece, plain people, perhaps, but solidly honest. Directly in front sat a young couple; the girl, in a fresh white silk waist, wore so fat and new a wedding ring upon her ungloved hand, which the man held in a tight grip, that I surmised that this trip into stageland was perhaps their humble wedding journey, from which they would return to "rooms" made ready by jubilant relatives, eat a wonderful supper, and begin life.

The next couple were not so entirely *en rapport.* The girl, who wore a gorgeous garnet engagement ring, also very new, merely rested her hand on her lover's coat sleeve where she could see the light play upon the stones.

When, after the first act, in answer to hearty rounds of applause, varied with whistles and shouts from the gallery, the characters stepped forward, not in the unnatural string usual in more genteel playhouses, where victor and vanquished join hands and bow, but one by one, each being greeted by cheers, hisses, or groans, according to the part; and when the villain appeared I found myself groaning with the rest, and though Evan laughed, I know he understood.

After it was over, as we went out into the night, Evan headed toward Sixth Avenue instead of homeward.

"May I ask where we are going now?" said Miss Lavinia meekly. She had really enjoyed the play, and I know I heard her sniff once or twice at the proper time, though of course I pretended not to.

"Going?" echoed Evan. "Only around the corner to get three fries in a box, with the usual pickle and cracker trimmings, there being no restaurant close by that you

would care for; then we will carry them home and have a little supper in the pantry, if your Lucy has not locked up the forks and taken the key to bed. If she has, we can use wooden toothpicks."

At first Miss Lavinia seemed to feel guilty at the idea of disturbing Lucy's immaculate pantry at such an hour; but liberty is highly infectious. She had spent the evening out without previous intent; the next step was to feel that her soul was her own on her return. She unlocked the forks, Evan unpacked the upstairs ice-chest for the dog's-head bass that wise women always have when they expect visiting Englishmen, even though they are transplanted and acclimated ones, and she ate the oysters, still steaming, from their original package, with great satisfaction. After we had finished Miss Lavinia bravely declared her independence of Lucy. The happy don't-care feeling produced by broiled oysters and bass on a cold night is a perfect revelation to people used to after-theater suppers composed of complications, sticky sweets, and champagne.

When we had finished I thought for a moment that she showed a desire to conceal the invasion by washing the dishes, but she put it aside, and we all went upstairs together.

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT in *People of the Whirlpool*

Greenwich and Chelsea

GREENWICH is one of the very oldest places on the island of Manhattan. At first it was an Indian village, called Sapokanican, and was probably near the present site of Gansevoort Market. The Dutch governor, Wouter Van Twiller, coveted it, and finally secured it as a tobacco farm. The farmhouse he built

upon it, as Mr. Janvier tells us, was the first building erected outside of the Fort Amsterdam region, and practically the beginning of Greenwich. The village had an uneventful history under the Dutch, and when it passed to the English, it had a suburban character for many years. It was a place where the Warrens, the Bayards, and the DeLanceys had country homes. The building of it was a gradual affair. It was of some proportions when in 1811 the City Plan, whereby New York was cut up into checkerboard "blocks," came into existence. The new plan jostled the rambling nature of Greenwich to the breaking point, and yet left some of its quarter-circle and corkscrew streets sufficiently intact for the people of the middle nineteenth century to build substantial dwellings along them. These streets with their red-brick buildings remain to us and make up perhaps the most picturesque glimpse of old New York that we have. Along them one sees scattered here and there the gable-windowed wooden houses of an earlier period, with a quaint St. Luke's Chapel, or a scrap of a park, or trees and vines and garden walls that now look strange in the great city.

But Greenwich Village is one of the fast-disappearing features of the town. And here again the contrast is presented. Above the gambrel roofs of the past are lifting enormous sky-scraping factories and warehouses, the traffic from the ocean-liners rattles through the streets, the Ninth Avenue Elevated roars overhead. St. Luke's Park (or, as it is now called, Hudson Park) has been remodeled into a sunken water-garden with handsome Italian-looking loggias that make one gasp when seen against the old brick residences on either side of it. Abingdon Square (named for the Earl of Abingdon, who married one of the Warrens,

and thus came into possession of many acres in Greenwich) has only its name left to suggest a connection with history. Everywhere the new is crowding out the old; and before long Greenwich, where many an old-time New York family made the money that carried it up to a brownstone front on Fifth Avenue, will be merely a tradition.

It is a comparatively clean portion of the town, this Greenwich district, though now a foreign population is crowding in upon it to its detriment. A walk there is entertaining and, in some of the streets, quite astonishing, not alone for what one sees, but for what one does not hear. In spots there is an unwonted silence, as though one were in some country village. Up Washington Street and up Tenth Avenue there are scraps of this silence to be found about old houses, old walls, old trees. At Twentieth Street the extensive grounds of the General Theological Seminary (formerly called Chelsea Square), with their commanding buildings, seem to emphasize the stillness; but at the much traveled Twenty-third Street it is lost in the roar of trucks and trolleys.

Unfortunately, perhaps, the average man who walks up town in the afternoon takes none of these strolls — neither to the east nor to the west. He bolts up Broadway with the mob, pushing his way along the sidewalks, dodging trucks from the side streets, breathing dust and smoke from all streets, and apparently seeing nothing, not even his fellow-pedestrians. With some fine scheme in his head (a pot of money its ultimate outcome), he looks at passing buildings, lights, and colors, but receives no impression from them. He is out for bodily exercise, and thinks he is getting it, but knows no reason why he should not work his head in another direction at the same time. The charm

of Grace Church is lost upon him; and Union Square appears to him only as a place where there are some trees, park benches, and dirty-looking people seated on the benches reading yellow-looking newspapers. At Madison Square perhaps he begins to take notice; but not of Saint Gaudens' "Farragut," nor the trees, nor the revel of color all about. He squints an eye at the present condition of the newest ascending sky-scraper; he takes a look at a new turn-out or automobile, or looks over the crowd for chance acquaintances, for he is in the shopping district and there are many smartly dressed men and women in the throng. In short, up town has been reached, and life once more begins for him.

J. C. Van Dyke
in *The New New York*

IV

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE NEIGHBORHOOD

BROADWAY

HERE surge the ceaseless caravans,
Here throbs the city's heart,
And down the street each takes his way
To play his little part.

The tides of life flow on, flow on,
And Laughter meets Despair;
A heart might break along Broadway . . .
I wonder who would care?

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

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IV

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE NEIGHBORHOOD

Grace Church Garden

HINT of a verdant peace that lies
Far from the great town's noise and heat,
Far from the vision of tired eyes,
And the din of hurrying feet.

Sweet suggestion of quiet ways,
With a wide sky bending overhead,
Where shadows linger and sunshine plays,
And the earth is soft to the tread.

Bit of vivid and cheerful green,
In the midst of tumult, yet apart,
Fair and peaceful, resting serene,
On the city's turbulent heart.

FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER

The Brasserie Pigault

THE Doctor's domain was extensive. Five years after his return from the war he had taken the two upper floors of the old house, on a fifteen years' lease. He had tried to get a lease for a longer term, but even the conservative old German who was his landlord knew that rents would go up as the years went on; and fifteen years was the longest period for which he would agree to

let Dr. Peters have the rooms at the modest rate that they then commanded.

He had wanted a home, this lonely bachelor stranded after the great war. Bachelors sometimes want homes; they even long for them with a conscious, understanding, intelligent desire that their married friends never credit them with. "You don't know what it is to have a home," says Smith, who married at twenty-five, to Jones, who is unmarried at forty. But Jones does know what it would be to have a home, for does he not know what it is not to have a home? Ay, far more than complacent Smith, who made his nest from mere blind instinct, long before he could have become conscious of his own need of a nest — far more than happy, comfortable, satisfied Smith, does this lone bird of celibacy of a Jones know of the superiority of a consecrated abiding-place to his cold, casual twig.

There is always something comically, dismally pathetic about the bachelor's attempt to construct a home. I was once at the performance of an opera attempted by a weak little theatrical troupe that was in bad luck. The tenor had failed them at the last moment, so a good-looking supernumerary stood up in the tenor's clothes while the poor, hard-working, middle-aged soprano sang both parts of their duets. That is what the bachelor tries to do — to sing both parts of their duets.

It is always a failure; and so the Doctor found it. . . .

"Perhaps it's Luise's cooking," he thought: "I ought to be inured to it; but maybe it's like arsenic or morphine — a sort of cumulative poison. I guess I'm getting dyspeptic."

He went upstairs to take a look at the kitchen and see if he could conjure up again his old dream. . . .

He tried to think charitably of Luise; but there was no room for doubt about the dinner. It was simply bad. Many people like German cooking; but nobody could like Luise's German cooking. She had a way of announcing the names of the dishes, as she set them down with a vicious slam, and she told him that the viand of the evening was a "Wiener Schnitzel." He credited her with forethought in this, for if she had not done so, he would not have been able to guess the fact that what was before him had once been a veal cutlet.

He smoked two pipes after his dinner, and then he went around to the Brasserie Pigault. For fourteen years he had gone to the Brasserie Pigault. When he first set up his bachelor establishment, he had resolved to stay at home nights, and for a month or two the Brasserie had missed him, and he had sat in his green rep easy-chair, that was not, and never could have been meant to be easy, before his meagre little hard-coal fire. But it was not staying at home, after all; it was only staying in the house; and by and by he went back to the Brasserie Pigault, which was a home indeed, after its sort, to him and to many another lonely bachelor.

If you put it that a man habitually spends his evenings in a beer-shop it does not sound well. It not only suggests orgies and deep potations, but it is low. One thinks of Robert Burns, of the police-reports, of neglected wives waiting at home, of brawls and drunkenness and of a cheap grade of tobacco.

This is largely due to the influence of a number of estimable gentlemen who wander about this broad land, patronizing second-class hotels and denouncing in scathing terms the Demon Drink. They sternly refuse to admit

any distinction between one place where liquor is sold and another place where liquor is sold. Yet I think the most vehement of these public-spirited men would be inclined to acknowledge that there is a bright side to the beer question if he could be induced to pass a few evenings, non-professionally, in such a place as the Brasserie Pigault.

True he could not see there the red-eyed contention that furnishes him with so much useful oratorical material. No upraised bludgeon, no gleaming stiletto, would gladden his eyes. No degraded specimen of humanity would point a prohibitionist's moral by going to sleep on the floor. No ribaldry would agreeably shock his expectant ears.

He would see Mme. Pigault, neat and comely, knitting behind her desk. He would see Mr. Martin and M. Ovide Marie at their everlasting game of dominos. He would see little Potain, whose wife died two years ago after forty-seven years of married life, and who would be more lonely than he is, if it were not for Mme. Pigault's hospitality, drinking his one glass of vermouth gomme and reading all the papers without missing a column. He would see poor old Parker Prout, the artist, who has been painting all day long for the Nassau Street auction shops — they will not hang Prout's pictures, even at the National Academy — and who has come to the Brasserie Pigault to buy one glass of beer for himself, and to wait and hope that somebody will come in who will buy another for him. He would see good-natured Jack Wilder, the bright young reporter of the *Morning Record*, dropping in to perform that act of charity, and to square accounts by mildly chaffing old Prout about the art which he still loves, after forty years of servitude to the auctioneer and the maker of chromo-lithographs. He would see Dr.

Peters taking his regular rations — two glasses of lager, the first of each keg — and studying the *Courrier* to keep up his French.

And on this particular night there was a rare guest to be seen under Mme. Pigault's roof, for Father Dube came in, big, ponderous and genial, rubbing his fat red hands, and smiling a sociable benediction upon the place and all within it.

Mme. Pigault, alert and flattered, rose to welcome him, and he unbuttoned his heavy overcoat, with its great cape, and leaned on the desk to chat with her for a moment. How was the baby and little Eulalie? And business was always good? That was to be expected. People knew where they were comfortable, and everybody was comfortable *chez* Mme. Pigault. And now he saw his good friend the Doctor sitting there. The Doctor looked as if he would like a little game of dominos. He would go and challenge his good friend the Doctor. And yes, why not? He would take a glass of that excellent Chablis of Mme. Pigault's, that he had tasted when he had last visited Mme. Pigault. Was it so long ago as Easter? Ah, but the time goes! and an old man is slow. He cannot see his friends as often as he could wish. And Mme. Pigault being prosperous and blessed by heaven, has no need of him. Ah, the Doctor is waiting. And Mme. Pigault will not forget the Chablis?

And so this simple-minded old priest, who knew no better than to sit down in his parishioner's brasserie and take a glass of wine and play a game of dominos with a heretic, lumbered over to the Doctor's table, and struggled out of his overcoat, with Louis's help, and sat down opposite his good friend Peters. And Louis bustled eagerly

about, and opened a new bottle of the Chablis, and brought the box with the best dominos, that Mme. Pigault took from her desk; and cleaned a slate; and Mme. Pigault looked on proudly as her favorite customer and her spiritual guide shuffled and drew.

H. C. Bunner in *The Midge*

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The Astor Place Opera House Riot

IN 1826 Mr. Edwin Forrest became a dramatic star of first magnitude — puffed everywhere as "the American tragedian." In 1827 Mr. William C. Macready first visited the United States, starring the country, playing alternate engagements with Mr. Forrest, but in no very decided spirit of rivalry.

In 1835 Mr. Forrest played most successfully in England; in 1844 Mr. Macready again visited the United States. But on this occasion he played usually in cities where there was more than one theater and of course where a rival manager immediately sought to offset the new attraction by the best talent to be found — and thus almost invariably Mr. Forrest played against him with the heavy advantage of being *American*, so that the tour of the great English actor was a comparative failure.

A degree of partisanship was everywhere excited which found its vent in the next professional tour which Mr. Forrest made in England. A strong opposition to him he charged to his rival, and Mr. Forrest even hissed Mr. Macready's performance of "Hamlet" (because, so he said, the English actor had "thought fit to introduce a fancy dance") in Edinburgh.

On his return to America, Mr. Forrest freely expressed

the feeling that he had been unfairly treated in England, and Mr. Macready's appearance in Boston in 1848 was greeted by the first of many bitter newspaper articles. Mr. Macready's contemptuous allusion to this article nearly precipitated social war in New York when Macready appeared at the Opera House (then at Astor Place) while Forrest was acting in the old Broadway Theater. The storm, however, blew over and expended itself in Philadelphia through violent and vindictive signed "cards" which must have "boosted" the circulations of the *Public Ledger* and other morning papers of the day, but had no other effect except to harden the determination of Mr. Forrest's friends to prevent Mr. Macready from ever playing another engagement in America. In May, 1849, Mr. Macready attempted to play "Macbeth" in New York and was hissed from the stage by a packed audience. Mr. Macready supposed the engagement ended, but his friends and the enemies of Forrest insisted on a different course. Influential citizens, headed by Washington Irving, pledged the public to sustain him.

So matters stood when it was announced that he should appear again on the 10th of May. Of what followed we have a contemporary account: —

"On the stage of the Astor Place Opera House the English actor Macready was trying to play the part of 'Macbeth,' in which he was interrupted by hisses and hootings, and encouraged by the cheers of a large audience who had crowded the house to sustain him. On the outside a mob was gathering, trying to force an entrance, and throwing stones at the barricaded windows. In the house the police were arresting those who made the disturbance — outside they were driven back by volleys of paving stones.

"In the midst of this scene of clamor and outrage was heard the clatter of an approaching troop of horse. 'The military, the military are coming!' Further on was heard the quick tramp of infantry and there was seen the gleam of bayonets. A cry of rage burst from the mob, inspired with sudden fury at the appearance of an armed force. They ceased storming the Opera House, and turned their volley of paving stones against the horsemen. Amid piercing yells men were knocked from their horses, the untrained animals frightened, and the force speedily so routed that it could not afterwards be rallied.

"Next came the turn of the infantry. They marched down the sidewalk in a solid column; but had no sooner taken position for protection of the house than they were assailed with volleys of missals (*sic*). Soldiers were knocked down and carried off wounded. Officers were disabled. An attempt to charge with the bayonet was frustrated by the dense crowds seizing the muskets and attempting to wrest them from the hands of the soldiers. At last the awful word was given to fire — there was a gleam of sulphurous light, a sharp, quick rattle, and here and there in the crowd a man sank upon the pavement with a deep groan. Then came a more furious attack and a wild yell for vengeance! Then the rattle of another death-dealing volley, far more fatal than the first. The ground was covered with killed and wounded — the pavement was stained with blood. A panic seized the multitude, which broke and scattered in every direction.

"The horrors of that night can never be described. The military, resting from their work of death, in stern silence were grimly guarding the Opera House. Its interior was a rendezvous and a hospital for the wounded military and

police. Here and there around the building and at the corners of the streets were crowds of men talking in deep and earnest tones of indignation. There were little processions moving off with the dead or mutilated bodies of friends and relations.

"The result of that night's work was the death of twenty-two victims, either shot dead upon the spot or mortally wounded, so that they died within a few days; and the wounding of some thirty more, many of whom will be maimed for life."

From a contemporary pamphlet

The Beginning of the End of Lafayette Place (1880)

NOT many years ago Lafayette Place was one of the most imposing patrician quarters of New York. The clamors of Broadway came to it only in a dreamy murmur. Its length was not great, but it had a lordly breadth. Within easiest access of the most busy portions, its quiet was proverbial. So infrequent were vehicles along its pavements, that in summer the grass would often crop out there, like fringy scrollwork, near the well-swept sidewalks and cleanly gutters. At one end, where this stately avenue is crossed by a narrower street, rose an immense granite church, in rigid classical style, with the pointed roof of an ancient temple, and immense gray fluted pillars forming its portico. Then at this southern end stood the gray old grandeur of St. Bartholomew's where for nearly half a century the blooming brides of our "best families" were married and their fathers and mothers lay in funeral state as the years rolled on. At the northern end was a spacious dwelling house whose oaken hall, with its richly mediaeval carvings and brilliant window of stained

glass, might well have served for some antique abbey over sea. But this delightful old house has disappeared and a vast brick structure, which is one of those towering altars that we so often build to commerce, has sprung up in its stead. There was also a certain edifice closely adjacent to this, which had a *porte cochère* in the real Parisian style, and supplied a delightful touch of foreign novelty. But that, too, has disappeared; like the house with the charming cloistered hall, its very quaintness was its ruin.

But Lafayette Place is Lafayette Place still. Its transformation into cheap lodgments is gradual though sure. The siege goes steadily on, but the besieged have not yet succumbed. Every year the handsome family carriages that roll up and down its avenue grow fewer and fewer; every year its pavements, worn by the feet of dead and gone Knickerbockers, are more frequented by shabby Germans or slatternly Irish. But the solid solemnity of the Astor Library still draws scholars and bookworms within its precinct, though the dignity of possessing the Columbia Law School, into which slim, bright-faced collegians would once troop of a morning, has now departed forever. And a few abodes are still to be found here with the burnished door plates and the glimpses of rich inner tapestries that point toward wealthful prosperity.

EDGAR FAWCETT in *A Hopeless Case*

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The Bread Line

IT was eleven o'clock when they stepped out into the winter night. Barrifield, who was a married man and a suburban Brooklynite, took the South Ferry car at Broadway. The other three set their faces

north in the direction of their apartments. Van Dorn was a widower, Perner a confirmed bachelor, and Livingstone also unmarried. They were untrammeled, therefore, as to their hours and habits. . . .

On the corner of Tenth Street they halted. Across the way there was a long line of waiting men that extended around the corner in either direction.

"What's that?" exclaimed Perner.

"Why, don't you know?" said Van Dorn. "That's the bread line. They get a cup of coffee and a loaf of bread every night at twelve o'clock. Old Fleischmann, who founded the bakery, made that provision in his will. They begin to collect here at ten o'clock and before, rain or shine, hot or cold!"

"It's cold enough to-night!" said Livingstone.

They drew nearer. The waifs regarded them listlessly. They were a ragged, thinly clad lot — a drift-line of hunger, tossed up by the tide of chance.

The bohemians, remembering their own lavish dinner and their swiftly coming plenitude, regarded these unfortunates with silent compassion.

"I say, fellows," whispered Livingstone, presently, "let's get a lot of nickels and give one to each of them. I guess we can manage it," he added, running his eye down the line in hasty calculation.

The others began emptying their pockets. Perner the business-like stripped himself of his last cent and borrowed a dollar of Van Dorn to make his share equal. Then they separated and scoured in different directions for change. By the time all had returned the line had increased considerably.

"We'd better start right away or we won't have enough," said Livingstone.

He began at the head of the line, and gave to each outstretched hand as far as his store of coins lasted. Then Van Dorn took it up, and after him, Perner. They had barely enough to give to the last comers. The men's hands stretched out long before they reached them. Some said "Thank you"; many said "God bless you"; some said nothing at all.

"There's more money in that crowd than there is in this now," said Perner, as they turned away.

"That's so," said Livingstone. "But wait till a year from to-night. We'll come down here and give these poor devils a dollar apiece — maybe ten of them."

* * * * * * *

"Boys, do you recollect the dinner we had a year ago to-night?" This from Livingstone.

The others nodded. They were remembering that, too, perhaps.

"Then the bread line afterward?" said Perner. "We gave them a nickel apiece all around, and were going to give them a dollar apiece to-night. And now, instead of that —"

"Instead of that," finished Van Dorn, "we can go down to-night and get into the line ourselves. Light up, Stony; we'll take a look at your picture, anyhow."

There was a brisk, whipping sound against the skylight above them. It drew their attention, and presently came again. Livingstone arose hastily.

"Sleet!"

He spoke eagerly, and looked up at the glass overhead. Then he added in a sort of joyous excitement:

"Fellows, let's do it! Let's go down there and get into the line ourselves. I've been waiting for this sleet to see

how they would *look* in it. Now we're hungry, too. Let's go down and get into the line and see how it *feels!*"

Van Dorn and Perner stared at him a moment to make sure that he was in earnest. There was consent in the laugh that followed. The proposition appealed to their sense of artistic fitness. There was a picturesque completeness in thus rounding out the year. Besides, as Livingstone had said, they were hungry.

They set forth somewhat later. There was a strong wind and the sleet bit into their flesh keenly. It got into their eyes and, when they spoke, into their mouths.

"I don't know about this," shouted Van Dorn, presently. "I think it's undertaking a good deal for the sake of art."

"Oh, pshaw, Van, this is bully!" Livingstone called back. He was well in advance, and did not seem to mind the storm.

Perner, who was tall, was shrunken and bent by the cold and storm. His voice, however, he lifted above it.

"Art!" he yelled. "I'm going for the sake of the coffee!"

The line that began on Tenth Street had made the turn on Broadway and reached almost to Grace Church when they arrived. The men stood motionless, huddled back into their scanty collars, their heads bent forward to shield their faces from the sharp, flying ice. Strong electric light shone on them. The driving sleet grew on their hats and shoulders. Those who had just arrived found it even colder standing still. Van Dorn's teeth were rattling.

"Do you suppose there's always enough to go round?" he asked of Perner, who stood ahead of him.

Talking was not pleasant, but the waif behind him answered:

"Wasn't last night. I was on the end of the line and didn't git no coffee. Guess there'll be enough to-night, though, 'cause it's New Year."

"If they don't have coffee to-night, I'll die," shivered Perner. . . .

The waif from behind was talking again. He had turned around so they could hear.

"Last New Year there was some blokes come along an' give us a nickel apiece all round. I was on the end an' got two. When they went away one of 'em said they was comin' back to-night to give us a dollar apiece."

"They won't come," said Perner.

"How d' y' know?"

"We're the men."

"Aw, what yeh givin' us?"

"Facts. We've started a paper since then."

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE in *The Bread Line*

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Washington Square

DR. SLOPER had moved his household gods uptown, as they say in New York. He had been living ever since his marriage in an edifice of red brick, with granite copings and an enormous fanlight over the door, standing in a street within five minutes' walk of the City Hall, which saw its best days (from the social point of view) about 1820. After this, the tide of fashion began to set steadily northward, as, indeed, in New York, thanks to the narrow channel in which it flows, it is obliged to do, and the great hum of traffic rolled farther to the right and left of Broadway. By the time the Doctor changed his residence, the murmur of trade had become a mighty up-

roar, which was music in the ears of all good citizens interested in the commercial development, as they delighted to call it, of their fortunate isle. Doctor Sloper's interest in this phenomenon was only indirect — though, seeing that, as the years went on, half his patients came to be overworked men of business, it might have been more immediate — and when most of his neighbors' dwellings (also ornamented with granite copings and large fanlights) had been converted into offices, warehouses, and shipping agencies, and otherwise applied to the base uses of commerce, he determined to look out for a quieter home. The ideal of quiet and of genteel retirement, in 1835, was found in Washington Square, where the Doctor built himself a handsome, modern, wide-fronted house, with a big balcony before the drawing-room windows, and a flight of white marble steps ascending to a portal which was also faced with white marble. This structure, and many of its neighbors, which it exactly resembled, were supposed, forty years ago, to embody the last results of architectural science, and they remain to this day very solid and honorable dwellings. In front of them was the Square, containing a considerable quantity of inexpensive vegetation, inclosed by a wooden paling, which increased its rural and accessible appearance; and round the corner was the more august precinct of the Fifth Avenue, taking its origin at this point with a spacious and confident air which already marked it for high destinies. I know not whether it is owing to the tenderness of early associations, but this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable. It has a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long shrill city; it has a riper, richer, more honorable look than

any of the upper ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare — the look of having had something of a social history. It was here, as you might have been informed on good authority, that you had come into a world which appeared to offer a variety of sources of interest; it was here that your grandmother lived, in venerable solitude, and dispensed a hospitality which commended itself alike to the infant imagination and the infant palate; it was here that you took your first walks abroad, following the nursery-maid with unequal step, and sniffing up the strange odor of the ailanthus-trees which at that time formed the principal umbrage of the Square, and diffused an aroma that you were not yet critical enough to dislike as it deserved; it was here, finally, that your first school, kept by a broad-bosomed, broad-based old lady with a ferule, who was always having tea in a blue cup, with a saucer that didn't match, enlarged the circle both of your observations and your sensations.

HENRY JAMES in *Washington Square*

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Another View of Washington Square

IT was a wretched place, stiffly laid out, shabbily kept, planted with mean, twigless trees, and in the middle the basin of an extinct fountain filled with foul snow, through which the dead cats and dogs were beginning to sprout at the solicitation of the winter's sunshine.

A dreary place and drearily surrounded by red brick houses, with marble steps monstrous white, and blinds monstrous green — all destined to be boarding houses in a decade.

THEODORE WINTHROP in *Cecil Dreeme*

V

THE EAST SIDE

It was upon Henry James, we believe, that the hard intensity of our Ghetto life — "all formidable foreground" — produced an impression like that of a long street of tenements at night, — and in each window the glitter of a candle pushing through the darkness. The fire-escapes, too, inevitably suggested "a spaciously organized cage for the nimbler classes of animals in some great zoölogical garden." To him they suggested an "abashed afterthought" of communications, forgotten in the first construction, by which the inhabitants lead, like the squirrels and monkeys, the merrier life. But they may as well suggest the degeneration which so easily comes a-creeping wherever the fire-escape of the tenement stretches its iron tendrils over the walls of the city street.

Anon.

V

THE EAST SIDE

A Spring Walk

IN the late spring John and Katharine often walked together of an afternoon, between half-past five and sunset.

They went about together in unfrequented places, as a rule, not caring to meet acquaintances at every turn. Neither of them had any social duties to perform, and they were as free to do as they pleased as though they had not represented the rising generation of Lauderdales.

The spring had fairly come at last. It had rained, and the pavement dried in white patches, the willow trees in the square were a blur of green, and the Virginia creeper on the houses here and there was all rough with little stubby brown buds. It had come with a rush. The hyacinths were sticking their green curved beaks up through the park beds, and the little cock-sparrows were scrapping, their wings along the ground.

There was a bright youthfulness in everything, — in the air, in the sky, in the old houses, in the faces of the people in the streets. The Italians with their fruit carts sunned themselves, and turned up their dark rough faces to the warmth. The lame boy who lived in the house at the corner of Clinton Place was out on the pavement, with a single roller skate on his better foot, pushing himself along with his crutch, and laughing all to himself, pale but happy. The old woman in gray, who hangs about

that region and begs, had at last taken the dilapidated woollen shawl from her head, and had replaced it by a very, very poor apology for a hat, with a crumpled paper cherry and a green leaf in it, and only one string. And the other woman, who wants her car-fare to Harlem, seemed more anxious to get there than ever. Moreover the organ-grinders expressed great joy, and the children danced together to the cheerful discords, in Washington Square, under the blur of the green willows — slim American children, who talked through their noses, and funny little French children with ribbons in their hair, from South Fifth Avenue, and bright-eyed darky children with one baby amongst them. And they took turns in holding it while the others danced. . . .

But Katharine and John Ralston followed less frequented paths, crossing Broadway from Clinton Place east, and striking past Astor Place and Lafayette Place — where the Crowdies lived — by Stuyvesant Street eastwards to Avenue A and Tompkins Square. And there, too, the spring was busy, blurring everything with green. Men were getting the benches out of the kiosk on the north side, where they are stacked away all winter, and others were repairing the band stand with its shabby white dome, and everywhere there were children, rising as it were from the earth to meet the soft air — rising as the sparkling little air bubbles rise in champagne, to be free at last — hundreds of children, perhaps a thousand, in the vast area which many a New Yorker has not seen twice in his life, out at play in the light of the westering sun. They stared innocently as Katharine and Ralston passed through their midst, and held their breath a moment at the sight of a real lady and gentleman. All the little girls over ten years old

looked at Katharine's clothes and approved of them, and all the boys looked at John Ralston's face to see whether he would be the right sort of young person to whom to address an ironical remark, but decided that he was not.

But Katharine and John Ralston went on, and crossed the great square and left it by the southeast corner, from which a quiet street leads across the remaining lettered avenues to an enormous timber yard at the water's edge, a bad neighborhood at night, and the haunt of the class generically termed dock rats, a place of murder and sudden death by no means unfrequently, but by day as quiet and safe as any one could wish.

They stood by the edge of the river, on the road that runs along from pier to pier. Katharine laid her hand upon Ralston's arm, and felt how it drew her gently close to him, and glancing at his face she loved it better than ever in the red evening light.

The sun was going down between two clouds, the one above him, the other below, gray and golden, behind Brooklyn bridge, and behind the close-crossing pencil masts and needle yards of many vessels. From the river rose the white plumes of twenty little puffing tugs and ferry-boats far down in the distance. Between the sun's great flattened disk and the lover's eyes passed a great three-masted schooner, her vast main and mizzen set, her foresail and jib hauled down, being towed outward. It was very still, for the dock hands had gone home.

"I love you, dear," said Katharine, softly.

But Ralston answered nothing. Only his right hand drew her left more closely to his side.

F. Marion Crawford in *The Ralstons*

An East Side Wedding Feast

STILL brooding over the enormous possibilities of the future, I stopped to rest and refresh myself in a modest and respectable little German beer-saloon, situated on the tabooed side of the barbed-wire fence — on the very borderland between low life and legitimate literary territory. It is an ordinary enough little place, with a bar and tables in front, and, in a space curtained off at the rear, a good-sized room often used for meetings and various forms of merry-making. I never drop in for a glass of beer without thinking of a supper given in that back room a few years ago at which I was a guest. . . . It was an actor who gave the supper — one of the most brilliant and talented of the many foreign entertainers who have visited our shores — and nearly every one of his guests had won some sort of artistic distinction. It is not the sort of a place that suggests luxurious feasting, but the supper which the worthy German and his wife set before us was, to me, a revelation of the resources of their national cookery. The occasion lingers in my memory, however, chiefly by reason of the charm and tact and brilliancy of the woman who sat in the place of honor — a woman whose name rang through Europe more than a quarter of a century ago as that of the heroine of one of the most sensational duels of modern times. . . . Recollections of this feast brought to mind another . . . given on the occasion of a great wedding in a quarter of the town which plays an important part in civic and national affairs on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November — one in which the trade of politics ranks as one of the learned professions — a quarter where events date from the reigns of the different

police captains. The bride was a daughter of a famous politician, and I am sure that in point of beauty and tasteful dress she might have passed muster at Tuxedo. She was tall, graceful, and very young, — not more than seventeen. One could see traces of her Hebrew lineage in her exquisitely lovely face, and I am sure she was well dressed, because she wore nothing that in any way detracted from her rare beauty or was offensive to the eye. She had been brought up near the corner of the Bowery and Hester Street, in the very center of one of the most vicious and depraved quarters of the town; and as I talked with her that night she told me how most of her childhood had been spent playing with her little brothers and sisters in the garden which her father had built for them on the roof of the house in which they lived, and on the ground floor of which he kept the saloon which laid the foundations of his present political influence. She spoke simply and in good English, and one could easily see how carefully she had been shielded from all knowledge even of that which went on around her. An extraordinary company had assembled to witness the ceremony and take part in the festivities which followed, and as I sat beside two brilliant, shrewd, wordly-wise Hebrews of my acquaintance we remarked that it would be a long while before we could expect to see another such gathering. The most important of the guests were those high in political authority or in the police department, men whose election districts are the modern prototype of the English "pocket boroughs" of the last century; while the humblest of them all, and the merriest as well, was the deaf-and-dumb bootblack of a down-town police court, who appeared in the unwonted splendor of a suit which he had hired especially for the occasion, and

to which was attached a gorgeous plated watch-chain. "Dummy" had never been to dancing-school, but he was an adept in the art of sliding across the floor, and he showed his skill between the different sets, uttering unintelligible cries of delight and smiling blandly upon his acquaintances as he glided swiftly by them. . . . For three hours I sat with my two Israelitish friends — a pool-room keeper and a dime-museum manager respectively — and talked about the people who passed and repassed before us, and I am bound to say that the conversation of a clever New York Jew of their type is almost always edifying and amusing. "It's a curious thing," said one of my companions at last, "but I really believe that we three men at this table are the only ones in the whole room who have any sort of sense of the picturesqueness of this thing, or are onto the gang of people gathered together here. There's probably not a soul in the room outside of ourselves but what imagines that this is just a plain, every-day sort of crowd and not one of the most extraordinary collections of human beings I've ever seen in my life, and I've been knocking round New York ever since I was knee-high. There are thousands of people giving up their good dust every week to go in and look at the freaks in my museum, and there's not one of them that's as interesting as dozens that we can see here to-night for nothing. Just look at that woman over there that all the politicians are bowing down to; and they've got a right to, too, for she's a big power in the district and knows more about politics than Barney Rourke. They never dared pull her place when the police were making all those raids last month. Those diamonds she wears are worth ten thousand if they're worth a cent. There's a man who wouldn't be here to-night if it wasn't

for the time they allow on a sentence for good behavior, and that fellow next him keeps a fence down in Elizabeth Street. There's pretty near every class of New Yorkers represented here to-night except the fellows that write the stories in the magazines. Where's Howells? I don't see him anywhere around," he exclaimed, ironically, rising from his chair as he spoke and peering curiously about. "Look under the table and see if he's there taking notes. Oh yes, I read the magazines very often when I have time, and some of the things I find in them are mighty good; but when those literary ducks start in to describe New York, or at least this part of it — well, excuse me, I don't want any of it. This would be a great place, though, for a story-writer to come to if he really wanted to learn anything about the town."

JAMES L. FORD in *The Literary Shop*

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Cat Alley

CAT ALLEY was my alley. It was mine by right of long acquaintance. We were neighbors for twenty years. Yet I never knew why it was called Cat Alley. There was the usual number of cats, gaunt and voracious, which foraged in its ash-barrels; but beyond the family of three-legged cats, that presented its own problem of heredity, — the kittens took it from the mother, who had lost one leg under the wheels of a dray, — there was nothing specially remarkable about them. It was not an alley, either, when it comes to that, but rather a row of four or five old tenements in a back yard that was reached by a passageway somewhat less than three feet wide between the sheer walls of the front houses. These

had once had pretensions to some style. One of them had been the parsonage of the church next door that had by turns been an old-style Methodist tabernacle, a fashionable negroes' temple, and an Italian mission church, thus marking time, as it were, to the upward movement of the immigration that came in at the bottom, down in the Fourth Ward, fought its way through the Bloody Sixth, and by the time it had travelled the length of Mulberry Street had acquired a local standing and the right to be counted and rounded up by the political bosses. Now the old houses were filled with newspaper offices and given over to perpetual insomnia. Week-days and Sundays, night or day, they never slept. Police headquarters was right across the way, and kept the reporters awake. From his window the chief looked down the narrow passageway to the bottom of the alley, and the alley looked back at him, nothing daunted. No man is a hero to his valet, and the chief was not an autocrat to Cat Alley. It knew all his human weaknesses, could tell when his time was up generally before he could, and winked the other eye with the captains when the newspapers spoke of his having read them a severe lecture on gambling or Sunday beer-selling. Byrnes it worshipped, but for the others who were before him and followed after, it cherished a neighborly sort of contempt.

In the character of its population Cat Alley was properly cosmopolitan. The only element that was missing was the native American, and in this also it was representative of the tenement districts in America's chief city. The substratum was Irish, of volcanic properties. Upon this were imposed layers of German, French, Jewish, and Italian, or, as the alley would have put it, Dutch, Sabe, Sheeny, and

Dago; but to this last it did not take kindly. With the experience of the rest of Mulberry Street before it, it foresaw its doom if the Dago got a footing there, and within a month of the moving in of the Gio family there was an eruption of the basement volcano, reënforced by the sanitary policeman, to whom complaint had been made that there were too many "Ginnies" in the Gio flat. There were four — about half as many as there were in some of the other flats when the item of house rent was lessened for economic reasons; but it covered the ground: the flat was too small for the Gios. The appeal of the signora was unavailing. "You got-a three bambino," she said to the housekeeper, "all four, lika me," counting the number on her fingers. "I no putta me broder-in-law and me sister in the street-a. Italian lika to be together."

The housekeeper was unmoved. "Humph!" she said; "to liken my kids to them Dagos! Out they go." And they went.

It had been the talk of the neighborhood for years that the alley would have to go in the Elm Street widening which was to cut a swath through the block, right over the site upon which it stood; and at last notice was given about Christmas time that the wreckers were coming. The alley was sold, — thirty dollars was all it brought, — and the old tenants moved away, and were scattered to the four winds. Barney alone stayed. He flatly refused to budge. They tore down the church next door and the buildings on Houston Street, and filled what had been the yard, or court, of the tenements with débris that reached halfway to the roof, so that the old locksmith, if he wished to go out or in, must do so by way of the third-story window, over a perilous path of shaky timbers and sliding brick. He

evidently considered it a kind of siege, and shut himself in his attic, bolting and barring the door, and making secret sorties by night for provisions. When the chimney fell down or was blown over, he punched a hole in the rear well and stuck the stovepipe through that, where it blew defiance to the new houses springing up almost within arm's reach of it. It suggested guns pointing from a fort, and perhaps it pleased the old man's soldier fancy. It certainly made smoke enough in his room, where he was fighting his battles over with himself, and occasionally with the janitor from the front, who climbed over the pile of bricks and in through the window to bring him water. When I visited him there one day, and, after giving the password, got behind the bolted door, I found him, the room, and everything else absolutely covered with soot, coal black from roof to rafter. The password was "Letter!" yelled out loud at the foot of the stairs. That would always bring him out, in the belief that the government had finally sent him the long-due money. Barney was stubbornly defiant, he would stand by his guns to the end; but he was weakening physically under the combined effect of short rations and nightly alarms. It was clear that he could not stand it much longer.

The wreckers cut it short one morning by ripping off the roof over his head before he was up. Then, and only then, did he retreat. His exit was characterized by rather more haste than dignity. There had been a heavy fall of snow overnight, and Barney slid down the jagged slope from his window, dragging his trunk with him, in imminent peril of breaking his aged bones. That day he disappeared from Mulberry Street. I thought he was gone for good, and through the Grand Army of the Republic had set

inquiries on foot to find what had become of him, when one day I saw him from my window, standing on the opposite side of the street, key-ring in hand, and looking fixedly at what had once been the passageway to the alley, but was now a barred gap between the houses, leading nowhere. He stood there long, gazing sadly at the gateway, at the children dancing to the Italian's hand-organ, at Trilby trying to look unconcerned on the stoop, and then went his way silently, a poor castaway, and I saw him no more.

So Cat Alley, with all that belonged to it, passed out of my life. It had its faults, but it can at least be said of it, in extenuation, that it was very human. With them all it had a rude sense of justice that did not distinguish its early builders. When the work of tearing down had begun, I watched, one day, a troop of children having fun with a see-saw they had made of a plank laid across a lime barrel. The whole Irish contingent rode the plank, all at once, with screams of delight. A ragged little girl from the despised "Dago" colony watched them from the corner with hungry eyes. Big Jane, who was the leader by virtue of her thirteen years and her long reach, saw her and stopped the show.

"Here, Mame," she said, pushing one of the smaller girls from the plank, "you get off an' let her ride. Her mother was stabbed yesterday."

And the little Dago rode, and was made happy.

Jacob A. Riis in *The Battle with the Slum*

An East Side Music Hall

AN orchestra of yellow silk women and bald-headed men, on an elevated stage near the center of a great green hued hall, played a popular waltz.

The place was crowded with people grouped about little tables. A battalion of waiters slid among the throng, carrying trays of beer glasses and making change from the inexhaustible vaults of their trousers pockets. Little boys, in the costumes of French chefs, paraded up and down the irregular aisles vending fancy cakes. There was a low rumble of conversation and a subdued clinking of glasses. Clouds of tobacco smoke rolled and wavered high in air about the dull gilt of the chandeliers.

The vast crowds had an air throughout of having just quitted labor. Men with calloused hands, and attired in garments that showed the wear of an endless drudging for a living, smoked their pipes contentedly and spent five, ten, or perhaps fifteen cents for beer. There was a mere sprinkling of men who smoked cigars purchased elsewhere. The great body of the crowd was composed of people who showed that all day they strove with their hands. Quiet Germans, with maybe their wives and two or three children, sat listening to the music with the expressions of happy cows. An occasional party of sailors from a war ship, their faces pictures of sturdy health, spent the earlier hours of the evening at the small round tables. Very infrequent tipsy men, swollen with the value of their opinions, engaged their companions in earnest and confidential conversation. In the balcony, and here and there below, shone the impassive faces of women. The nationalities of the Bowery beamed upon the stage from all directions.

Pete walked aggressively up a side aisle and took seats with Maggie at a table beneath the balcony.

"Two beehs!"

Leaning back, he regarded with eyes of superiority the scene before them. This attitude affected Maggie strongly.

A man who could regard such a sight with indifference must be accustomed to very great things.

It was obvious that Pete had visited this place many times before, and was very familiar with it. A knowledge of this fact made Maggie feel little and new.

He was extremely gracious and attentive. He displayed the consideration of a cultured gentleman who knew what was due.

"Say, what's eatin' yeh! Bring d' lady a big glass! What use is dat pony?"

"Don't be fresh, now," said the waiter, with some warmth, as he departed.

"Ah, git off d' eart'!" said Pete after the other's retreating form.

Maggie perceived that Pete brought forth all his elegance and all his knowledge of high-class customs for her benefit. Her heart warmed as she reflected upon his condescension.

The orchestra of yellow silk women and bald-headed men gave vent to a few bars of anticipatory music, and a girl in a pink dress with short skirts, galloped upon the stage. She smiled upon the throng as if in acknowledgment of a warm welcome, and began to walk to and fro, making profuse gesticulations, and singing, in brazen soprano tones, a song the words of which were inaudible. When she broke into the swift rattling measures of a chorus some half-tipsy men near the stage joined in the rollicking refrain, and glasses were pounded rhythmically upon the tables. People leaned forward to watch her and to try to catch the words of the song. When she vanished there were long rollings of applause.

Obedient to more anticipatory bars, she reappeared amid the half-suppressed cheering of the tipsy men. The

orchestra plunged into dance music, and the laces of the dancer fluttered and flew in the glare of gas jets. She divulged the fact that she was attired in some half dozen skirts. It was patent that any one of them would have proved adequate for the purpose for which skirts are intended. An occasional man bent forward, intent upon the pink stockings. Maggie wondered at the splendor of the costume and lost herself in calculations of the cost of the silks and laces.

The dancer's smile of enthusiasm was turned for ten minutes upon the faces of her audience. In the finale she fell into some of those grotesque attitudes which were at the time popular among the dancers in the theaters uptown, giving to the Bowery public the diversions of the aristocratic theater-going public at reduced rates.

"Say, Pete," said Maggie, leaning forward, "dis is great."

"Sure!" said Pete, with proper complacence.

A ventriloquist followed the dancer. He held two fantastic dolls on his knees. He made them sing mournful ditties and say funny things about geography and Ireland.

"Do dose little men talk?" asked Maggie.

"Naw," said Pete, "it's some big jolly. See?"

Two girls, set down on the bills as sisters, came forth and sang a duet which is heard occasionally at concerts given under church auspices. They supplemented it with a dance which, of course, can never be seen at concerts given under church auspices.

After they had retired, a woman of debatable age sang a negro melody. The chorus necessitated some grotesque waddlings supposed to be an imitation of a plantation darky under the influence, probably, of music and the moon. The audience was just enthusiastic enough over it to have

her return and sing a sorrowful lay, whose lines told of a mother's love, and a sweetheart who waited, and a young man who was lost at sea under harrowing circumstances. From the faces of a score or so in the crowd the self-contained look faded. Many heads bent forward with eagerness and sympathy. As the last distressing sentiment of the piece was brought forth, it was greeted by the kind of applause which rings as sincere.

As a final effort, the singer rendered some verses which described a vision of Britain annihilated by America, and Ireland bursting her bonds. A carefully prepared climax was reached in the last line of the last verse, when the singer threw out her arms and cried, "The Star-spangled Banner." Instantly a great cheer swelled from the throats of this assemblage of the masses, most of them of foreign birth. There was a heavy rumble of booted feet thumping the floor. Eyes gleamed with sudden fire, and calloused hands waved frantically in the air.

After a few moments' rest, the orchestra played noisily, and a small, fat man burst out upon the stage. He began to roar a song, and to stamp back and forth before the footlights, wildly waving a silk hat and throwing leers broadcast. He made his face into fantastic grimaces until he looked like a devil on a Japanese kite. The crowd laughed gleefully. His short, fat legs were never still a moment. He shouted and roared and bobbed his shock of red wig until the audience broke out in excited applause.

Pete did not pay much attention to the progress of events upon the stage. He was drinking beer and watching Maggie.

Her cheeks were blushing with excitement and her eyes were glistening. She drew deep breaths of pleasure. No

thoughts of the atmosphere of the collar-and-cuff factory came to her.

With the final crash of the orchestra they jostled their way to the sidewalk in the crowd. Pete took Maggie's arm and pushed a way for her, offering to fight with a man or two. They reached Maggie's home at a late hour and stood for a moment in front of the gruesome doorway.

"Say, Mag," said Pete, "give us a kiss for takin' yeh t' d' show, will yer?"

Maggie laughed, as if startled, and drew away from him.

"Naw, Pete," she said, "dat wasn't in it."

"Ah, why wasn't it?" urged Pete.

The girl retreated nervously.

"Ah, go ahn!" repeated he.

Maggie darted into the hall, and up the stairs. She turned and smiled at him, then disappeared.

Pete walked slowly down the street. He had something of an astonished expression upon his features. He paused under a lamp-post and breathed a low breath of surprise.

"Gee!" he said, "I wonner if I've been played fer a duffer."

From *Maggie*, by STEPHEN CRANE

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Mulberry Bend

THE Mulberry Bend, the wicked core of the "bloody Sixth Ward," was marked for destruction, and all slumdom held its breath to see it go. With that gone, it seemed as if the old days must be gone too, never to return. There would not be another Mulberry Bend. As long as it stood, there was yet a chance. The slum had backing, as it were.

What was it like? says a man at my elbow, who never saw it. Like nothing I ever saw before, or hope ever to see again. A crooked three-acre lot built over with rotten structures that harbored the very dregs of humanity. Ordinary enough to look at from the street, but pierced by a maze of foul alleys, in the depths of which skulked the tramp and the outcast thief with loathsome wrecks that had once laid claim to the name of woman. Every foot of it reeked with incest and murder. Bandits' Roost, Bottle Alley, were names synonymous with robbery and red-handed outrage. By night, in its worst days, I have gone poking about their shuddering haunts with a policeman on the beat, and come away in a ferment of anger and disgust that would keep me awake far into the morning hours planning means of its destruction. That was what it was like. Thank God, we shall never see another such! . . .

I had been out of town and my way had not fallen through Mulberry Bend in weeks until that morning when I came suddenly upon the park that had been made there in my absence. Sod had been laid, and men were going over the lawn cutting the grass after the rain. The sun shone upon flowers and the tender leaves of young shrubs, and the smell of new-mown hay was in the air. Crowds of little Italian children shouted with delight over the "garden," while their elders sat around upon the benches with a look of contentment such as I had not seen before in that place. I stood and looked at it all, and a lump came in my throat as I thought of what it had been, and of all the weary years of battling for this. It had been such a hard fight, and now at last it was won. To me the whole battle with the slum had summed itself up in the struggle with this dark spot. . . .

In fifteen years I never knew a week to pass without a murder there, rarely a Sunday. It was the wickedest, as it was the foulest, spot in all the city. In the slum the two are interchangeable terms for reasons that are clear enough for me. But I shall not speculate about it, only state the facts. The old houses fairly reeked with outrage and violence. When they were torn down, I counted seventeen deeds of blood in that place which I myself remembered, and those I had forgotten probably numbered seven times seventeen. The district attorney connected more than a score of murders of his own recollection with Bottle Alley, the Whyó Gang's headquarters. Five years have passed since it was made into a park, and scarce a knife had been drawn or a shot fired in all that neighborhood. Only twice have I been called as a police reporter to the spot. It is not that the murder has moved to another neighborhood, for there has been no increase of violence in Little Italy or wherever else the crowd went that moved out. It is that the light has come in and made crime hideous. It is being let in wherever the slum has bred murder and robbery, bred the gang, in the past.

Jacob A. Riis in *The Battle with the Slum*

"My Vacation on the East Side"

"GREEN fields, fair forests, singing streams, pine-clad mountains, verdant vistas — from the monotony of the city to the monotony of nature. I wanted a complete change, and so I went to the East Side of New York for my vacation. That is where I have been."

Thus did our friend explain his strange disappearance and unusual absence from Boston for a whole week. For the first time since he came here from New York he had

been missing from his home, his regular haunts, such as the cafés, Jewish book-stores and the debating club, and none of those whom I asked knew whither he had betaken himself. The direct cause of his disappearance, explained Keidansky, was a railroad pass, which he had secured from a friendly editor for whom he had done some work. He went on explaining. "I wanted to break away for a while from the sameness and solemnness, the routine and respectability of this town, from my weary idleness, empty labors, and uniformity of our ideas here, so when the opportunity was available I took a little journey to the big metropolis. One becomes rusty and falls into a rut in this suburb. I was becoming so sedate, stale and quiet that I was beginning to be afraid of myself. The revolutionary spirit has somewhat subsided. Many of the comrades have gone back on their ideas, have begun to practise what they preach, to improve their conditions by going into business and into work, and I often feel lonely. Anti-imperialism, Christian Science and the New Thought are amusing; but there is not enough excitement here. Boston is not progressive; there are not enough foreigners in this city. People from many lands with all sorts of ideas and the friction that arises between them — that causes progress. New York is the place, and it is also the refuge of all radicals, revolutionaries, and good people whom the wicked old world has cast out. America, to retain its original character, must constantly be replenished by hounded refugees and victims of persecution in despotic lands. To remain lovers of freedom we must have sufferers from oppression with us. Sad commentary, this, upon our human nature; but so are nearly all commentaries upon human nature. Commentaries upon the superhuman

are tragic. New York with its Germans and Russians and Jews is a characteristic American city. Boston and other places are too much like Europe — cold, narrow and provincial. I came to Boston some time ago because I had relatives here — the last reason in the world why any one should go anywhere; but I was ignorant and superstitious in those days. I have since managed to emancipate myself, more or less, from the baneful influences of those near; but meanwhile I have established myself, have become interested in the movements and institutions of the community, and here I am. The symphony concerts, the radical movement, the library, lectures on art, the sunsets over the Charles River, the Faneuil Hall protest meetings against everything that continues to be, the literary paper published, the *Atlantic Monthly*, Gamaliel Bradford, Philip Hale and so many other fixtures of Boston have since endeared it to me and I stayed. Besides, it would cost me too much to ship all my books to New York. . . . But this time I wanted a complete change; I wanted something to move and stir me out of the given groove, the beaten path I was falling into, some excitement that would shake the cobwebs out of my brain, so I turned towards the East Side.

"They are all there, the comrades, the radicals, the red ones, and dreamers; people who are free because they own nothing. Poets, philosophers, novelists, dramatists, artists, editors, agitators, and other idle and useless beings, they form a great galaxy in the New York Ghetto. For several years, ever since I left New York, I had been receiving instruction and inspiration from them through the medium of the Yiddish and the Socialist press, where my own things often appeared beside their spirited outpourings, and now

I was overcome by an overpowering desire to meet them again, talk matters over and fight it all out. There is no sham about the East Side branch of the ancient and most honorable order of Bohemians — the little changing, moving world that is flowing with the milk of human kindness and the honey of fraternal affections, where those who live may die and those who die may live. Here among the East Side Bohemians people feel freely, act independently, speak as they think and are not at all ashamed of their feelings. They have courage. They wear their convictions in public. They do as they please, whether that pleases everybody else or not. They talk with the purpose of saying something. They write with the object of expressing their ideas. They tell the truth and shame those who do not. Hearts are warm because they own their souls. Those who really own their souls will never lose them. . . .

"I cannot tell you more, but these meetings and these talks at various times and in various places made my vacation on the East Side delightful. Then there were lectures and meetings and social gatherings of the comrades. The sun of new ideas rises on the East Side. Everywhere you meet people who are ready to fight for what they believe in and who not do believe in fighting. For a complete change and for pure air you must go among the people who think about something, have faith in something. Katz, Cahan, Gordin, Yanofsky, Zolotaroff, Harkavy, Frumkin, Krantz, Zanetkin, Zeifert, Lessin, Elisovitz, Winchevsky, Jeff, Leontief, Lipsky, Freidus, Frominson, Selikowitch, Palay, Barondess, and many other intellectual leaders, come into the cafés to pour out wisdom and drink tea, and here comes also Hutchins Hapgood to get his education. Each man bears his own

particular lantern, it is true, but each one carries a light and every one brings a man with him. . . .

"Why," added Keidansky, as a final thunderbolt,
"I have gained enough ideas on the East Side
to last me here in Boston for ten years."

BERNARD G. RICHARDS
in *Discourses of Keidansky*.
By permission

VI

FROM UNION SQUARE TO MADISON SQUARE

UNION SQUARE

WHEN night descends, electric argent lamps,
Like radiant cactus blossoms, blaze on high;
The city seems a world of warlike camps,
While Broadway with his legions thunders by.

WALTER MALONE

VI

FROM UNION SQUARE TO MADISON SQUARE

On the "Rialto"

HE was one of those wanderers who leave their homes to try their fortunes in large cities and who go from place to place with no certain means of earning a living but with a resourceful knowledge of how to support themselves from day to day. He had begun life as a hotel clerk, and had left his desk to sell tickets in the box office of a theater. Then he had gone as the "press agent" of a theatrical company "on the road," and when the failure of the company had left him "stranded" in a Western town, he had done some newspaper work, managed a news-stand in Chicago, been conductor on a street-car in St. Louis, worked in a cigar shop in Pittsburg, traveled in the cabooses of freight trains to New England, "clerked it" in Boston, and come to New York as helper to a baggage man on a passenger boat. Here, fascinated by the life of the "Rialto" — which satisfied all his restless cravings for Bohemianism and continual change — he had lived in the background of the stage world, a looker-on, playing "thinking parts," in Broadway theaters, sometimes assisting in stage management in the cheaper houses and sometimes returning to the ticket wicket of a box office. Lately he had had a "run of bad luck" and he had been left for the summer with nothing to do but this "boosting"

and "spieling" at Coney Island, or on the Bowery. He had been going the round of the employment agencies on the morning he met Don. "As soon as the theatrical season opens," he said, "I'll be all right." . . .

The "Rialto," on these August mornings, was the resort of all the actors and actresses who were still in search of an engagement for the "season"; and Don accompanied Walter Pittsey, from agency to agency, in the atmosphere of a life that was new to him. Here were the leading men of road companies, bearing themselves with an obvious "stage presence," dressed in the correct summer costume of the footlights and preserving the unreality of the stage in the very faultlessness of clothes that had the appearance of being part of a theatrical "wardrobe." Here were comedians, more or less "low," who carried a lighter manner, a necktie fluttering in the breeze, a straw hat slanted over the eyes, a hand waved in an airy greeting as they hurried by. Chorus girls of conspicuous complexions, in gowns of lace and appliqué, raised their dragging skirts to show silk petticoats of pink or green, and stared through their heavy chiffon veils at the would-be "ingénues" in their simple frocks. Soubrettes, "heavies," "general utilities" and young graduates from dramatic schools, walked haughtily past the groups of untrained and awkward beginners who had registered — as Don had — with the agent who engaged "supers." And they all passed and repassed, met and nodded, bowed and shook hands effusively, in a way that reminded Don of the students in the college corridors, meeting after their Christmas holidays, hailing friends and acknowledging acquaintances. There was the same air of camaraderie, tempered by the same marked distinction of distance in the manner of the

upper years to the lower ones; there was the same tone of social irresponsibility in the circle of a privileged life; and there was the same note of unreality and evanescence derived, in this case, from the exaggerated manner of these Bohemians who "made up" for the street as if for a stage entrance and walked in the sunshine as if it had been a calcium light.

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS in *Don-A-Dreams*

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The Art and Nature Club

"AT the Art and Nature Club you can dress as much or as little as you please, and we can get a table in a cosey corner, and afterwards sit about upstairs for an hour, for there will be music to-night. I have asked Martin Cortright to join us. It has its interesting side, this — a transplanted Englishman married to a country girl, introducing old bred-in-the-bone New Yorkers to New Manhattan."

We did not tell Miss Lavinia where we were going until we were almost there, and she was quite upset, as dining at the two or three hotels and other places affected by the Whirlpoolers implies a careful and special toilet to run the gauntlet of society reporters, for every one is somebody in one sense, though in another "nobody is really any one."

She was reassured, however, the moment that she drew her high-backed oak chair up to the table that Evan had reserved in a little alcove near the fireplace. Before the oysters arrived, and Martin Cortright appeared to fill the fourth seat, she had completely relaxed, and was beaming at the brass jugs and pottery beakers ranged along a shelf above the dark wainscot, and at the general company,

while the warmth from the fire logs gave her really a very pretty color, and she began to question Martin as to who all these people, indicating the rapidly filling up tables, were. But Martin gazed serenely about and confessed he did not know.

The people came singly, or in twos and threes, men and women together or alone, a fact at which Miss Lavinia greatly marvelled. Greetings were exchanged, and there was much visiting from table to table, as if the footing was that of a private house.

"Nice-looking people," said Miss Lavinia, meditatively scrutinizing the room through her lorgnette without a trace of snobbery in her voice or attitude, yet I was aware that she was mentally drawing herself apart. "Some of them quite unusual, but there is not a face here that I ever saw in society. Are they members of the Club? Where do they come from? Where do they live?"

Evan's lips shut together a moment before he answered, and I saw a certain steely gleam in his eye that I always regarded as a danger signal.

"Perhaps they might ask the same question about you," he answered; "though they are not likely to, their world is so much broader. They are men and women chiefly having an inspiration, an art or craft, or some vital reason for living besides the mere fact that it has become a habit. They are none of them rich enough to be disagreeable or feel that they own the right to trample on their fellows. They all live either in or near New York, as best suits their means, vocations, and temperaments. Men and women together, they represent, as well as a gathering can, the hopeful spirit of our New York of New Manhattan that does not grovel to mere money power."

Miss Lavinia seemed a little abashed, but Martin Cortright, who had been a silent observer until now, said: "It surprises me to see fraternity of this sort in the midst of so many institutions of specialized exclusiveness and the decadence of clubs that used to be veritable brotherhoods by unwise expansion. I like the general atmosphere, it seems cheerful, and, if one may blend the terms, conservatively Bohemian."

"Come upstairs before the music begins, so that we can get comfortably settled in the background, that I may tell you who some of these 'unknown-to-Whirlpool-society' people are. You may be surprised," said Evan to Miss Lavinia, who had by this time finished her coffee.

The rooms were cheerful with artistic simplicity. The piano had been moved from the lounging room into the picture gallery opposite to where a fine stained-glass window was exhibited, backed by electric lights.

We stowed ourselves away in a deep seat, shaped something like an old-fashioned school form, backed and cushioned with leather, to watch the audience gather. Every phase of dress was present, from the ball gown to the rainy weather skirt, and enough of each grade to keep one another in countenance. About half the men wore evening suits, but those who did not were completely at their ease.

There was no regular ushering to seats, but every one was placed easily and naturally. Evan, who had Miss Lavinia in charge, was alert, and rather, it seemed to me, on the defensive; but though Martin asked questions, he was comfortably soothing, and seemed to take in much at a glance.

That short man with the fine head, white hair and beard, aquiline nose, and intense eyes is not only a poet, but the first American critic of pure literature. He lives out of town, but comes to the city daily for a certain stimulus. The petite woman with the pretty color who has crossed the room to speak to him is the best known writer of New England romance. That shy-looking fellow standing against the curtain at your right, with the brown mustache and broad forehead, is the New England sculptor whose forcible creations are known everywhere, yet he is almost shrinkingly modest, and he never, it seems, even in thought, has broken the injunction of "Let another praise thee, not thine own lips."

Half a dozen promising painters are standing in the doorway talking to a young woman who, beginning with newspaper work, has stepped suddenly into a niche of fiction. The tall, loose-jointed man at the left of the group, the editor of a conservative monthly, has for his vis-à-vis the artist who has had so much to do with the redemption of American architecture and decoration from the mongrel period of the middle century. Another night you may not see a single one of these faces, but another set, yet equally interesting.

Meanwhile Martin Cortright had discovered a man, a financier and also a book collector of prominence, who was reputed to have a complete set of some early records that he had long wished to consult; he had never found a suitable time for meeting him, as the man, owing to having been oftentime the prey of both unscrupulous dealers and parasitic friends, was esteemed difficult.

Infected by the freedom of his surroundings, Martin plucked up courage and spoke to him, the result being

an interchange of cards, book talk, and an invitation to visit the library.

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT in *People of the Whirlpool*

Mannahatta

I WAS asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon, lo! up sprang the aboriginal name.
Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd,
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft,

The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river, passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and shows,
A million people — manners free and superb — open voices — hospitality — the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

WALT WHITMAN

A Philistine in Bohemia

GEORGE WASHINGTON, with his right arm upraised, sits his iron horse at the lower corner of Union Square, forever signalling the Broadway cars to stop as they round the curve into Fourteenth Street. But the cars buzz on, heedless, as they do at the beck of a private citizen, and the great General must feel, unless his nerves are iron, that rapid transit *gloria mundi*.

Should the General raise his left hand as he has raised his right it would point to a quarter of the city that forms a haven for the oppressed and suppressed of foreign lands. In the cause of national or personal freedom they have found a refuge here, and the patriot who made it for them sits his steed, overlooking their district, while he listens through his left ear to vaudeville that caricatures the posterity of his protégés. Italy, Poland, the former Spanish possessions and the polyglot tribes of Austria-Hungary

have spilled here a thick lather of their effervescent sons.

Kate Dempsey's mother kept a furnished-room house in this oasis of the aliens. The business was not profitable. If the two scraped together enough to meet the landlord's agent on rent day and negotiate for the ingredients of a daily Irish stew they called it success. Often the stew lacked both meat and potatoes. Sometimes it became as bad as consommé with music.

In this mouldy old house Katy waxed plump and pert and wholesome and as beautiful and freckled as a tiger lily. She was the good fairy who was guilty of placing the damp, clean towels and cracked pitchers of freshly laundered Croton in the lodgers' rooms.

You are informed (by virtue of the privileges of astronomical discovery) that the star lodger's name was Mr. Brunelli. His wearing a yellow tie and paying his rent promptly distinguished him from the other lodgers. His raiment was splendid, his complexion olive, his mustache fierce, his manners a prince's, his rings and pins as magnificent as those of a travelling dentist. . . .

"Sure, I like him," said Katy. "He's more politeness than twinty candidates for Alderman, and he makes me feel like a queen whin he walks at me side. But what is he, I dinno? I've me suspicions. The marnin' 'll coom whin he'll throt out the picture av his baronial halls and ax to have the week's rint hung up in the ice chist along wid all the rist of 'em."

"'Tis thrue," admitted Mrs. Dempsey, "that he seems to be a sort iv a Dago, and too coolchured in his spache for a rale gintleman. But ye may be misjudgin' him. Ye should niver suspect any wan of bein' of noble

descint that pays cash and pathronizes the laundry rig'-lar."

"He's the same thricks of spakin' and blarneyin' wid his hands," sighed Katy, "as the Frinch nobleman at Mrs. Toole's that ran away wid Mr. Toole's Sunday pants and left the photograph of the Bastile, his grandfather's chat-taw, as security for tin weeks' rint."

Mr. Brunelli continued his calorific wooing. Katy continued to hesitate. One day he asked her out to dine, and she felt that a dénouement was in the air. While they are on their way, with Katy in her best muslin, you must take as an entr'acte a brief peep at New York's Bohemia.

'Tonio's restaurant is in Bohemia. The very location of it is secret. If you wish to know where it is ask the first person you meet. He will tell you in a whisper. 'Tonio discountenances custom; he keeps his house-front black and forbidding; he gives you a pretty bad dinner; he locks his door at the dining hour; but he knows spaghetti as the boarding-house knows cold veal; and — he has deposited many dollars in a certain Banco di — something with many gold vowels in the name on its windows.

To this restaurant Mr. Brunelli conducted Katy. The house was dark and the shades were lowered; but Mr. Brunelli touched an electric button by the basement door, and they were admitted.

Along a long, dark, narrow hallway they went and then through a shining and spotless kitchen that opened directly upon a back yard.

The walls of houses hemmed three sides of the yard; a high, broad fence, surrounded by cats, the other. A wash of clothes was suspended high upon a line stretched from

diagonal corners. Those were property clothes, and were never taken in by 'Tonio. They were there that wits with defective pronunciation might make puns in connection with the ragout. . . .

Mr. Brunelli escorted Katy to a little table embowered with shrubbery in tubs, and asked her to excuse him for a while.

Katy sat enchanted by a scene so brilliant to her. The grand ladies, in splendid dresses and plumes and sparkling rings; the fine gentlemen who laughed so loudly, the cries of "Garsong!" and "We, monseer," and "Hello, Mame!" that distinguish Bohemia; the lively chatter, the cigarette smoke, the interchange of bright smiles and eye-glances — all this display and magnificence overpowered the daughter of Mrs. Dempsey and held her motionless.

Mr. Brunelli stepped into the yard and seemed to spread his smile and bow over the entire company. And everywhere there was a great clapping of hands and a few cries of "Bravo!" and "'Tonio! 'Tonio!" whatever those words might mean. Ladies waved their napkins at him, gentlemen almost twisted their necks off, trying to catch his nod.

When the ovation was concluded Mr. Brunelli, with a final bow, stepped nimbly into the kitchen and flung off his coat and waistcoat.

Flaherty, the nimblest "garsong" among the waiters, had been assigned to the special service of Katy. She was a little faint from hunger, for the Irish stew on the Dempsey table had been particularly weak that day. Delicious odors from unknown dishes tantalized her. And Flaherty began to bring to her table course after course of ambrosial food that the gods might have pronounced excellent.

But even in the midst of her Lucullian repast Katy laid down her knife and fork. Her heart sank as lead, and a tear fell upon her *filet mignon*. Her haunting suspicions of the star lodger arose again, fourfold. Thus courted and admired and smiled upon by that fashionable and gracious assembly, what else could Mr. Brunelli be but one of those dazzling titled patricians, glorious of name but shy of rent money, concerning whom experience had made her wise? With a sense of his ineligibility growing within her there was mingled a torturing conviction that his personality was becoming more pleasing to her day by day. And why had he left her to dine alone? . . .

At last the company thinned, leaving but few couples and quartettes lingering over new wine and old stories. And then came Mr. Brunelli to Katy's secluded table, and drew a chair close to hers.

Katy smiled at him dreamily. She was eating the last spoonful of a raspberry roll with Burgundy sauce.

"You have seen!" said Mr. Brunelli, laying one hand upon his collar bone. "I am Antonio Brunelli! Yes; I am the great 'Tonio! You have not suspect that! I loave you, Katy, and you shall marry with me. Is it not so? Call me 'Antonio,' and say that you will be mine."

Katy's head dropped to the shoulder that was now freed from all suspicion of having received the knightly accolade.

"Oh, Andy," she sighed, "this is great! Sure, I'll marry wid ye. But why didn't ye tell me ye was the cook? I was near turnin' ye down for being one of thim foreign counts!"

O. Henry in *The Voice of the City*

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At the Old Bull's Head, 1878

NEW YORKERS who were of the rising generation twenty-five and thirty years ago, recall a burly phrase, now obsolete, then passing current in the gossip of their elders; as when some retailer of scandal would say: "But you mayn't tell So-and-so of it, or it will be known before night from Bull's Head to the Battery." Many whose ears were wonted to this phrase in childhood, never understood its local origin and literal meaning. Yet for a hundred and fifty years, Bull's Head Tavern with its cattle-market had been one of the institutions of Manhattan, — the main outpost of the city in its steady march northward to the Harlem River.

Respect for the pleading relics of the past is growing in New York, if even one out of a thousand journeying every quarter hour on Third Avenue, sees anything to awaken a pleasant thought at Twenty-Fourth Street, where, looking westward, the eye is arrested by two long rows of mostly mean, low stables bordering a badly paved and littered street, before it can reach a charming background picture formed of the foliage and stately edifices of Madison Square. Turning eastward more stables form an unpleasant foreground to the sail-studded waters of the East River. There on the northwest corner stands the presiding genius of this unkempt scene, Old Bull's Head Tavern, brown, angular and homely. Only an etching could catch the elusive charm of this weather-beaten structure. The more minutely it is described, the homelier it will appear.

In the earlier periods of new communities, the old butchers' association had the pompous airs of an Antwerp Guild. In all civic festivals it was an indispensable factor,

and took a prominent part in the great federal procession of July 23, 1788.

Bull's Head Tavern advanced gradually to its present position in Twenty-Fourth Street. A little more than two hundred years ago, when Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg thumped across the floors of the Stadt Huys in Whitehall, the livestock market adjoined Trinity churchyard. Years afterward a drover's inn was built at the gates of the city, on the present site of the Astor House, where from 1720 till 1740 Adam Van der Bergh, a genial host, discussed cattle and small ale with the drovers. Bull's Head in the Bowery, with Stephen Carpenter as host, and standing where the Bowery Theater now is, was the last halting place for the stages, before the gallant six were whipped down Chatham Square and up Chatham Street to enter the city with dash and clatter. . . .

About the year 1825 the butchers' association purchased two blocks of ground on Twenty-Fourth Street between Third and Lexington Avenues, and converted the space into cattle yards, Thomas Swift of Poughkeepsie at the same time building Bull's Head Tavern. He was not a successful tavern keeper and rented the hostelry to David Valentine. The latter also abdicated about 1820 in favor of Daniel Drew. The reign of "Uncle Dan'l," as he was called, was the golden age at Bull's Head. The old sign-board swung from a post at the corner of the street, and underneath it hung the cheerful dinner bell. A low Dutch stable stood beyond, and in front of this a wooden pump and trough. Cattle pens filled the remaining space to Lexington Avenue and also the opposite side of the street.

At that time Third Avenue was macadamized from Eighth Street to Spark's Four Mile House at Sixtieth

Street, the two miles between the latter being the finest drive on Manhattan Island. . . .

In 1848, the cattle market was warned by the encroaching population to move on. When the butchers and drovers withdrew from Bull's Head in Twenty-Fourth Street, the horse-dealers eagerly took possession, making it the equine capital of this continent, and perhaps of the world.

C. C. Buel

Scribner's Monthly, January, 1879

The Social Map

AMONG the many peculiarities which contribute to make New York unlike other cities is the construction of what may be called its social map. As in the puzzles used in teaching children geography, all the pieces are of different shapes, different sizes and different colors; but they fit neatly together in the compact whole though the lines which define each bit are distinctly visible, especially when the map has been long used by the industrious child. What calls itself society everywhere else calls itself society in New York also, but whereas in European cities one instinctively speaks of the social scale, one familiar with New York people will be much more inclined to speak of the social map. I do not mean to hint that society here exists on a dead level, but the absence of tradition, of all acknowledged precedents and of all outward and perceptible distinctions makes it quite impossible to define the position of any one set in regard to another by the ordinary scale of superiority or inferiority. In London or Paris, for instance, ambitious persons are spoken of as climbing; in New York it would be more correct to speak of them as migrating or attempting to migrate from one social field

to the next. It is impossible to imagine fields real or metaphorical yielding more different growths under the same sky.

F. Marion Crawford in *Marion Darche*

To the Farragut Statue

To live a hero, then to stand
In bronze serene above the city's throng;
Hero at sea, and now on land
Revered by thousands as they rush along;

If these were all the gifts of fame —
To be a shade amid alert reality,
And win a statue and a name —
How cold and cheerless immortality!

But when the sun shines in the Square,
And multitudes are swarming in the street,
Children are always gathered there,
Laughing and playing round the hero's feet.

And in the crisis of the game —
With boyish grit and ardor it is played —
You'll hear some youngster call his name:
"The Admiral — he never was afraid!"

And so the hero daily lives,
And boys grow braver as the Man they see!
The inspiration that he gives
Still helps to make them loyal, strong, and free!

Robert Bridges in *Bramble Brae*

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Madison Square Garden

IF there is any more beautiful temple of pleasure in the world than Madison Square Garden, it must be in some of the undiscovered regions, for it has not yet been seen by civilized men trying to forget civilization.

What forms of amusement has the New Yorker not seen in this microcosm? Here he is brought as a child to see the Greatest Show on Earth on a greater scale than in any tent — though not so easy to crawl under. Here the menagerie has overwhelmed him with its animals almost as fearful and wonderful as the menagerie of adjectives Tony Hamilton has gathered out of the backwoods of the dictionary. That complicated, noisy menagerie smell has dislocated his nose, as later the three-ring circus has dislocated his eyes.

Playing so important a part in the New York child's education, it is small wonder he loves it when he is grown. And it grows with him; for when the circus is over, he goes to the Dog Show, and gets deliciously frightened out of his wits by the barking of a thousand canines, leaping and tugging at their chains, and thrusting their heads out to bite, or, what is worse, to lather him with their impartial tongues. His little sister is taken to the Cat Show, where the priceless Angoras doze and purr, and where the town's practical joker, Bryan G. Hughes, once took first prize with a common tomcat picked up in the gutter. Once a year the Garden calls in all the country cousins and the farmers, real or amateur, to see the Poultry Show, where lovers of the Plymouth Rock can quarrel with the devotees of the Brahma and the Cochin China, and where the gamecocks and the featherweight bantams challenge one another to mortal combat all day long in safety.

When the New Yorker grows older he probably joins a regiment — Squadron A, or the Seventh if he has the price — one of the others otherwise. The Military Tournament draws him to the Garden next, and his heart jounces as he sees the cavalryman running alongside his bareback horses, four abreast, and, as they take a hurdle, vaulting across three loping steeds and flouncing squarely on the fourth horse, but facing toward the tail. There he will see the artillery teams come dashing round the oval, swirling the tanbark in clouds as they slidder on a sharp turn and nicely drive between the narrow posts. There the New Yorker's ears crackle from the musketry and cannonade of the sham battles. Each of the regiments is represented in the opening review, and then the Canadians stalk in in khaki and the gorgeous Highlanders, with their squealing bagpipes, flaunt their tartans.

In this big space the New Yorker has seen the charge up San Juan Hill done in miniature, and the tears came to his eyes as the boys swung past chanting, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." It was at "The Wild West Show" he saw this, for the show has other things to tempt the spectator weary of Indians. But who can ever weary of the tame savages in their outrageous make-up, or the old Deadwood stagecoach that goes round and round, pursued by Indians shooting it full of paper wads and falling off to the ground as they themselves die twice a day from an overdose of blank cartridges?

The famous six-day bicycle race takes place here annually, and all night long the benches are crowded with enthusiasts watching the jaded riders pumping away on their eternal treadles. The yellow journals picture them as going mad with fatigue, but in reality they bear the grind

with amazing indifference, except when a spectator offers a cash prize for a short race; then they brighten up and flash round like demons. They seem always to keep one more spurt up their sleeves.

Then there's the Sportsmen's Show, and the building becomes a great landscape, with all manner of wild places condensed into one medley. This year one end was a range of mountains with real trees and real streams of real water. The water turned two old-fashioned wheels and then cascaded into a big lake in the center. One end of the lake was thick with all manner of waterfowl, and in another part was a fish hatchery, where trout went to school from the day of their birth to their day of readiness for a frying-pan diploma. . . .

RUPERT HUGHES in *The Real New York*

Copyright, 1904

A Song of City Traffic

I HAVE heard the roar and clamor through the city's crowded ways
Of the never-ending pageant moving down the busy days —
Coaches, wagons, hearses, engines, clanging cars, and thundering drays!

I have watched them moving past me as the day began to dawn;
I have watched them creeping onward when the sun's last light was gone.
Like a serpent long and sinuous, gliding on, and on, and on.

Never, since I can remember, has this long procession ceased;

Rather has the surging torrent ever lengthened and increased,
And the human traffic changed not — prince and beggar, fool and priest.

They have marched, and still are marching, through the city's wilderness —
O the sadness of their going who shall know or who shall guess?
Prophet, lady, sage, and merchant, cap-and-bells in wisdom's dress!

Ah! poor throngs of the great city, drops within that mighty stream,
When the night descends upon you and the streets are all agleam,
Of some distant hills of silence do your worn hearts never dream?

When the brazen voice of traffic and the loud call of the mart
Strangle all the hope within you, bruise your soul and break your heart,
Do you think of some far valley where life plays another part?

Sometimes in your startled slumbers, ere the morn comes up again,
Do you dream of some blue mountain or some wonderful green glen,
Where the silver voice of silence calls the weary world of men?

Or perhaps you dream, as I do, of the quiet woodland ways;
But the long procession lures you through the fleeting nights and days,
And you miss the old, old beauty for which still your spirit prays;

Miss it all, and, missing, weep not; join once more the bands of trade,
Join again the city's tumult, that long clamoring parade —
Join once more the foolish struggle which not God, but man, has made!

Losing love and losing friendship, making life but wounds and scars·
Missing beauty and calm rapture, and the shelter of the stars —
Poor, sad mortals, hearing only noise of wheels and clang of cars!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

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A Bird's-Eye View from the Waldorf

ON the first morning I got up and went to my eighth-story window: New York was spread out in bright sunshine below. Never have I seen a city more hideous or more splendid. Uncouth, formless, piebald, chaotic, it yet stamps itself upon you as the most magnificent embodiment of Titanic energy and force.

The foreground of my picture was a lightning-conductor, sweeping down from some dizzy, unimagined height aslant to the street below. Beneath was a wing of the Waldorf;

on the left a deep, silent courtyard, whence some pittance of air and light filtered into the lower floors; on the right a huge skeleton of iron girders that is to fill out into yet another gigantic branch of this gigantic hotel. Beyond lay the red, flat, sloping roofs of two streets of houses four or five-storyed, with trees straggling up to the light between them: this might have been a bit of Bloomsbury. Beyond these, shutting out the direct front, rose to double their height the great, square, dirty white-and-yellow back of a huge Broadway store; the blind-looking windows and outside iron stairs contradicted the comfortable Bloomsbury streets with a suggestion of overcrowding and squalor. To the right of this, half-covered with creepers, a little church cocked a squat Gothic spire at heaven. To the left was a peep of Broadway, with cable cars ceaselessly gliding to and fro; right on top of them, as it seemed, the trains of the Elevated Road puffed and rattled in endless succession. Just over the iron fretwork peeped a little blue shop and a little red shop side by side; elbowing them a big greenish theater, and beyond that again a great white block of business houses with a broad blue band of advertisements across its dead side. Emerging above that, another street; beyond that, another square block of windows; a clock-tower; then in a shapeless brown jumble the city stretches out to the steely band of the Hudson and the pale green hills of New Jersey beyond.

Walk down town towards the business quarter — if one part is the business quarter any more than another: the impression is everywhere the same. The very buildings cry aloud of struggling, almost savage, unregulated strength. No street is laid out as part of a system, no building as an architectural unit in a street. Nothing is given to beauty;

everything centers in hard utility. It is the outward expression of the freest, fiercest individualism. The very houses are alive with the instinct of competition, and strain each one to overtop its neighbors. Seeing it, you can well understand the admiration of an American for something ordered and proportioned — for the Rue de Rivoli or Regent Street. Fine buildings, of course, New York has in every pure and cross-bred style of architecture under the sun. Most are suggestions of the Italian Renaissance, as is the simple yet rich and stately Produce Exchange, built of terra-cotta and red brick of a warmer, and yet less impudent, red than ours. In this lives the spirit of the best Florentine models. Fifth Avenue is lined with such fine buildings — here rococo, there a fine Gothic cathedral, then, again a hint of Byzantine, or a dandy suggestion of Mauresque.

Indeed, architects here appear far more awake to what is beautiful than ours. Working on the old models, they seldom fail to impart a suggestion of originality. You will hardly find an eyesore like the new Admiralty in New York. But too many of the best buildings are half wasted for want of space and place. The Produce Exchange has nearly half its front cut off by a row of steamship offices. Many of the most ambitious buildings in narrow Wall Street are so high that it would break any man's neck to look to the top of them. Each for himself is the motto of New York building, and confusion takes the hindmost and the foremost, the topmost and the whole jumble. No man could do its architecture justice unless he had a pair of eyes in the top and the back and both sides of his head, with a squint in each of them.

The city stretches north from Battery Point, between the

East River and the Hudson, so that it is over thirteen miles long by about three wide. The best way to see it as a whole, therefore, is from some such point as the Brooklyn Bridge, whence I have seen it at night, stretched out in front of a rosy sunset that bathed even New York in softness. From that point the low red houses sloping up from the waterside looked like a carpet for the giants to tread upon. These skyscraping monsters stretched in a jagged backbone along the central northern line of the city — mere white frames for windows, most of them appear — square, hard outlines, four times as high as they are broad, with regular rows on rows of casements as close as the squares in a chessboard.

G. W. Steevens in
The Land of the Dollar

VII

FROM MADISON SQUARE THROUGH CENTRAL PARK

'TWAS a summery day in the last of May —
Pleasant in sun or shade;
And the hours went by, as the poets say,
Fragrant and fair on their flowery way;
And a hearse crept slowly through Broadway,
And the Fountain gaily play'd.

N. P. Willis

VII

FROM MADISON SQUARE THROUGH CENTRAL PARK

The Architecture of New York

THIS is the first sensation of life in New York — you feel that the Americans have practically added a new dimension to space. They move almost as much on the perpendicular as on the horizontal plane. When they find themselves a little crowded, they simply tilt a street on end and call it a skyscraper. This hotel, for example (the Waldorf-Astoria), is nothing but a couple of populous streets soaring up into the air instead of crawling along the ground. When I was here in 1877, I remember looking with wonder at the *Tribune* building, hard by the Post Office, which was then considered a marvel of architectural daring. Now it is dwarfed into absolute insignificance by a dozen Cyclopean structures on every hand. It looks as diminutive as the Adelphi Terrace in contrast with the Hotel Cecil. I am credibly informed that in some of the huge down-town buildings they run "express" elevators, which do not stop before the fifteenth, eighteenth, twentieth floor, as the case may be. Some such arrangement seems very necessary, for the elevator *Bummelzugs*, which stop at every floor, take

quite an appreciable slice out of the average New York day. I wonder that American ingenuity has not provided a system of pneumatic passenger-tubes for lightning communication with these aërial suburbs, these "mansions in the sky."

The achitecture of New York, according to Mr. Steevens, is "the outward expression of the freest, fiercest individualism. . . . Seeing it, you can well understand the admiration of an American for something ordered and proportioned — for the Rue de Rivoli or Regent Street." I heard this admiration emphatically expressed the other day by one of the foremost and most justly famous of American authors; but, unlike Mr. Steevens, I could not understand it. "What!" I said, "you would Haussmannise New York! You would reduce the glorious variety of Fifth Avenue to the deadly uniformity of the Avenue de l'Opera, where each block of buildings reproduces its neighbour, as though they had all been stamped by one gigantic die!" Such an architectural ideal is inconceivable to me. It is all very well for a few short streets, for a square or two, for a quadrant like that of Regent Street, or a crescent or circus like those of Bath or Edinburgh. But to apply it throughout a whole quarter of a city, or even throughout the endless vistas of a great American street, would be simply maddening. Better the most heaven-storming or skyscraping audacity of individualism than any attempt to transform New York into a Fourierist phalanstery or a model prison. I do not doubt that there will one day be some legal restriction on Towers of Babel, and that the hygienic disadvantages of the microbe-breeding "well" or air-shaft will be more fully recognised than they are at present. A time may come, too, when the ideal

of an unforced harmony in architectural groupings may replace the now dominant instinct of aggressive diversity. But whatever developments the future may have in store, I must own my gratitude to the "fierce individualism" of the present for a new realisation of the possibilities of architectural beauty in modern life. At almost every turn in New York, one comes across some building that gives one a little shock of pleasure. Sometimes, indeed, it is the pleasure of recognising an old friend in a new place —a patch of Venice or a chunk of Florence transported bodily to the New World. The exquisite tower of the Madison Square Garden, for instance, is modelled on that of the Giralda, at Seville; while the new University Club, on Fifth Avenue, is simply a Florentine fortress-palace of somewhat disproportionate height. But along with a good deal of sheer reproduction of European models, one finds a great deal of ingenious and inventive adaptation, to say nothing of a very delicate taste in the treatment of detail. New York abounds, it is true, with monuments of more than one bygone and detestable period of architectural fashion, but they are as distinctly survivals from a dead past as is the wooden shanty which occupies one of the best sites on Fifth Avenue, in the very shadow of the new Delmonico's. I wish tasteless, conventional and machine-made architecture were as much of a "back-number" in England as it is here. A practised observer could confidently date any prominent building in New York to within a year or two, by its architectural merit; and the greater the merit the later the year.

In short, architecture is here a living art.

WILLIAM ARCHER in *America To-day*

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The Tenderloin

THERE is a West Side as well as an East Side, where pauperized Americans live in brick shanties, where negroes and poor whites and Irish-Americans gather in forlorn quarters, and where poverty, crime, and disease are almost as prevalent as elsewhere in the city. Moreover, right through the heart of the Upper City, between the two dismal Sides, cuts that Great White Way, which has for its high-light the district known as "The Tenderloin" — a feature truly enough American, and not the less of a blotch and a patch on the city because illuminated by electricity, and made gaudy by the extravagance of the foolish. . . .

The Great White Way is the place where the rapid career usually begins, and the East Side is often the place of its ending. For the processes of degeneracy may finally land the one-time habitué of "The Tenderloin" into the pitiless precincts of the Bowery, or the darkness of the Mott Street opium-joints. "The Tenderloin" is always full of evil promise. Here is where crime is born and brought to maturity. Here is where the police throw out their first drag-net for the defaulter, the embezzler, the forger, the well-dressed thief. Most of the race-track, the pool-room, the bucket-shop people belong here; and confidence men, badger-game men, with pickpockets and ordinary swindlers, are always in its offing, keeping a weather-eye open for prey. The gay ladies sooner or later become the stool-pigeons of the swindlers and help them in their hawking. Such criminals as these seem more cunning than brutal, but perhaps they are more dangerous for that very reason. The police have to keep them on the blotter

all the time. "The Tenderloin" is perhaps under stricter surveillance than the Bowery and its purlieus.

J. C. Van Dyke in *The New New York*

When the Owls First Blinked Election News

BROADWAY cable-cars and elevated trains poured their hordes into the open spaces on election night. There were thousands massed in Herald Square; an enormous crowd in Madison Square, confused, uproarious. Here and there, razzle-dazzle duets and trios wandered up and down the thoroughfare, celebrating on more or less unsteady feet the day's victory for reform. The intensity of feeling in any election is usually indicated by the amount of intoxication among the voters. There was more than the usual number of plain and ornamental drunks on the streets that night. The good-natured crowd seemed for the hour to have dropped the attitude of reserve and suspicion, and to have adopted a carnival readiness to be gay, or at least more or less excited, with any comer. And unless the enthusiasm was distinctly overpitched the police made no attempt to interfere with the hilarious privileges of the people.

The Bowery was crowded with Tammany voters who strolled along in an endless stream, gossiping and talking over the defeat of the day, between times cursing the intricate ballot system.

Grand Street was brilliant from end to end, and every young man with a good social bent promenaded the street with his best girl or stood in the great crushes around the bulletin boards. It was a great night for the little boys and the bonfires. Every street was ablaze with flaming pyramids of light around which flitted small and ragged, or

sturdy and well-dressed, gnomes, who piled on barrels, boxes, and boards, even election booths stolen from both parties. The lofty tenements stood out in bold relief or faded into flickering shadows, their fire-escapes crowded with silent spectators.

From the wider streets off Herald Square the yellow light of these big fires fell on and mellowed the ornamented façade of the building which was the focus of interest, the beautiful old-world palace housing the newspaper which had its beginnings sixty years ago in a Wall Street cellar, — not a basement but a genuine cellar, — with an office equipment of a broken chair and a board over two flour barrels.

The unique feature of the night's display of election news was the blinking of the owls on the Herald Building's roof. The birds, solemn, imperturbably sitting in rows on the roof, had an air of wisdom about them far out of the ordinary as they sent out the tidings of who had carried the state and who had swept the city. The novel idea had captured the town and a vast army wanted to see how this ingenious application of electricity worked. Suddenly the light flashed in the owls' eyes; then it died out. Then it flashed again; that was all. "Two blinks: — Republicans running ahead in the state." A minute passed; the owls blinked twice again. Another minute passed. They blinked twice more; that made three pair of blinks. What did it mean? Scores had the key to the signals pasted in their hats. The key said: "Any of the signals repeated three times at intervals of a minute will indicate that the result is certain." And the stereopticon professor threw a portrait of New York's next Governor on the screen while the crowd hurrahed. The Bulletins brought out cheers, but the owls were the favorites.

And through it all, overhead, below the great bronze statue of Minerva, the Wise Woman — without a vote — the figures of heroic workmen swung their great bronze hammers with a calm precision disturbed by no storm of nature about, or noise of men below — and above them eternal Wisdom sang: —

"Year after year I see them come
To toil and triumph — or martyrdom.
I see them come and I see them pass,
To sleep and silence and graveyard grass,
And the ebb and flow of that restless sea,
Its storms and its surges, are naught to me.
And I calmly weave the eternal rhyme
And beat it out on the bell of Time."

Condensed from current articles in *The New York Herald*

Three Days of Terror, 1863

EVERYTHING looked hot, glaring, and artificial, and everybody looked shabby, jaded, and careworn. An overworked horse dropped dead in the street before me, and I was glad to take refuge for a time in the Astor Library.

Returning thence at mid-day I first saw signs of disturbance. A squad of policemen passed before me into Third Avenue, clerks were looking eagerly from the doors, and men whispering in knots all up and down the street; but I was too much a stranger to be certain that these appearances were unusual, though they annoyed me so much that I crossed at once to Second Avenue, along which I pursued my way peacefully, and once at home thought no more of it. We were indulging ourselves in siestas after our noonday lunch, when a great roaring suddenly burst

upon our ears — a howling as of thousands of wild Indians let loose at once; and before we could look out and collect our thoughts at all the cry arose from every quarter, "The mob! the mob!" "The Irish have risen to resist the draft!"

In a second my head was out of the window, and I saw it with my own eyes. We were on a cross-street between First and Second Avenues. First Avenue was crowded as far as we could see it with thousands of infuriated creatures, yelling, screaming and swearing in the most frantic manner; while crowds of women, equally ferocious, were leaning from every door and window, swinging aprons and handkerchiefs, and cheering and urging them onward. The rush and roar grew every moment more terrific. Up came fresh hordes faster and more furious; bareheaded men, with red, swollen faces, brandishing sticks and clubs, or carrying heavy poles and beams; and boys, women, and children hurrying on and joining with them in this mad chase up the avenue like a company of raging fiends. . . . The armory on Twenty-second Street was broken open, sacked, and fired, and the smoke and flames rolled up directly behind us. . . .

But another day had come, Wednesday, July 15th. A long, bright, blazing midsummer day was before us. There was little change in the aspect of affairs without. The city was not all burned down, we found. The newspapers were still alive, and insisting that more troops were on hand and the mob checked; but we saw no signs of it. The morning indeed passed more quietly. The rioters were resting from the labors of the night; but business was not resumed, and swarms of idle men still hung about the streets and stores. No cars were running in the

avenues, no carts in the streets. No milkmen came, and no meat-men, and not a soldier or policeman showed his head. . . .

The day, though quieter than the preceding, was far more irksome. The brick walls and glaring streets, the heat, confusion, and confinement were intolerably wearisome. The sun blazed more and more fiercely. The stillness was oppressive and ominous. It seemed the calm before a storm. Already clouds was gathering in the horizon. As night approached we heard drums beating and gangs of rioters marched up their favorite avenue. The whole population bestirred itself at once. Men, women, and children rushed out cheering and clamoring, some hurrying on with the crowd, some hanging around the corner. Many soon returned, laden with spoil — bedding, clothing, and furniture. The crowd increased rapidly in the street and around the liquor store. Great excitement prevailed. There was loud talking, with fierce gestures. Some ran thither with fire-arms, some with poles and boards. Then someone shouted, "They are coming!" and a small band of soldiers appeared marching up our street. The mob seemed to swell into vast dimensions, and densely filled the whole street before them. Hundreds hurried out on the house-tops, tore up brickbats, and hurled them with savage howls at the approaching soldiers. Shots were fired from secret ambushes, and soldiers fell before they had fired. Then they charged bravely into the mob, but their force was wholly inadequate. One small howitzer and a company of extemporized militia could do little against those raging thousands. A fierce conflict raged before our eyes. With breathless interest we watched them from door and windows. We feared the

soldiers would be swallowed up and annihilated. Some now appeared in sight with a wounded officer and several wounded men, looking from side to side for shelter. Their eyes met ours with mute appeal. There was no time to be lost; the mob might any moment be upon them. There was a moment's consultation, a hasty reference to J., an unhesitating response: "Yes, by all means"; we beckoned them in, and in they came. Doors and windows were at once closed, and the house became a hospital, and seemed filled with armed men. The wounded men were carried into my brother's room; the Colonel was laid on the bed, and the others propped up with pillows. There were a few moments of great commotion and confusion. We flew for fans, ice-water, and bandages. Some of the soldiers went out into the fight again, and some remained with the wounded. A surgeon, who had volunteered as a private under his old commander, dressed the wounds of the sufferers. The Colonel was severely wounded in the thigh by a slug made of a piece of lead pipe, producing a compound fracture. The wounds of two others, though less dangerous, were severe and painful. . . . Twilight was now upon us and night rapidly approaching; we were open to attack at once from the front and the rear, the roof, the front basement and the balcony above it; resistance was hopeless, could only make the case worse, and must not be attempted. Not only so but all signs of the presence of soldiers must be removed. Arms, military apparel and bloody clothing were concealed. The Colonel was conveyed to a cellar and placed on a mattress. The young soldier, next to him most seriously wounded, was removed to a rear room on an upper floor, and placed in charge of my mother and myself. . . . Of course we knew but

imperfectly at the time of the search, what was going on. We knew that men bent on their destruction were seeking for them. We heard the clamor without, the cry for "the soldiers," the rush into the hall. We heard the movement through the parlors and downward to the basement. Then came the irruption of the fierce crowd into the lower hall. . . . Again, came screams from below, the heavy tramp of many men, now moving upward, talking eagerly and rapidly. They paused in the hall. We dared not move or breathe. Would they come up the stairs? No, the door is opened, men pass out, it is closed after them and all is silent. . . .

It was now, we thought, past midnight. We had no hope of relief, no thought or expectation but of struggling on alone hour after hour of distress and darkness; but as I was listening in my window to some unusually threatening demonstrations from the mob, I heard the distant clank of a horse's hoof on the pavement. Again and again it sounded, more and more distinctly; and then a measured tread reached my ears, the steady, resolute tramp of a trained and disciplined body. No music was ever half so beautiful! It might, it must be, our soldiers! Off I flew to spread the good news through the household, and back again to the window to hear the tramp nearer and fuller and stronger, and see a long line of muskets gleam out from the darkness, and a stalwart body of men stop at our door. "Halt!" was cried; and I rushed down stairs headlong, unlocked the door without waiting for orders, and with tears of joy and gratitude which everyone can imagine, and nobody can describe, welcomed a band of radiant soldiers and policemen, and in the midst of them all who should appear but my brother, pale and exhausted,

who had gotten off the house-top in some mysterious way and brought this gallant company to our rescue!

There was no time for inquiries or felicitations. The wounded men were our first care. Our young soldier in his delight had hobbled to the stairway, and was borne down in triumph by his sympathizing comrades, while a larger company brought the Colonel from the cellar. A pitiful sight he was, all bleeding and ghastly, shivering with cold and suffering great pain. Both soldiers were placed carefully in the carriage brought for their conveyance, and then we ladies were requested to accompany them immediately. It was unsafe to remain in the house, soldiers could not be spared to protect it, and it was best for us to go at once to the Central Police Station.

ELLEN LEONARD in *Harper's Magazine*

The Little Church Round the Corner

"BRING him not here, where our sainted feet
Are treading the path to glory;
Bring him not here, where our Saviour sweet
Repeats for us his story.
Go, take him where such things are done
(For he sat in the seat of the scorner),
To where they have room, for we have none, —
To the little church round the corner."

So spake the holy Man of God,
Of another man, his brother,
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod,
Had only asked that a Christian rite
Might be read above them by one whose light
Was, "Brethren, love one another";

Had only asked that a prayer be read
Ere his flesh went down to join the dead,
While his spirit looked with suppliant eyes,
Searching for God throughout the skies.
But the priest frowned "No," and his brow was bare
Of love in the sight of the mourner,
And they looked for Christ and found him — where?
In that little church round the corner.

Ah! well, God grant when, with aching feet,
We tread life's last few paces,
That we may hear some accents sweet,
And kiss, to the end, fond faces.
God grant that this tired flesh may rest
('Mid many a musing mourner),
While the sermon is preached and the rites are read
In no church where the heart of love is dead,
And the pastor's a pious prig at best,
But in some small nook where God's confessed, —
Some little church round the corner.

A. E. Lancaster

The Path of In-the-Spring

WEST of the walk leading from the south to the Reservoir Castle in the park there is a little brick path, steep and uneven and running crookedly downward like a mere mood of the sober walk itself. The path is railed in from the crowding green things on either side, but the rail hardly thwarts a magnificent Forsythia which tosses its sprays to curve high over the way like the curve of wings in flight. It was a habit of ours to seek out this path once or twice every Spring, and to stand beneath

these branches. Some way when we did that we were sure that it was Spring, for we seemed to catch its high moment; as for another a bell might strike somewhere with "One, two, three: Now it is the crest of May. Four, five, six: Now this apple-tree is at the very height of its bloom. This is *the moment* of this rose." We called this path the path of In-the-Spring. We always went there in the mornings, for in Spring we think that it seems to be *more* Spring in the morning than in the afternoon. And it was here of an April Nine-o'clock that we saw our first pair of grosbeaks of the year. . . .

"I suppose that that little path really has no ending," he said; "you cannot end direction. Yes, the path of In-the-Spring must run right away to the end of the world."

We walked on happily, counting the robins, listening to a near phoebe call to a far phoebe, watching two wrens pull slivers from a post for a nest they knew. Across the green, but too far away for certainty, we thought we saw a cherry bough in flower. .. .— ..... .∩∩ .—? we heard the grosbeak once again from somewhere invisible. The mornings on which we walk in the park seem to us almost like youth.

ZONA GALE in *The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre*

Columbia at the Outbreak of the Civil War

IN the early spring of 1861 only one building obstructed the view from the south portico of Columbia to the gray walls of the reservoir on Fifth Avenue — the old wooden stage station at the southeast corner of 43d Street. If it happened to be raining hard and one had taken the Fifth Avenue stage, in order to be in time for chapel, the

vehicle would come no further than that corner. One had to go afoot, as did Professors Anthon and Schmidt, every college day of the week.

The avenue was unpaved from curb to curb and only a single file of flagstones served as sidewalk. Twice a day, from 8.30 to 9 A.M. or 1 to 1.30 P.M., as many as forty or even fifty students could there be counted going to or from the college. The rest of the possible one hundred and eighty took the Third or Sixth Avenue cars. Madison Avenue extended only to 42d Street, and the long rectangles bounded by Fourth and Fifth Avenues, 46th, 47th, 48th, and 49th Streets, were deep hollows largely given over to goats and squatters. Beyond 45th Street were the huge pens of the Bull's Head stock market. It was but a step from the classic halls to the haunts of our Hibernian fellow-citizens who dwelt under the aegis of Tammany.

The big cathedral was then about one course high above the cornerstone. The builders were many, and apparently all of one nationality. A parish school flourished just back of us on 50th Street, and its rollicking brood rejoiced in overrunning the college grounds out of college hours and turning the goats in there to graze, to the wrath and disgust of Janitor Weeks. Our playground was supposed to be the vacant lot inclosed and leveled off west of Fifth Avenue, but we never played there. Baseball was young, and popular, but Columbia had no nine. A number of us grammar school youngsters had earlier started a club, and sometimes played in the open field south of 49th Street, but even the presence of "Prex" and certain grave and reverend seniors as spectators did not avert piracy. A ball batted beyond the infield was frequently nabbed by a swift-vanishing squadron from the neighboring shanties, and

no search warrant could retrieve it. The poor had we ever with us in those days — the police never.

The Harlem and the New Haven railways ran flush with the street along Fourth Avenue. There was no tunnel south of Hamilton Square until one came to 42d Street. Several students rode in from Harlem, New Rochelle, or Morrisania each morning, jumping off as the train slowed up at 45th Street, and presently, day after day, the trains came laden with volunteers — long trains that would come to a stop and block the passage of 49th Street, to the end that revered professors, like Davies and Peck, seeking to reach a Third Avenue car to take them home to 10th Street, had the alternative of crawling under or walking several blocks around. When this blockade occurred after college, undergraduate indignation was instant and unanimous. When it happened, as once it did, just before chapel, it aroused only the liveliest enthusiasm and delight.

Eastward across Fourth Avenue lay what had been the Potter's Field, a malodorous neighbor much in evidence and disrepute, during the long process of disinterment in '58 and '59. By the summer of '63 all those open tracts had become one vast tented field hospital, crowded with sick and wounded from the army. But long before that my name had been dropped from the rolls of the old college and transferred to those of Uncle Sam.

One brilliant, glorious day we had the commencement of June, '61, held at the Academy of Music in 14th Street, when, before a crowded house, the graduating class received its diplomas, man after man applauded by rejoiceful friends as he came down from the stage; but the audience rose and went wild with enthusiasm when, toward the very last, were called the names of a certain two or three who

had marched away at the call of President Lincoln of the Union, and now were home on brief furlough to receive their sheepskins, and a metaphorical pat on the back, at the hands of President King of Columbia. As the first one turned to face the throng, the blush mounting high to his forehead, the silken gown fluttering back and revealing the soldier uniform beneath, the shout that went up shook the great auditorium from pit to dome, and broke forth anew as the President closed his thrilling war speech to his graduates, some of whom left for the front that very night, followed within a day or two by others who had just passed the entrance examination. Columbia was a martial college in those days. The President had been a soldier in the War of 1812 and, though his years forbade his taking the field in '61, every able-bodied son and grandson went on to represent him. Our three mathematical professors, Davies, Hackley and Peck, were graduates of West Point, our great Dr. Lieber was himself an adviser of the administration, and a tower of strength on all questions of international law.

CHARLES KING in the *Columbia University Quarterly*

New York Clubs

THE stranger in town ought to find some bunk besides a hotel. If you happen to be a Chinaman, try the Reform Club in Doyer Street. If you come from Nippon, the Hinade or Rising Sun Club, founded in 1896, will welcome you, especially if you subscribe to the little magazine it publishes; and at Columbia University there is a Japanese students' club. If you are a Syrian, Hungarian, Bohemian — anything — just wander around the East Side in your native costume. If you are a Hindu, try

a theosophical meeting-room. If you are a Democrat, ask a policeman. If you are an anarchist, don't.

There are political clubs of all persuasions. The far-famed Tammany Hall in East Fourteenth Street is only a club of ambitious nature, organized after the manner of Indian tribes with sachems and sich. The Democrats have two other clubs, thanks to a split in the ranks. The Manhattan Club, formerly in A. T. Stewart's old mansion, has now gone to Twenty-sixth Street, where, in the summer, one may sit on the balcony and mingle his black coffee and brown cigar, the aromatic foliage of Madison Square, and his Jeffersonian principles in one peaceful reverie. The other club, the Democratic, at Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue, was founded by the ex-proprietor of New York, Mr. Croker. It is the home of the Tammany wing of the party. Brooklyn has also a finely housed Jefferson Club. Besides, every election district has its political clubs, named after district leaders, who pay for the compliment with an occasional chowder party on an excursion boat.

The Republicans have a Union League Club in Brooklyn, and one better known in New York. The latter was founded in 1673 to aid the Union at a time when New York sentiment was not unanimous for the continuation of the war. . . . The Union League knows only peace nowadays, but the comfort of its basking windows encourages and fills a clubhouse costing $400,000. It includes an art-gallery, and its loan exhibitions are events. There is another Republican Club on West Fortieth Street, of large membership. The Reform Club, at No. 2 East Thirty-fifth Street, is devoted to amelioration in general and the City Club to the never-ending need of municipal antiseptics.

The creeds as well as the factions have their clubs,

most prominent being the sumptuous Catholic Club, facing Central Park on Fifty-ninth Street, the Church Club, of Episcopalian persuasion, at No. 578 Fifth Avenue, the Hebrew Associations, the Harmonie at 45 East Twenty-third Street, the Progress at Central Park West and Eighty-eighth Street, and the Freundschaft in Seventy-second Street. But, pious as are these monasteries, it takes something more than faith to get into them. Faith without works is like a watch in the same condition.

Among the colleges, the finest clubhouses are those of Old Eli and Fair Harvard. Harvard's is the elder, and it is a charming example of Colonial grace and dignity and comfort, though it has recently suffered considerable enlargement. Yale faces Harvard defiantly across Forty-fourth Street, as on many a gridiron. The Yale house is of the modern school, soaring to eleven stories; but its grillroom is quaint and old-fashioned, with a big fireplace and all the comforts of an old tavern. Columbia University has a house in Madison Square. Princeton flies her orange and black flag in Thirty-fourth Street, Cornell is in Forty-fifth Street, and Pennsylvania in Forty-fourth Street.

At these clubs newly graduated men, still living on their fathers, are admitted at a very low rate. As they get older and incur families the dues increase with their other troubles. Chief of all college clubs is the super-palatial University, which requires of its candidates that they should have at least rubbed up against the walls of one of the more important colleges.

The Hardware Club, the Merchants', the Lawyers', the Downtown Association and the Aldine (formerly composed of Barabbas publishers, now of business men) are

mainly luncheon resorts where one can combine the mid-day meal with business conference and indigestion.

The Bar Association and the Academy of Medicine, however, are most palatially housed, and the Engineers of various sorts have homes where one gossips daily of horse-powers, watts, ohms and tangential stress. The men whose trade is war on land or sea have their Army and Navy Club. The Authors' Club occupies rooms donated by Andrew Carnegie, who has recently offered to build a lairdly asylum for all the other mechanicians.

Of athletic clubs the principal are the Crescent, of Brooklyn, with its boathouse on the Bay, and the New York Athletic, chief of American athletic clubs. Its annual Ladies' Day receptions are thronged, the women guests being entertained not only by stunts in the gymnasium, but by aquatic contests and water polo in the swimming pool. The club also owns Travers Island, with a club-house and grounds where outdoor games are held. Other athletic associations are the Fencers', the Riders', a Coaching Club, a Japanese jiu-jitsu club and numerous German Turnvereinen.

There are two professional clubs conducted on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle — the Press Club, to which almost no pressman belongs, and the Players' Club, of which one of its literary lights observed, "The good thing about the Players' Club is that you never meet any of those —— —— actors there." While this is hyperbole, the club is largely recruited from authors and artists, though it was founded and endowed by Edwin Booth as a home for his fellows of the stage, and though it is a rule that no dramatic critic may break in and corrupt. The Players' has one of the most comfortable residences in the city, and its

atmosphere is full of a cheerful dignity. It is the lair of one of the town's pet wits, Beau Herford, whose epigrams radiate thence throughout the avenues.

The Salmagundi is composed of the most important artists of the country; after the manner of their Parisian schooling, they amuse themselves artistically and with elaborateness. They give costume dinners, Christmas parties and auctions, where good fellowship is indulged in in decorative style.

The Strollers had its origin in a Columbia College dramatic club; it has since broadened out into a group of young society men, with a mixture of artists and illustrators. It occupies the house lately held by the New York Yacht Club. Here it has a small theater, where "Roisters" or "Strolls" are given frequently during the winter. It devotes also a week every year to the production of an operetta original with the members and played by the members, save for an auxiliary of pretty girls. The list of patronesses for these entertainments exhausts the Social Register.

The Lotos Club is famous throughout the land for its distinguished guests and their treatment. An American or a foreign visitor cannot claim to have had the final accolade of fame till the Lotos has given him a banquet. But at this banquet he will be treated not with reverence, but as a shining mark for the target practice of the best wits. The art exhibitions at the Lotos are also notable.

The Lambs is composed almost altogether of the more successful actors and playwrights. Here the most formidable tragedians and the most despotic comedians lay off the motley and make-up and become "just lambs." The club metaphor is carried to the last degree; the chief officer

is the "Collie," the entertainments are "gambols," presided over by "the Boy"; once a year the club has a water party, called "the Washing." The unequaled spirit of comradeship and cooperation and the great prosperity of the club are stout contradictions of prevailing superstitions concerning actors.

RUPERT HUGHES in
The Real New York
Copyright,
1904

VIII

UPPER MANHATTAN AND HARLEM

FIFTH AVENUE AT NIGHT

LIKE moonstones drooping from a fair queen's ears
The pale lights seem —
White gems that shimmer when the dark appears
And the old dream —

The ancient dream that comes with every night
Through the long street —
The quiet and the shadows, and the light
Tread of far feet.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

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VIII

UPPER MANHATTAN AND HARLEM

Riverside Drive and Morningside Heights

"CENTRAL PARK is as different from Hyde Park or Regent's Park or the Bois de Boulogne as day from night. They are flat and barren compared with the ups and downs and the countless graceful shapes of this place. Fortunately, it's too dark for you to see the statues. Some of them are the worst on the earth." . . .

The automobile swept out of the Park at Seventy-second Street and crossed to Riverside Drive. Here the mighty Hudson burst upon their view, and the long avenue, now almost deserted, was filled with silence and epic poetry. The houses along one side were all of ambitious architecture, and, in the dark, they made a rich white wall three miles long. The other side was all trees and terraces down to the river banks. Across the wide floor of the Hudson, glistening with eddies and streaked currents, the Palisades reared their dim heights and led the eye into a distance of majestic beauty.

The marble tower of the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument rose in ghostly white, and seemed a smaller prelude to Grant's Monument. This big tomb lost much of its rigidity in the envelopment of night, and its succession of square Doric base, circle of Ionic columns and pyramidal dome lifted the soul to an exaltation.

"Just opposite this tomb," said Miss De Peyster,

tenderly, "is the little grave of an 'amiable child,' a poor little boy five years old, who died in 1797. The grave has not been disturbed, and it seems less lonely now lying so close to General Grant and his wife."

After a long and silent inbreathing of the loftiness of the scene, Miss Collis murmured:

"It is more beautiful even than the Golden Gate."

This is a San Franciscan's last tribute.

Now De Peyster ordered the chauffeur to turn into Morningside Heights. From the parapet they looked no longer on the calm of the Hudson, but on the checkerboard of city squares outlined in chains of light. Even the serpentine trestle of the Elevated road had a grace in this half-day, and the massive arch of the unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine rose in a solemn, gray rainbow of stone. . . . Then the automobile went spinning down the steep incline of One Hundred and Tenth Street, whence it dived again into the deep luxuries of Central Park, and sped through its miles of woodland into that long aisle of palaces and temples, Fifth Avenue, where the Cathedral held up the high beauty of its twin frosty spires to the clear, dark sky, bejeweled with constellations and royal planet-gems.

RUPERT HUGHES in *The Real New York*

Copyright, 1904

The Founding of Harlem

WHEN Montagne arrived in New Amsterdam twenty-seven years had elapsed since Hudson's successful voyage, and twenty years since Governor Peter Minuit had bought the island of Manhattan for a sum of money equal to about twenty-four dollars.

The adventurous Montagne was accompanied by his wife and son, Johannes, junior. On the voyage was born a daughter, who was named Marie, after her grandmother De Forest. The little family landed at the Battery, — called "Capsee" by the first Dutch settlers, — and spent a short time in the village, where Montagne exchanged news, gathered information as to the outlying districts, furnished himself with a dugout, and demonstrated his daring temper by forthwith paddling up the East River far beyond the limits of the colony, past Blackwell's Island, and landed with his family and farm hands at the turn in the shore which afterward received the name of Montagne's Point. Thereafter he ascended the creek which then formed a tributary of the Harlem, subsequently known as Montagne's Creek, which wound its course from a point approximating the intersection of 132d Street and Eighth Avenue. An old Indian trail followed the course taken by St. Nicholas Avenue to-day. At its intersection with Seventh Avenue, Dr. Montagne started a bark cabin to shelter his family for the winter, and, simultaneously, Henry De Forest, Dr. Montagne's brother-in-law, also took up his residence on Montagne's Point.

Governor Kieft was at this time ruler of New Amsterdam. From him Dr. Montagne obtained a grant of the land on which he had settled, and expressed a sense of gratitude for the contrasting peace of his new home in calling it "Quiet Dale." He was yet to find, as did his neighbors, that this retreat was not so peaceful as it first seemed. The Red Man lurked too near at hand.

The land which Montagne occupied, and to which he gave the sentimental name, soon became known as Montagne's Flat. The tract, divided by the present line of

St. Nicholas Avenue, ran from 109th Street to 124th Street, and contained about 200 acres.

Shortly after these settlements, former director Van Twiller[1] became interested in the Harlem district, and settled on Ward's Island. His friend, Jacobus Van Curler, preëmpted the flat opposite Ward's Island known as the Otterspoor, a name signifying "otter tracks." This was afterwards sold to Coenraet Van Keulen, a New York merchant, and hence the name Van Keulen's Hook, which clung to this part of the district for a hundred years after Harlem's founding.

In this triangle, whose southern line was 102d Street, and whose northernmost point touched the Harlem River at about 125th Street, lay these three Harlem settlements while the first winter passed.

With the ushering-in of spring Van Curler finished his primitive dwelling and out-buildings on the northern bank of Montagne's Creek, and secured a stock of all things necessary for a well-regulated plantation of the day, — domestic animals, farming tools, and a canoe for passing to and from New York. At that time, and for a considerable time thereafter, there was no thought of reaching New York except by water.

Henry De Forest died in July of the next year, and Dr. Montagne took charge of the widow's plantation. He also saw to the proper harvesting of her crops, and boarded with Van Curler while finishing the house and barn which his brother-in-law had started in the rough.

From an account of the bill of fare at Van Curler's, still surviving, it appears that the guests were fed on savory

[1] Governor Kieft's predecessor.

venison; deer being so plentiful on the Island as to stray within gunshot of the farmhouse. Besides game, they had fish and salted eels. Pea soup was included in the menu, together with wheat and rye bread, eggs and poultry. The settlers also adopted the Indian dish called sapaan, made of Indian corn.

Dr. Montagne continued to look after the estate of his sister-in-law until the year following, when a former member of Van Twiller's council, Andries Hudde, won the hand, heart and lands of the young widow De Forest. Particularly noteworthy is this event, leading up as it did to the first groundbrief, or land patent, which was issued relative to Harlem lands, "granting, transporting, ceding, giving over, and conveying, to Andries Hudde, his heirs and successors, now and forever," a site owned less than a generation later by the Town of New Harlem.

CARL HORTON PIERCE in *New Harlem*

Manhattan

SHE that sits by the sea, new-crowned with a five-fold tiara;
She of the great twin harbors, our lady of rivers and islands;
Tower-topped Manhattan,
With feet reeded round with the masts of the five great oceans
Flowering the flags of all nations, flaunting and furling, —
City of ironways, city of ferries,
Sea-Queen and Earth-Queen!

Look, how the line of her roofs coming down from the north
Breaks into surf-leap of granite-jagged sierras —

Upheaval volcanic, lined sharp on the violet sky
Where the red moon, lop-sided, past the full,
Over their ridge swims in the tide of space,
And the harbor waves laugh softly, silently.

Look, how the overhead train at the Morningside curve
Loops like a sea-born dragon its sinuous flight,
Loops in the night in and out, high up in the air,
Like a serpent of stars with the coil and undulant reach
of waves.

From under the Bridge at noon
See from the yonder shore how the great curves rise and
converge,
Like the beams of the universe, like the masonry of the sky,
Like the arches set for the corners of the world,
The foundation-stone of the orbic spheres and spaces.

Is she not fair and terrible, O Mother —
City of Titan thews, deep-breasted, colossal limbed,
Splendid with the spoil of nations, myriad-mooded Man-
hattan?
Behold, we are hers — she has claimed us; and who has
power to withstand her?

RICHARD HOVEY in *Along the Trail*

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Columbia University on Morningside

I REMEMBER with a sort of definite vagueness, as though it had come to me in some former life, the impression which I received of Columbia's new home on Morningside, on the second day of May, 1896. It was then that the formal dedication occurred in the presence of a dis-

tinguished gathering. Oddly enough, although the coming change of site had been known for several years, I had never visited the place before. Indeed, I had never until that day known anything by personal observation of the upper portion of Manhattan Island — a fact which is rather characteristic of the New Yorker, a being who lives in his own particular *angulus terrarum* and seldom forsakes those beaten paths of urban life which he has chosen for himself.

It was a beautiful day. An enormous crowd was gathered. There were music and the fluttering of flags and a general air of exhilaration, as befitted an occasion which meant so much to our university. But I must confess that, personally, my feeling was one of some depression. Only those bred up in the old college, to whom every brick of its unpretentious halls and every inch of its diminutive campus were dear, can understand this feeling. The old Columbia was small in its physical appearance, but it was rich in memories and traditions. To think of leaving it was like the thought of leaving a home about which there had clustered a thousand intimate associations. Indeed, the homeliness — using the word in its English sense — the friendliness, and even the smallness of the old Columbia constituted its peculiar charm. They had given to its sons a sense of solidarity, of unity, and therefore of affection, all of which were priceless.

Hence it followed that the vision of a new environment was at the time neither attractive nor stimulating. There was what appeared to be, by comparison, a vast amount of space; room, it seemed, for indefinite expansion; but that was all. A big, white tent, some unfamiliar brick buildings, several excavations and a general rawness, were about all that the eye could see on that afternoon in May when Mr.

Hewitt pronounced his fine oration and when President Eliot, on behalf of the sister universities, offered congratulations because Columbia was to have "a setting commensurate with the work of its intellectual and spiritual influence." But a good many Columbia men must have experienced, as I did then, only a very half-hearted enthusiasm; and when, in the following year, the teaching staff and the students were actually transferred to Morningside, the feeling which prevailed was more a feeling of regret than one of pleasure. To be sure, anyone could understand how, in the end, the nascent university was destined to make its way to a position of commanding influence; but it seemed none the less as though all this were for a distant future, and that during many years to come we should be inhabiting a sort of academic mining-camp, with all its crudity and discomforts, and with the sense of having left far better things behind.

To-day it is with some chagrin that I recall these casual impressions, and remember how little faith I had in what could be achieved in a single decade by farseeing intelligence, by constructive imagination, and by efficient hands. And therefore what I am writing here is somewhat in the nature of a penitential confession. Ten years and more have elapsed since then; but what has been achieved would, I think, in any other country than our own, be regarded as a miracle had it been performed even within a century. The stately structures which crown the heights of Morningside speak every year with more and more impressiveness of the essentially Hellenic union of external grace and beauty with inward power and perfection.

Sometimes, in the early summer, just at dusk, I love to stand before the Library, as the soft light is beginning to

flush the stately columns of its façade, and there enjoy the pure and softened influence of the scene — the spacious court with its plashing fountains, the domes and terraces, the greenery of the foliage and turf. And then, although it is but ten short years since Columbia possessed herself of this new home and these surroundings, one feels something of that pride and almost personal affection which crept into the mind of Matthew Arnold, when he wrote of Oxford as "steeped in sentiment, and spreading her gardens to the moonlight." And we may share, with no less sincerity than Arnold's, the belief that our splendid university, which touches not merely the intellect but the imagination of her sons, "keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal, to the ideal, to perfection — to beauty in a word, which is only truth seen from another side."

HARRY THURSTON PECK

General George Clinton to Dr. Peter Tappen

King's Bridge 21st. Sept. 1776.

I HAVE been so hurried & Fatigued out of the ordinary way of my Duty by the removal of our Army from New York & great Part of the public stores to this Place that it has almost worn me out tho' as to Health I am well as usual: but how my Constitution has been able to stand lying out several Nights in the Open Air & exposed to Rain is almost a Miracle to me — Whom at Home the least Wet indeed some Times the Change of Weather almost laid me up.

The Evacuation of the City I suppose has much alarmed the Country. It was judged untenable in Council of Gen. Officers considering the Enemy possessed of Long Island &c., and was therefore advised to be evacuated. The

Artillery (at least all worth moving) & almost all the public stores were removed out of it so that when the Enemy landed & attacked our Lines near the City we had but few Men there (those indeed did not behave well) our Loss however by our Retreat from there either in Men or Stores is very inconsiderable. I would not be understood that it is my Opinion to evacuate the City neither do I mean now to condemn the Measure it is done intended for the best I am certain.

The same Day the Enemy possessed themselves of the City, to wit, last Sunday they landed the Main Body of their Army & encamped on York Island across about the Eight Mile Stone & between that & the four Mile Stone. Our Army at least one Division of it lay at Col. Morris's & so southward to near the Hollow Way which runs across from Harlem Flat to the North River at Matje Davit's Fly. About halfway between which two places our Lines run across the River which indeed at that Time were only began but are now in a very defensible state. On Monday Morning the Enemy attacked our Advanced Party Commanded by Col. Knowlton (a brave Officer who was killed in the Action) near the Point of Matje Davit's Fly the Fire was very brisk on both sides our People however soon drove them back into a Clear Field about 200 Paces South East (west) of that where they lodged themselves behind a Fence covered with Bushes our People pursued them but being oblidged to stand exposed in the open Field or take a Fence at a Considerable Distance they preferred the Latter it was indeed adviseable for we soon brought a Couple of Field Pieces to bear upon them which fairly put them to flight with two discharges only the Second Time our People pursued them closely to the top of a Hill about

400 paces distant where they received a very Considerable Reinforcement & made their Second Stand. Our People also had received a Considerable Reinforcement, and at this Place a very brisk Action commenced which continued for near two Hours in which Time we drove the Enemy into a Neighboring orchard from that across a Hollow & up another Hill not far Distant from their own Encampment, here we found the Ground rather Disadvantageous & a Retreat insecure we therefore thot proper not to pursue them any farther & retired to our first Ground leaving the Enemy on the last Ground we drove them to — that Night I commanded the Right Wing of our Advanced Party or Picket on the Ground the Action first began of which Col. Pawling & Col. Nicoll's Regiment were part and next Day I sent a Party to bury our Dead. They found but 17. The Enemy removed their in the Night we found above 60 Places where dead Men has lay from Pudles of Blood & other appearances & at other Places fragments of Bandages & Lint. From the best Account our Loss killed & wounded is not much less than seventy, seventeen of which only dead (this account of our Loss exceeds what I mentioned in a Letter I wrote Home indeed at that Time I only had an account of the Dead — the Wounded were removed — 12 o'clock M. Sunday two Deserters from on Board the Bruno Man of War lying at Morrisania say the Enemy had 300 killed on Monday last,) the Rest most likely do well & theirs is somewhat about 300 — upwards it is generally believed — Tho I was in the latter Part indeed almost the whole of the Action I did not think so many Men were engaged. It is without Doubt however they had out on the Occasion between 4 and 5000 of their choicest Troope & expected

to have drove us off the Island. They are greatly mortified at their Disappointment & have ever since been exceedingly modest & quiet not having even patroling Parties beyond their Lines — I lay within a Mile of them the Night after the battle & never heard Men work harder I believe they thought we intended to pursue our Advantage & Attack them next Morning.

If I only had a Pair of Pistols I could I think have shot a Rascal or two I am sure I would at least have shot a puppy of an Officer I found slinking off in the heat of the Action.

(*N. Y. City during the American Revolution*, published by the N. Y. Mercantile Library Association)

The Great Game at the Polo Grounds

FOR nearly every one of the twenty thousand or so persons inside the Polo Grounds there is one outside. There are thousands of them on Coogan's Bluff. The viaduct is black with them; the third rail cannot keep them off the elevated. Four or five adventurous spirits have climbed to the roof of the grand stand in their intense desire to see the game and are balancing, straddling and clinging to their airy perch as best they can. Others on the narrow edges of the signboards near the clubhouses have clung and kicked their heels for two uncomfortable hours. Hundreds have scaled the fence between the Polo Grounds and Manhattan Field and at one rush several lengths of fence went down entirely.

It is a high holiday or carnival spirit that seems to actuate the crowd, or was until the Chicago players begin appearing on the field. Then the recollection of former stormy scenes creates a feeling that is less frolicsome than bitter.

The greatest applause of all greets McGraw when he walks across the moor, and a great amount of expression of the other sort was in store for Captain Chance. He walks through it all calmly, with head erect.

They are grizzlies, these Cubs — ursine colossi who tower high and frowningly refuse to reckon on anything but victory. It is true that the New Yorks did not hit hard enough to foster their run-getting game to any extent and that Mathewson pitched good baseball in every inning but one. His one lapse, however, was fatal. Then and then only did the Chicagos find the secret of Mathewson's delivery, but they make that one rally the turning-point of the game. Without it they would have become merely also rans; with it they are champions.

At three comes a long, delirious yell, a hush, and the game is on. There certainly is an outpouring of mirth when Chance after hitting safely is caught off at first by a lightning throw from Mathewson. You would have thought it the precise play that 30,000 persons had come to see. That it should be the great Chance is almost more joy than the crowd can stand. Chance is not well pleased. He calls Heaven to witness that he is safe. He pleads with the umpire. He throws his cap upon the dust and stamps on it. Various Cubs assist with futile oratory. . . .

But joy is hushed in the third inning. When it's over the Cubs have four runs. As for that high-yelling crowd, it is as quiet as the little throng that hangs around the door of a country church of a Sunday morning waiting for the parson to pass in.

There are diversions after that. One can always roast the visitor, scold the umpire, or plead with one's own to come in with a run. But the mischief was done in that

third inning and gloom grows deeper. People begin to thirst for a disputed decision to fight over. There being none, some of them fight anyhow. . . .

The Cubs, now champions, gallop joyously from the field.

And meantime all over the city other thousands had been following the game by means of tickers, telephones and bulletins. Broadway talked of nothing else. In all the cafés, hotel lobbies, and restaurants people kept track of the score. Waiters whispered the latest returns; they were given out mixed with orange bitters and the carbonic; barbers poured them out between strokes of the razor. Even the manicure girls could have told the score long before the crowds streamed down from Coogan's Bluff.

By permission of *The Sun*, New York

The Old Jumel Mansion[1]

VISITORS to High Bridge — the pretty little village which stands at the northern limit of Manhattan Island — cannot have failed to observe the stately, somewhat antiquated mansion standing in the midst of a pretty park of some fifty acres, and overlooking city and river and the varied Westchester plains. It is the chief in point of interest as it is the sole survivor of the many historic houses that once graced the island, but is so environed with city encroachments and improvements that its destruction seems likely to be but a question of time. Even now the shrill whistle of the metropolitan locomotives is heard beneath its eaves. Tenth Avenue passes but a block away, and eager speculators have staked

[1] Written about 1880. The old mansion is now owned by the Daughters of the Revolution and maintained as a Museum.

out city lots at its very gates, so hardly is it pressed by the great city in its eager outreaching for new territory.

Few persons who pass the place know, perhaps, the many points of historic and romantic interest that it has: how it occupies historic ground, being built on the far-famed Harlem Heights, within a mile of the site of old Fort Washington; that it was built for the dower of a lady of such beauty and grace that she was able to win the heart of the Father of his Country himself; that within its walls Washington established his headquarters while the mastery of the island was in dispute with the British, and that thither Washington came again in 1790 with all his Cabinet, on his return from a visit to the battlefield of Fort Washington; or that afterward, a once famous Vice-President of the United States was married in its parlors. . . .

The old oak bedstead on which Washington slept is still preserved with other treasured relics in the attic of the house.

CHARLES BURR TODD in *In Olde New York*
The Grafton Historical Series
The Grafton Press, New York, Publishers

The Clermont on the Hudson

WHEN Fulton took up the problem of steam navigation he was living in France, where our American minister at the time was Robert R. Livingston. The two men met and became mutually interested in planning a steamboat. A vessel was built and launched on the Seine; but it was too frail for the weight of the engine, which broke through the bottom one stormy night and sank in the river. However, Fulton and his partner were not discouraged, and the latter agreed to provide funds for a larger boat to be

tried on the Hudson. This was constructed, after plans furnished by Fulton, at a shipyard on the East River, and was about one hundred and thirty feet long, with uncovered paddle-wheels at the side. She was named the *Clermont* after Livingston's country seat on the banks of the Hudson at Tivoli.

The boat left New York for Albany on August 17, 1807; and a writer of that time in speaking of its departure says: "Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. Before the *Clermont* had made the progress of a quarter of a mile, the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man, who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced by a vulgar astonishment which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores, shouts of congratulation and applause." . . .

One of the Hudson Valley farmers, after observing the strange apparition, hurried home and assured his wife that he "had seen the devil going up the river in a sawmill."

CLIFTON JOHNSON in
The Picturesque Hudson

IX

THE BRONX AND BEYOND

POE'S COTTAGE

HERE stands the little antiquated house,
A few old-fashioned flowers at the door;
The dead Past leaves it, quiet as a mouse,
Though just beyond a giant city roar.

WALTER MALONE

IX

THE BRONX AND BEYOND

Where the People of New York Live

WHERE do the people of New York live? Where, you will ask, but in New York? Quite wrong. New York, squeezed in between the Hudson and the East River, is far too narrow for a tithe of those who do business there to find habitations in the city. Moreover, at the point where land might begin to be far enough removed from the heart of the city for people of not quite unlimited means to live, there comes Central Park, taking up about a quarter of the available space, and leaving only a little strip on either side. So the man who works in New York must either retreat even further north, and descend each day down the tongue of Manhattan Island to his work, or else he must get over one of the rivers into Long Island or New Jersey.

If he chooses the first evil, he can either go north of the Harlem River and live in a house, or remain below it and live in a flat. The River is reached at Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street; all New York south of this is on Manhattan Island. Though this is called an island it is really a peninsula; that is to say, the Harlem River is a comparatively practicable stream. It is possible to run bridges over it, whereas the connection across the Hudson with New Jersey must at present be made entirely by ferries,

and that with Long Island very largely so. North of Manhattan Island the suburbs stretch away almost endlessly. The eastern part of them is called the Annexed Districts. This is served by an extension of the Elevated Railroad and by the New York Central. The West side connects with the Elevated Railroad, which ends at Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, by the New York and Northern Railroad. And beyond the continuous line of houses from Battery Point, the southernmost limit of the city, to the northern suburbs, stretches town on town, village on village, almost endlessly, each sending in its daily contingent to the huge dollar-hunt of New York.

Suppose you want to live nearer your work — say within half an hour or so — then you must live in a flat. Land is too scarce to allow a whole house south of the Harlem to any man far short of his million. Flats are of every kind and of every price. There are flats to which the workingman and junior clerk can aspire without presumption and flats which the millionaire need not despise. The cheapest run to about nineteen or twenty dollars a month. This means nearly 50 pounds a year, which seems a back-breaking rent for the most prosperous mechanic to pay. For this he will get four rooms, a kitchen with gas-range and hot water laid on from the basement, a bedroom, a dining room, and a parlor. The rooms are very small, they generally look out at a dark courtyard, and often there is only one front door and a common hall — say, rather, a narrow passage — between two of them. Your neighbor may be an Italian costermonger or a Polish-Jewish vender of old clothes. In any case he is almost sure to be noisy, while the court will be filled with clothes drying and the smell of every savory kind of cooking in the

world. In summer, court and staircase, front steps and streets, will swarm with squalling children. Yet, take it all round, there are advantages which no mechanic in England is likely to find. The sanitary, heating, and lighting arrangements are better, the stairs and halls are carpeted, the whole place is decorated, not magnificently but at least with an attempt at grace and comfort. The Englishman will often be more comfortable, but he will hardly find a dwelling with such an air of social self-respect — at any rate, while it is new and unoccupied. You will answer that the English mechanic would never dream of paying 50 pounds a year in rent. Probably not. But then the New York mechanic can afford it out of his wages, and the Englishman cannot. To the under-clerk such flats as these offer themselves as a cheap and handy abode. In New York there is none of the foolish convention that compels the clerk with a pound a week to live in a more expensive house than the workingman with two. This is no doubt a blessing, but it has its reverse side. If the carpet and the gilt decorations stimulate social self-respect in the workingman, the cabbage-water and the brats on the doorstep tend to destroy it in the clerk.

Moving upwards, you can get for eighty dollars a-month, or nearly 200 pounds a-year, very much the same sort of flat in the same sort of quarter as you could get for half the money in London. By a curious exception to the usual excellence of American house-fittings, some of these are being built without either lift or electric light, though all have hot water laid on from below. From the eighty-dollar flat you can advance with your income — or without it if you like — to almost any price. I have seen an apartment at 480 pounds a year, and one at 520 pounds. In

London you would expect a palace for the money; in New York you can get certainly a most commodious and charming flat, but still an unmistakable flat. The 480-pounder was as conveniently arranged and fitted and as elegantly decorated as any flat could well be. Yet, all said and done, it contained only eight rooms, and those neither very large nor very lofty.

G. W. STEEVENS in *The Land of the Dollar*

Spuyten Duyvel and King's Bridge

THE Spuyten Duyvel is a little stream, but it would take us a long while to traverse it were we to linger, as we might, at all its points of attraction: the prettily wooded points here, the rocky shores there, and the vistas of valley-stretch, ending in villa or castle-crowned heights, revealed at every unexpected turn. The origin of the eccentric name of this capricious little river, meaning "in spite of the devil," is authentically determined by the veracious Diedrick Knickerbocker in his story of the "Doleful Disaster of Antony the Trumpeter" — wherein we read that the said Antony, of the family of Van Corlear, arriving one stormy night at the banks of the creek, urgently bound on an errand of his master, Peter Stuyvesant, undertook to swim across it, and swore roundly to do so, even "en spyt den duivel!" An eye-witness of the rash act is said to have testified to having seen the irritable personage thus daringly invoked seize poor Antony by the leg, and drag him under the angry floods; which testimony the supposed victim never reappeared to contradict. On the contrary, certain superstitious folk, it is asserted, profess yet occasionally to see his ghost haunting the fatal spot, and to hear his sonorous and soul-stirring trumpet mingling

in the rush and roar of tempest winds. At the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvel, where it is crossed by the railway upon the banks of the Hudson, we pass the old revolutionary site of Cockhill Fort, which stood upon the bluff on the city side, and that of Fort Independence, once its vis-à-vis, on the opposite point. Another equally pleasant and much older reminiscence of the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvel is that of the attack made here by the Indians upon Hendrick Hudson while he was passing the spot, in his voyage of discovery, in 1609. Many of the first settlers of Manhattan were desirous, it is said, to plant their city of New Amsterdam upon the banks of the Spuyten Duyvel instead of upon the other end of the island. Could they now revisit the scene, they would see their preference virtually realized, after all, in the expansion of the metropolis from the one point to the other.

King's Bridge is a venerable and historic little structure, spanning the narrow and shallow meeting of the waters of the Harlem and the Spuyten Duyvel. A century ago it was the only link between the Island of Manhattan and the mainland. The troops of both armies crossed and recrossed it at the time of the Revolution, when it was the theater of many stirring and memorable events. Anxious sentinels then guarded its approaches; armed hosts were encamped around it; and frowning fortresses looked down upon it from all the surrounding heights. Villas and chateaux have taken the places of the forts; fertile meadows and gardens occupy the camp-grounds; the sentry-boxes are replaced with oyster and beer shanties and dashing equipages traverse it on their way from fashiondom to the rural haunts of the vicinage.

T. Addison Richards in *Harper's Magazine*

A Day at Laguerre's

IT is the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements. As you rush by in one of the innumerable trains that pass it daily, you may catch glimpses of tall trees trailing their branches in the still stream, — hardly a dozen yards wide, — of flocks of white ducks paddling together, and of queer punts drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing stairs.

If the sun shines, you can see, now and then, between the trees, a figure kneeling at the water's edge, bending over a pile of clothes, washing — her head bound with a red handkerchief.

If you are quick, the miniature river will open just before you round the curve, disclosing in the distance groups of willows, and a rickety foot-bridge perched up on poles to keep it dry. All this you see in a flash.

But you must stop at the old-fashioned station, within ten minutes of the Harlem River, cross the road, skirt an old garden bound with a fence and bursting with flowers, and so pass on through a bare field to the water's edge, before you catch sight of the cosy little houses lining the banks, with garden fences cutting into the water, the arbors covered with tangled vines and the boats crossing back and forth.

I have a love for the out-of-the-way places of the earth when they bristle all over with the quaint and the old and the odd, and are mouldy with the picturesque. But here is an in-the-way place, all sunshine and shimmer, with never a fringe of mould upon it, and yet you lose your heart at a glance. It is as charming in its boat life as an old Holland canal; it is as delightful in its shore life as the Seine; and it is as picturesque and entrancing in its sylvan beauty as the most exquisite of English streams.

The thousands of workaday souls who pass this spot daily in their whirl out and in the great city may catch all these glimpses of shade and sunlight over the edges of their journals, and any one of them living near the city's centre, with a stout pair of legs in his knickerbockers and the breath of the morning in his heart, can reach it afoot any day before breakfast; and yet not one in a hundred knows that this ideal nook exists.

Even this small percentage would be apt to tell of the delights of Devonshire and of the charm of the upper Thames, with its tall rushes and low-thatched houses and quaint bridges, as if the picturesque ended there; forgetting that here right at home there wanders many a stream with its breast all silver that the trees courtesy to as it sings through meadows waist-high in lush grass, — as exquisite a picture as can be found this beautiful land over.

So, this being an old tramping-ground of mine, I have left the station with its noise and dust behind me this lovely morning in June, have stopped long enough to twist a bunch of sweet peas through the garden fence, and am standing on the bank waiting for some sign of life at Madam Laguerre's. I discover that there is no boat on my side of the stream. But that is of no moment. On the other side, within a biscuit's toss, so narrow is it, there are two boats; and on the landing-wharf, which is only a few planks wide, supporting a tumble-down flight of steps leading to a vine-covered terrace above, rest the oars. . . .

As there is only the great bridge above, which helps the country road across the little stream, and the little foot-bridge below, and as there is no path or road, — all the houses fronting the water, — the Bronx here is really the only highway, and so everybody must needs keep a boat.

This is why the stream is crowded in the warm afternoons with all sorts of water crafts loaded with whole families, even to the babies, taking the air, or crossing from bank to bank in their daily pursuits.

There is a quality which one never sees in nature until she has been rough-handled by man and has outlived the usage. It is the picturesque. In the deep recesses of the primeval forest, along the mountain slope, and away up the tumbling brook, nature may be majestic, beautiful and even sublime; but she is never picturesque. This quality comes only after the axe and the saw have let the sunlight into the dense tangle and have scattered the falling timber, or the round of the water-wheel has divided the rush of the brook. It is so here. Some hundred years ago, along this quiet, silvery stream were encamped the troops of the struggling colonies, and, later, the great estates of the survivors stretched on each side for miles. The willows that now fringe these banks were saplings then; and they and the great butternuts were only spared because their arching limbs shaded the cattle knee-deep along the shelving banks.

Then came the long interval that succeeds that deadly conversion of the once sweet farming lands, redolent with clover, into that barren waste — suburban property. The conflict that had lasted since the days when the pioneer's axe first rang through the stillness of the forest was nearly over; nature saw her chance, took courage, and began that regeneration which is exclusively her own. The weeds ran riot; tall grasses shot up into the sunlight, concealing the once well-trimmed banks; and great tangles of underbrush and alders made lusty efforts to hide the traces of a man's unceasing cruelty. Lastly came this little group

of poor people from the Seine and the Marne and lent a helping hand, bringing with them something of their old life at home, — their boats, rude landings, patched-up water-stairs, fences, arbors, and vine-covered cottages, — unconsciously completing the picture and adding the one thing needful — a human touch. So nature, having outlived the wrongs of a hundred years, has here with busy fingers so woven a web of weed, moss, trailing vine, and low-branching tree that there is seen a newer and more entrancing quality in her beauty, which, for want of a better term, we call the picturesque. . . .

For half a mile down-stream there is barely a current. Then comes a break of a dozen yards just below the perched-up bridge, and the stream divides, one part rushing like a mill-race, and the other spreading itself softly around the roots of leaning willows, oozing through beds of water-plants, and creeping under masses of wild grapes and underbrush. Below this is a broad pasture fringed with another and larger growth of willows. Here the weeds are breast-high, and in early autumn they burst into purple asters, and white immortelles, and goldenrod, and flaming sumac.

If a painter had a lifetime to spare, and loved this sort of material, — the willows, hillsides, and winding stream, — he would grow old and weary before he could paint it all, and yet no two of his compositions need be alike. I have tied my boat under these same willows for ten years back, and I have not yet exhausted one corner of this neglected pasture.

F. Hopkinson Smith in *A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days*

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Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company

The New York Zoölogical Park

[This park is now practically *complete*, housing over 5500 animals, fully a thousand more than any similar institution, in buildings and grounds equally surpassing.]

THESE ideal grounds consist of five great ridges of granite running north and south, four of which are broken squarely across to form the basin of Lake Agassiz and Cope Lake. Through the easternmost valley the Bronx River finds its way to the Sound, broadening out, as it passes through our park, into Bronx Lake.

Through the next valley westward runs the old Boston Post Road, now a finely improved park drive, always open to carriages. Next comes Rocking Stone Hill, with its bald crown of pink granite, against one side of which the Bear Dens have been lodged. Directly north of this conspicuous landmark, in the deep, cool shade of Beaver Valley, lies the Beaver Pond, as wild and secluded a spot as ever the shyest beaver of Wyoming could reasonably demand. This is the heart of the forest; and below it is a beautiful grove of beeches, birches, hickories, oaks, and maples, where the rich, moist earth is thickly set with spring-beauties, violets, and other forest flowers.

Next westward beyond the Bear Dens is a broad ridge, open and sunny towards the south (for the rodents), but everywhere north of the Reptile House it is beautifully overgrown with huge oaks, tulips, and hickories. Beyond Beaver Valley it rises into a high, flat-topped knoll, on which the children's playground is situated. West of the Reptile House and beyond the Aquatic Mammals' Pond, the fourth ridge stretches a long, sheltering arm of rocks and trees quite to the southern boundary of the park; and along the eastern side of this natural barrier against cold west winds

will shortly nestle the aviaries for eagles and vultures, pheasants and up-land game-birds. Farther north this ridge broadens into a plateau, on which, in 1901, will rise the Lion House and the Monkey House, and a little later the large Bird House and the Elephant House. This plateau has been named Baird Court, in honor of Professor Spencer F. Baird, former secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. At its foot lies Lake Agassiz (to be devoted to a large mixed collection of water-fowl), beyond which, overlooking all, rises the smooth slope of Audubon Hill, crowned with granite rocks in a setting of dark-green cedars.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Century Magazine, November, 1900

The Bowery Boy as Nurse in Westchester

"WELL, I was out on de lawn tellin de gardner how t' cut de grass, and dat he said was a big bluff, cause I never seen no grass only what grows in City Hall Park till last year. We was jollyin like dat when I hears little Miss Fannie set up a yell what dey must have heard on de yachts out on de sound. I went over t' de verandy where de kid was lyin on a pillow in de hammock, and she had turned over on her face and couldn't come right. De nurse was off havin a small chat wid de butler which I'll take a fall outter some old day, so I tinks 'what t' 'ell,' I tinks, cause de Duchess had told me never t' take de kid up for fear of breakin it.

"Say, do you know what I done? I says t' de kid, says I, 'Little Miss Fannie,' I says, 'you is down, but not out, and is entitled t' de benefit of de rule.' See? So I counted off ten seconds, but de kid couldn't get up, and so den I picks her up, and she looks at me like she was sayin, 'Well,

Chames, you has some sense,' but she was so mad at de nurse she kept right on spoilin her disposition; bawlin like her grip had got stranded in de cable and she couldn't let go.

"Say, I was more crazy, cause I was tinkin about what de Duchess had warned me, and I didn't know but dat I'd fetched something loose in de kid's kit, and it might go off its feed, and den Miss Fannie would have a fit; and only dat de gardner was lookin at me and sayin, 'I guess, Chames, you learned t' be a nurse where you learned to cut grass'; only for dat I'd trun little Miss Fannie in de hammock and chased after de nurse.

"So I says t' de gardner, says I: 'Where I came from folks learns all sorts of tings,' I says, 'even t' not talkin too much,' says I, and I gives de kid a toss in me two arms, like dey was a cradle, and I starts singin to it. Say, you never heard me chant, did you? Well, dere ain't many in it wid me on or off de Bowry when it comes t' singin. Why, de very minute I pipes up, little Miss Fannie shuts her face and looks at me, sprised like, at first, and den she starts t' laughin as hard as his Whiskers when he tells a story after his second bot. Dis is de song I sung, and it goes wid any old Irish tune:

"Wan marnin early Oi arose
And Oi put on me workin close,
And phare in th' wurruld d'ye think Oi goes?
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

"Dthe spheedway thrack dthey're buildin dthere,
But all us terriers live afar
From Cherry Hill, wid divil a car —
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

"It's dthere yez work wid pick and drill;
And tdhere wid work yez get yer fill;

And dthere wid work yer toim yez fill —
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

"Shure, whin our daily work is o'er,
Bedad, our bones is tired and sore,
And we'll be glad to tramp no more
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

"Say, I made a hit dat time if I never did before in me life. Little Miss Fannie wouldn't let me stop till I'd sung dat song near a million times; me walkin up and down de verandy wid her all de time till I was so hot I had a tirst on me like a man what had been runnin a lawnmower in de sun all day. I was just tinkin dat me arms would drop off in anodder minute if de kid didn't go t' sleep, when she shut her eyes, and dat minute Miss Fannie and de Duchess drove into de gate. . . . So dat night Miss Fannie told all de folks at dinner what a lulu I was, and his Whiskers, he says, 'Chames,' says he, 'you has done yourself so proud dat I tink you is due on a day off, and to-morrow you can go t' de city and look at a bull pup I has my eye on,' he says."

E. W. Townsend in *Chimmie Fadden and Little Miss Fannie*

Their Wedding Journey — 1834

DEAR MOTHER,
When the Coach rolled off
From dear old Battery Place
I hid my face within my hands —
That is, I hid my face.
Tom says (he's leaning over me!)
'Twas on his shoulder, too;
But, oh, I pray you will believe
I wept to part from You.

And when we rattled up Broadway
I wept to leave the Scene
Familiar to my happy Youth
(I did love Bowling Green).
I wept at Slidell's Chandlery
To see the smoke arise —
('Twas only at the City Hall
Tom bade me wipe my Eyes.)

* * * * * * *

We have not gone to Uncle John's,
Though Yonkers is so near —
We never shall see Cousin Van
At Tarrytown, I fear.
Our Peekskill friends, the Fishkill folk,
And all the waiting rest —
Tom bids me tell you they may wait —
(He says they may be blest).

I know 'tis ill to linger here
Hid in this woodland Inn
When all along Queen Anne's broad road
Await our Friends and Kin;
But, dear Mama (when I was small
You let me call you so),
'Tis such Felicity and Joy
With Him, Here! Do you know?
YOUR ISABEL.

P. S. — Tom sends
His love. Please write, "I know."
H. C. BUNNER

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X

OVER THE WATER

Singularly enough there is in New York a superficial likeness to Constantinople. Even the height and location of the ground with the contours cut by the rivers are not dissimilar. A glance at the map will show the Hudson corresponding to the Marmora, the East River to the Golden Horn, the Upper Bay to the Bosporus. Other resemblances derive naturally from these. Manhattan becomes recognizable as Stamboul, the Battery as Seraglio Point, Brooklyn as the heights of Pera, Staten Island as Scutari. Even the Brooklyn Bridge can be tortured into a resemblance to the Galata Bridge, and the Williamsburgh Bridge is an exaggerated suggestion of the upper bridge on the Golden Horn.

J. C. V. D.

X

OVER THE WATER

The Bridges and Blackwell's Island

THE earliest one, the Brooklyn Bridge, was opened for traffic in 1883, and since then upwards of fifty million people a year have continuously passed over it in cars alone. It is one of the most famous of the suspension bridges, with stone towers 272 feet in height, a central span of 1595 feet, and a lift above the water of 135 feet. Its total length is 5959 feet, something over a mile. It has promenades for foot passengers, two roadways for vehicles, and two railway tracks for electric cars.

Enormous as this bridge was when first built, and spectacular as it still appears, it is outdone in size by the Williamsburgh Bridge, sometimes called "Bridge No. 2." This is another suspension affair, but of quite a different appearance from the first bridge. It has steel towers 325 feet in height, a central span of 1600 feet, and a total length of 7200 feet. Since its opening it has carried immense crowds. When the cars for it are in running order they will transport 200,000 people a day and in emergencies 125,000 people an hour. In its 118 feet of width it has four surface railway tracks, two elevated tracks, two carriage ways, two promenades, and two bicycle paths.

Yet this bridge is once more surpassed in size by the Queensboro or Blackwell's Island Bridge. It is a cantilever of peculiar design and is regarded as an experiment

by some and as an unsafe structure by others. It has four trolley tracks, two elevated railway tracks, besides footpaths and carriage ways, and its capacity is 125,000 passengers an hour. It crosses the East River between Fifty-ninth Street and Long Island City in three spans, resting on Blackwell's Island after the first one, and making a short span across the island itself. There are six rather fine masonry piers, two on the island and two on each river bank. The total reach of the bridge is 7636 feet. The distinction of being the largest cantilever in the world (the Forth Bridge has a longer single span) is perhaps needed to sustain an interest, for it certainly is not beautiful. It seems cumbrous and unnecessarily heavy.

In sheer weight, however, as in carrying capacity, this Queensboro cantilever is exceeded by "Bridge No. 3," or the Manhattan Bridge, now nearly completed. It is between the Brooklyn and the Williamsburgh bridges, and like them is suspended on enormous ropes of steel. Each rope consists of 9472 wires, $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in diameter, woven into thirty-seven strands, with an outside diameter of $21\frac{1}{4}$ inches. These cables are swung from steel towers standing upon granite and concrete foundations that go down to bed-rock 100 feet below the mean surface of the water. The towers are 345 feet in height, the steel in each of them weighs some 6250 tons, and each carries a load of 32,000 tons. The anchorage on either shore to which the ends of the cables are made fast is another mass of granite and concrete, weighing something like 232,000 tons. It is calculated to resist a pull of, say, 30,000 tons. From the main cables, carried by smaller suspender cables, is the superstructure, which in weight of nickel-steel, including the towers, amounts to 42,000 tons. In the main span

over the river there is 10,000 tons, and in each shore span 5000 tons.

These figures suggest a bridge of not only great weight, but of huge size. It is planned to be the strongest and possibly the longest bridge in the world. And this not because New York wants to have the "biggest" structure in all creation, paying ten or more millions for that pretentious distinction, but because it needs a bridge that will carry from 300,000 to 500,000 people a day, and carry most of them during the "rush" hours. It is built to stand great strain and to accommodate any crowd, however large. To that end there are to be four tracks for elevated and subway cars, accommodating trains of eight and ten cars each, four more tracks for trolleys and surface cars on a second floor, besides a roadway thirty-five feet wide and two twelve-foot sidewalks for pedestrians. The main span of the bridge is not so long as those of the Brooklyn and Williamsburgh bridges, being 1470 feet to their 1600; but the approach from the Manhattan side is 1940 feet and from the Brooklyn side 4230 feet. This makes a total length of 9090 feet, nearly two miles. That figure, taken in connection with its width of 120 feet (35 feet wider than the Brooklyn Bridge), gives perhaps some idea of this stupendous structure of steel swung across the East River as easily and as lightly as a spider's web across a doorway.

For, notwithstanding its weight and mass, this bridge does not look heavy. Apparently it has no rigidity about it. It looks as though it might ride out a storm by bending before it or swaying with it. Its grace and its feeling of elasticity come from its fine bending lines. The city planned for the beauty of the structure as well as for its

usefulness. Mr. Hastings, the architect, has personally had its decoration on his hands and conscience for a long time. No doubt this has meant much in matters of detail. The main beauty of the bridge, however, lies in its lines — the graceful droop of its cables over its upright towers.

The Brooklyn Bridge also has this grace of line and delicate tracery against the sky. The towers are well-proportioned masses of masonry, but when built they were denounced by many for their pike-staff plainness. They were thought "ugly" because not ornamented with mouldings, or divided up by string courses of protruding stone. In fact, the whole bridge was considered something of a monstrosity, and spoken of at that time very much as our skyscrapers are scoffed at to-day. But, fortunately, the bridge has existed long enough to win over many of those who thought it monstrous; and the newer generation has come to regard it as one of the city's most beautiful features. It has grown gray in service, having been used twenty-five years; and is now spoken of as "the old Bridge." Perhaps some of its attractiveness has come with age, and then, perhaps again, it was just as beautiful the day it was completed, and we have merely grown up to it.

The islands where the city institutions are located are in summer the coolest and the greenest spots in the city, and at any season they are beautiful in their settings. All of which puts the notion into one's head that the city has given up to its crippled and aged, its thugs and thieves, its paupers and prisoners, the most livable and lovable portions of the town, keeping for itself only some flat and rather hot districts on the upper avenues. This looks like a great deal of self-denial in favor of the outcast; but,

unfortunately, the motive will not bear critical analysis. It is to be feared that the New Yorkers put the prisoners and the paupers on the islands because no one else wanted those spots. They were waste places that could be spared very readily; and besides, over there "the slovenly unhandsome corse" could not come betwixt the wind and the nobility. People do not want their public institutions too close to them.

As for islands near a city, they have never been popular resorts, except for picnic parties. Humanity of the hermit variety occasionally exists upon them; but the true city-dweller is a person of gregarious tastes and loves to flock along a dusty street rather than a water front. Moreover, the islands are inaccessible, hard to come and go from, and, also, they are "dreadfully lonely." But they are good healthful places for the indigent and the aged, and admirable spots in which to bring sinners to repentance. Hence their appropriateness for prisons and hospitals. Let the blind and the halt have them. So long as the free citizen can smell gasolene and see asphalt on Fifth Avenue, he will not miss the sea breezes and green grass of the islands.

J. C. Van Dyke in *The New New York*

Crossing Brooklyn Ferry

I

FLOOD-TIDE below me! I see you face to face!
Clouds of the west-sun there half an hour high —
I see you also face to face.
Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes,
how curious you are to me!

On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,

And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.

* * * * * * *

I too many and many a time cross'd the river of old,

Watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls, saw them high in the air floating with motionless wings, oscillating their bodies,

Saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their bodies and left the rest in strong shadow,

Saw the slow-wheeling circles and the gradual edging toward the south,

Saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,

Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,

Look'd at the fine centrifugal spokes of light round the shape of my head in the sunlit water,

Look'd on the haze on the hills southward and south-westward,

Look'd on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet,

Look'd toward the lower bay to notice the vessels arriving,

Saw their approach, saw aboard those that were near me,

Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops, saw the ships at anchor,

The sailors at work in the rigging or out astride the spars,

II

The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender serpentine pennants,

The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-houses,
The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremulous whirl of the wheels,
The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sunset,
The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled cups, the frolicsome crests and glistening,
The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of the granite storehouses by the docks,
On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug closely flank'd on each side by the barges, the hay-boat, the belated lighter,
On the neighboring shore the fires from the foundry chimneys burning high and glaringly into the night,
Casting their flicker of black contrasted with wild red and yellow light over the tops of houses, and down into the clefts of streets.

* * * * * * *

Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb with the ebb-tide!
Frolic on, crested and scallop-edg'd waves!
Gorgeous clouds of the sunset! drench with your splendor me, or the men and women generations after me!
Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds of passengers!
Stand up, tall masts of Manahatta! stand up, beautiful hills of Brooklyn!
Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and answers!
Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!
Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house or street or public assembly!

Sound out, voices of young men! loudly and musically
call me by my nighest name!
Live, old life! play the part that looks back on the actor
or actress!
Play the old rôle, the rôle that is great or small according
as one makes it!
Consider, you who peruse me, whether I may not in un-
known ways be looking upon you;
Be firm, rail over the river, to support those who lean idly,
yet haste with the hasting current;
Fly on, sea-birds! fly sideways, or wheel in large circles
high in the air;
Receive the summer sky, you water, and faithfully hold
it till all downcast eyes have time to take it from you!
Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the shape of my head, or
any one's head, in the sunlit water!
Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass up or down.
white-sail'd schooners, sloops, lighters!

WALT WHITMAN

Flushing

THE Bowne place in Flushing, a very old type of Long Island farm-house, was turned into a museum by the Bowne family itself — an excellent idea; — the Quaker meeting-house in Flushing, though not so old by twenty-five years as it is painted in the sign which says, "Built in 1695," will probably be preserved as a museum too.

Another relic in that locality well worth keeping is the Duryea place, a striking old stone farm-house with a wide window on the second floor, now shut in with a wooden cover supported by a long brace pole reaching to the ground.

Out of this window, it is said, a cannon used to point. This was while the house was headquarters for Hessian officers during the long monotonous months when "the main army of the British lay at Flushing from Whitestone to Jamaica"; and upon Flushing Heights there stood one of the tar barrel beacons that reached from New York to Norwich Hill near Oyster Bay. The British officers used to kill time by playing at Fives against the blank wall of the Quaker meeting-house, or by riding over to Hempstead Plains to the fox hunts — where the Meadowbrook Hunt Club rides to the hounds to-day. The common soldiers meanwhile stayed in Flushing and amused themselves according to the same historian by rolling cannon balls about a course of nine holes. That was probably the nearest approach to the great game at that time in America and may well have been played on the site of the present Flushing Golf Club.

JESSE L. WILLIAMS in *New York Sketches*

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The City of Homes

IN the general outline Brooklyn is a great fan. The big bridge is the handle; and starting at the other side she spreads in every direction. If she were built long and narrow like Manhattan she would reach out half the length of Long Island, but rounded as she is every part of the borough is within an hour's ride of the Manhattan end of the bridge, and it costs only five cents to get there. No part of its immense suburbs has a monopoly of growth. It is general. It is not so very long ago that Flatbush seemed a long way from New York. The man who went to Flatbush to live moved out into the country. To-day

the property of a single family over there — the John Lefferts estate — has already been changed from farmland into a populous city in itself. It has been built up with residences such as line the Hudson above New York. Quaint old houses, dating from the days of the Dutch, in which great oak beams are made fast with inch-thick oak pins in the scarcity of hand-made nails, are being pulled down to give room to Queen Anne cottages or whatever is the current architectural Brummagem.

Start in the trolley car from the bridge and go out toward New Utrecht and where Fort Hamilton holds the entrance to the Narrows and the story is the same. Build, build, build, not the summer towns which have been there for nearly a hundred years, but populous towns of all-the-year-round homes, moving from the over-peopled tenements of Manhattan to the freedom of yards for the children and fresh air for all — and the drained tenements are filled again from Latin Europe and the land of the Slav.

Let any one who doubts go trace the fronds of Brooklyn Fan — or he need go no farther than Brooklyn's business district. He will see the streets and the stores crowded with women. If he counts he will find nearly fifty women to one man. It is the Borough of Homes, and the women own it.

Anonymous

Coney Island

THERE is not now, and never has been in the world or its history, a pleasure resort approaching Coney Island in the elaborateness or ingenuity of its devices to wheedle away dimes and despondency.

The name of Coney Island has been for years a byword of plebeiance at its worst. Side-shows in wooden shacks,

peanuts and popcorn, rag-throated barkers, hot babies spilling out of tired arms, petty swindles, puerile diversions, a wooden elephant, a Ferris wheel, an observation tower, hot sands, squalling children, bathers indecently fat or inhumanly lean shrieking in a crowded and dirty ocean, sweaty citizens, pick-pockets picking empty pockets, lung-testers, noisome bicyclists, merry-go-rounds, weight-pounding machines, punching machines, "one-baby-down-one-cigar!" — ring throwing at ugly canes, ball throwing at coons, "guess-your-weight!" — tintype tents, dusty clam chowder served by toughs in maculate aprons, reliques of old picnics, a captive balloon, squalling babies covered with prickly heat, drooling sots and boozy women with their hair in strings, a board walk fetid with sweaty citizens, museums with snake-charmers who could charm nothing else, pretzels, fly-haunted pyramids of mucilaginous pies, shrieking babies with pins sticking in them, spanked by weary mothers and sworn at by jaded fathers, lemonade where overfed flies commit suicide, only to be disinterred by unmanicured thumbs, nigrescent bananas, heel-marked orange peelings, fractured chicken bones, shooting galleries snapping and banging and smelly powder, saloons odious with old beer slops and inebriates, umbrellas on the sand where gap-toothed bicyclists grin at fat beauties of enormous hip, little girls and boys with bony legs all hives and scratches paddling in the surf-lather with dripping drawers and fife-like shrieks, gaily bedight nymphs proud of their shapes and dawdling about in wet bathing suits that keep no secrets, poor little mewling babies that really need to go home, dance halls where flat-headed youths and women with plackets agape spiel slowly in a death-clutch, German bands whose music sounds like horses

with the heaves, the steeplechase, where men and women straddle the same hobby horse and slide yelling down the ringing grooves of small change, rancid sandwiches, sticky candies made of adulterated sweets and dye, more clam chowder, banging bumping cars on creaking trestles filled with yowling couples, tangle-faced babies howling toward apoplexy, dusty shoes, obsolete linen, draggled skirts, sweat, fatigue, felicity, — that is the Coney Island of long memory.

There were just two things about it that were worth while: first was the sense of delight it gave you to get back to New York; second, the shoot-the-chutes, where one felt the rapture of a seagull swooping to the waves — the long, swift glide down the wet incline, and the glorious splash into the flying spray! — who would not rather be a gondolier on one of those flat boats than Admiral Makaroff, or the last flying machinist who spattered to the ground?

But these were the two exceptions that proved Coney Island to be a nightmare of side-shows in wooden shacks, peanuts and popcorn, rag-throated barkers, hot babies spilling out of tired arms — *da capo al fine.*

To-day, though! The paltry Aladdin has rubbed his lamp. Palaces have leapt aloft with gleaming minarets, lagoons are spread beneath arches of delight, the spoils of the world's revels are spilled along the beach, rendering dull and petty the stately pleasure dome that Kubla Khan decreed in Xanadu.

One night in the winter there was a fire — a suspicious fire — for how could a fire be both accidental and benevolent? But, anyway, in one crimson night the blood-red waves saw the plague spot cremated, all the evils and ugliness cleansed as on a pyre. The next morning the sun with

smiling eye beheld acres of embers, charred timbers, ashes. Coney *fuit!*

Then armies of carpenters and masons, engineers, electricians and decorators invaded Gomorrah. And this year's May found the old Coney Island metamorphosed, base metals transmuted into gold — or at least into gilt. Here is alchemy! here the palpable stone of philosophy! Henceforward London's Earl's Court is a churl's backyard, the fêtes of Versailles are nursery games, the Mardi Gras of New Orleans, the Veiled Prophet of St. Louis, the carnivals of Venice are sawdust and wax; as for the rare and amazing Durbar of India — that is an everyday affair here.

Still, on the outskirts the old side-shows persist like parasites, and those who enjoy nothing until it is ancient history need not bewail the old Coney Island. It is simply shoved to one side. In its old abode there is super-regal splendor. Last year's Luna Park finds this year a rival, Dreamland, and the two exhausted the achievements of past and the ingenuities of present device as completely as their passionate press agents have squeezed dry the dictionary of flattering epithet. There is no adjective left that does not smell of advertisement. So nouns and numerals must coldly foreshow what now exists to inflate the mind and deflate the purse.

Luna Park has waxed to the harvest fulness. It claims to be greater than the St. Louis Fair, illuminated beyond any spot on earth; it has reproduced the Court of Honor of the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition.

It covers forty acres, twenty-four of them under shelter. Its broad sheet of water is not only swept by gondolas and punts, but it is over-topped by a three-ring circus sus-

pended over the waves. Here, in full view of thousands, in tiers of boxes and promenades, the spotted horses, the clowns, the acrobats, jugglers, hoop artists, intellectual elephants, Arabian pyramidists, tumblers, contortionists, disport under the crackling lashes of the ringmaster, with his long-tailed coat and his "Hoop-la!" From skyish towers wires hang, and hereon trapezists and men and women of remarkable equilibrium do the impossible a hundred and thirty feet above the waters that serve for a net. This circus employs the most famous athletes, yet is free to all who enter the grounds.

A Japanese tea garden, built by imported Japanese architects and wood-carvers and florists, is rival to Yeddo. In the flower gardens thousands of tinted electric bulbs are hidden, to turn the night into noon. Babylonian gardens hang over all.

Two high towers with suspended baskets will whirl the most phlegmatic giddy with centrifugal thrills. In the Helter-Skelter you may sit down on a polished and winding slide and renew the delights of banister days. The famous trip to the Moon, with its convincing illusions, is still here, and you may go also, or think you go, twenty thousand leagues under the sea. Infant incubators, a scenic railway, a midnight express, a German village, an old mill, the sea on land, a monster dance hall, a laughing show, a shoot-the-chutes, are mere details. . . .

The rival paradise, Dreamland, is said to have cost over $3,000,000. It has taken over the old Iron Pier and built above it the largest ball room ever made, 20,000 square feet; beneath is the restaurant and a promenade, and beneath all the cool rush of the surf. The company runs four large steamers, as well as Santos-Dumont's Airship No. 9.

In Dreamland you find a street called "the Bowery with the lid off," the spectacular Fall of Pompeii, a haunted house, a reproduction of the Doge's Palace, a complete midget village inhabited by three hundred Lilliputians, a miniature railway, a double shoot-the-chutes, a coasting trip through Switzerland, a leapfrog railway, a camp and battle scene, a baby incubator plant, Bostock's Animal Show, the highest of observation towers, a funny-room from Paris called "C'est-à-rire," and, finally, the Chilkoot Pass, a great bagatelle board, where the sliders win a prize if they can steer themselves into certain crevasses in the glaciers. Besides there is a great fire-fighting scene, not to mention a theater where the best-known vaudevillians hold sway, and innumerable music.

But Luna Park and Dreamland are not the only spectacles of Pantagruelian proportions. There are others that have cost a hundred thousand dollars or more, such as the Johnstown Flood, in vivid reproduction, and the trip to the North Pole by way of a completely equipped submarine with an amazingly ingenious illusion of the sea floor and the Arctic realm. There is also a huge theater where a mimic New York is bombarded and destroyed by hostile fleets after a furious battle with the crumbling forts.

RUPERT HUGHES in *The Real New York*

Copyright, 1904

Staten Island

IF the stranger would see New York in one of its most charming aspects, or if the citizen would refresh his wearied soul with an hour's cheering communion with Nature in her heartiest and most inspiriting mood, let him hie to the happy retreats of Staten Island. Great

is the pleasure and small the cost of the journey, for — as may happily be said of each of the attractive points in the vicinage of the town — a poor little sixpence will buy it at any hour.

One of the busiest places on the island is the thriving village of Tompkinsville opposite the Quarantine Ground, at the Narrows. Back of this village the ground rises boldly to an elevation of some three hundred feet, overlooking land and sea for miles around, and commanding, among other wonderful scenes, the view of the bay and city presented in our frontispiece. Down in the foreground, at the left of the picture, is a glimpse of a portion of the town and of the site of the hospitals, which were offered as a holocaust to the popular indignation at the time of the memorable Quarantine rebellion, in the summer of 1857.

Staten Island, or Staaten Eylandt as the ancient Dutch settlers wrote the name, was known to the Indians under the euphonious appellation of Squehonga Manackmong. It forms a considerable and important part of the Empire State, extending some fourteen miles in length, and about eight miles at the point of its greatest breadth. Guarding as it does the great access to the city from the sea, it is, in a military point of view, a place of high consequence. So the British General, Sir William Howe, regarded it, when he established himself there, first of all, at the period of the American Revolution, keeping possession from 1776 to the close of the contest.

The island, lying as it does within half an hour's sail of the metropolis, and possessing great and varied topographical advantages, has become a favorite resort for summer residence, and many are the stately chateaux and the cosey cottages which crown its beautiful heights or

nestle in its peaceful glens. At the most northern point of the island, where it is separated from the New Jersey shore by the kills, as the little strait here is called, lies New Brighton — a winsome village of country seats, much esteemed by the denizens of the city when the dog-star rages. New Brighton presents the pleasantest of faces to the water, and looks out upon a picture equally attractive in return.

A little west of this village are the grounds of that famous charity for superannuated sons of the sea, known as the Sailor's Snug Harbor. This fortunate establishment was founded in 1801, by Captain Randall, and endowed by him with farmlands then far out of the city proper, and valued at the time at some fifty thousand dollars; but which are at this day in the heart of the most densely populated and most valuable section of the metropolis, and are measured by inches instead of acres.

T. Addison Richards in *Harper's Magazine*

Hoboken, 1831

AT New York, as everywhere else, the churches show within, during the time of service, like beds of tulips, so gay, so bright, so beautiful, are the long rows of French bonnets and pretty faces; rows but rarely broken by the unribboned heads of the male population; the proportion is about the same as I have remarked elsewhere. Excepting at New York, I never saw the other side of the picture, but there I did. On the opposite side of the North River, about three miles higher up, is a place called Hoboken. A gentleman who possessed a handsome mansion and grounds there, also possessed the right of ferry; and to render this productive, he has restricted his pleasure-grounds to a few beautiful acres, laying out the

remainder simply and tastefully as a public walk. It is hardly possible to imagine one of greater attraction; a broad belt of light underwood and flowering shrubs, studded at intervals with lofty forest trees, runs for two miles along a cliff which overhangs the matchless Hudson; sometimes it feathers the rocks down to its very margin, and at others leaves a pebbly shore, just rude enough to break the gentle waves, and make a music which mimics softly the loud chorus of the ocean. Through this beautiful little wood a broad, well-gravelled terrace is led by every point which can exhibit the scenery to advantage; narrower and wider paths diverge at intervals, some into the deeper shadow of the woods, and some shelving gradually to the pretty coves below.

The price of entrance to this little Eden is the six cents you pay at the ferry. We went there on a bright Sunday afternoon, expressly to see the humors of the place. Many thousand persons were scattered through the grounds; of these we ascertained, by repeatedly counting, that nineteen-twentieths were men. The ladies were at church. . . .

It is impossible not to feel, after passing one Sunday in the churches and chapels of New York, and the next in the gardens of Hoboken, that the thousands of well-dressed men you see enjoying themselves at the latter, have made over the thousands of well-dressed women you saw exhibited at the former, into the hands of the priests, at least for the day. The American people arrogate to themselves a character of superior morality and religion, but this division of their hours of leisure does not give me a favorable idea of either.

MRS. TROLLOPE in *Domestic Manners of the Americans*

Greenpoint

IF any spot on the globe can be found where even Spring has lost the sweet trick of making herself charming, a cynic in search of an opportunity for some such morose discovery might thank his baleful stars were chance to drift him upon Greenpoint. Whoever named the place in past days must have done so with a double satire; for Greenpoint is not a point, nor is it ever green. Years ago it began by being the sluggish suburb of a thriftier and smarter suburb, Brooklyn. By degrees the latter broadened into a huge city, and soon its neighbor village stretched out to it arms of straggling huts and swampy river-line, in doleful welcome. To-day the affiliation is complete. Man has said let it all be Brooklyn, and it is all Brooklyn. But the sovereign dreariness of Greenpoint, like an unpropitiated god, still remains. Its melancholy, its ugliness, its torpor, its neglect, all preserve an unimpaired novelty. It is very near New York, and yet in atmosphere, suggestion, vitality, it is leagues away. Our noble city, with its magnificent maritime approaches, its mast-thronged docks, its lordly encircling rivers, its majesty of traffic, its gallant avenues of edifices, its loud assertion of life, and its fine promise of riper culture, fades into a dim memory when you have touched, after only a brief voyage, upon this forlorn opposite shore.

No Charon rows you across, though your short trip has too often the most funereal associations. You take passage in a squat little steamboat at either of two eastern ferries, and are lucky if a hearse with its satellite coaches should fail to embark in your company; for, curiously, the one enlivening fact associable with Greenpoint is its close nearness to a famed Roman Catholic cemetery. . . .

But Greenpoint, like a hardened conscience, still has her repentant surprises. She is not quite a thing of sloth and penury. True, the broad street that leads from steamboat to cemetery is lined with squalid homes, and the mourners who are so incessantly borne along to Calvary must see little else than beer-sellers standing slippered and coatless beside their doorways, or thin, pinched women haggling with the venders of sickly groceries. But elsewhere one may find by-streets lined with low wooden dwellings that hint of neatness and suggest a better grade of living. A yellowish drab prevails as the hue of these houses; they seem all to partake of one period, like certain homogeneous fossils. But they do not breathe of antiquity; they are fanciful with trellised piazzas and other modern embellishments of carpentry; sometimes they possess miniature Corinthian pillars, faded by the trickle of rain between their tawny flutings, as if stirred with the dumb desire to be white and classic. Scant gardens front them, edged with a few yards of ornamental fence. High basement windows stare at you from a foundation of brick. They are very prosaic, chiefly from their lame effort to be picturesque; and when you look down toward the river, expecting to feel refreshed by its gleam, you are disheartened at the way in which lumber-yards and sloop-wharves have quite shut any glimpse of it from your eyes.

EDGAR FAWCETT in
An Ambitious Woman.

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The New New York

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE

With 124 illustrations (including 26 color plates) by JOSEPH PENNELL.

The happy collaboration of Professor Van Dyke and Mr. Pennell has resulted in the production of what will doubtless be judged the most attractive book that has been written about the city of New York. Professor Van Dyke, who knows the city from long association, has made his text frankly and delightfully descriptive of the varied aspects of New York. Mr. Pennell has found in the streets and the tall buildings, the water fronts and the parks, the bridges and the rugged sky line, inspiration for some of the most effective pictures he has ever made. No such thorough study of the essential characteristics of what is really the most interesting, because it is the most living, city in the world has yet been accomplished. Professor Van Dyke sees, far in the future, the time when New York will be a completed work, a city designed and built on a scale unheard of before. Some glimpse of what this new creation will be is afforded us in Mr. Pennell's remarkably sympathetic sketches. Author and artist alike have caught the essential spirit of New York, and each, through the medium of his own art, has admirably expressed it.

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